



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



11426.13

Harvard College  
Library



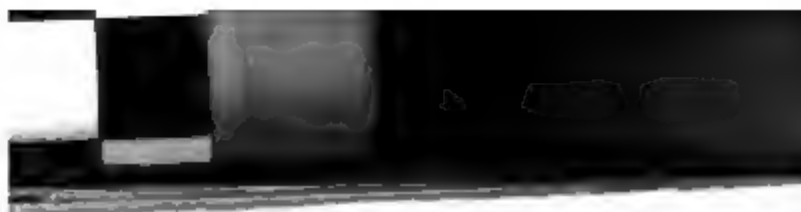
Gratis



























---

THE  
**LOVERS' DICTIONARY:**  
A  
**POETICAL TREASURY**  
OF  
**LOVERS' THOUGHTS, FANCIES, ADDRESSES,**  
**AND DILEMMAS.**

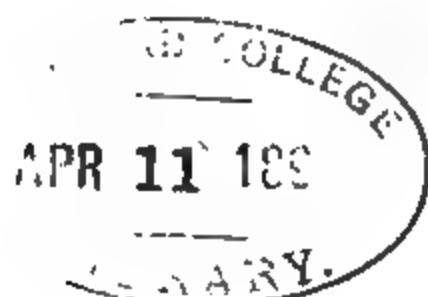
*ENLARGED WITH NEARLY TEN THOUSAND REFERENCES*

AS  
**A Dictionary of Compliments**  
AND  
**GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE TENDER SCIENCE.**

**NEW YORK:**  
**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,**  
FRANKLIN SQUARE.  
1867.  
*[Stereotyped in London.]*

---

11426.13



*Gratis*



## PREFACE.

---

NEARLY THIRTEEN YEARS AGO the Editor of this book began it as a pastime amidst much hard work, and now he has the honour to lay it before the public.

The volume may be termed *unique* without any assumption of egotism, simply for this reason: no other collection draws together so much of the poetry of the affections so well prepared for instantaneous reference.

English poetical literature, in particular, has always been famous for exquisite compositions dealing with the tender passion. The whole range of that literature has been swept in the compilation of this selection; whilst the poetry of America and various European tongues have been laid under contribution. So varied a tissue of 'love-thoughts' will be found to present many attractive aspects. Few or none of the hopes, fears, conditions, or contingencies of 'mighty love' will be found without their appropriate strain. Many of

these lyric leaves are matchless in their beauty ; full of playfulness, of fancy, and poetic feeling.

Nothing has been admitted into these pages which can wound the many pure, bright eyes which the Editor trusts will read them.

Not only have the works of standard authors been examined, but from many rare and ancient collections of fugitive pieces flowers have been culled which it were a shame to let wither or die in such little-frequented nooks as are haunted by, or are only accessible to, the enthusiastic bibliographer. As an Album derives a charm from the easy mingling of its contents, no formal classification of the Authors cited in this one has been made ; but (1) The Index of Contents, (2) The Index of First Lines, and (3) The Index of Authors, afford ample facilities for ready reference.

The 'DICTIONARY' is a feature which the Editor trusts will speak for itself. It is *novel and copious*, and he hopes it will prove *useful* to all the readers who come to con the book whilst meditating some 'love-thought, fancy, address, or dilemma.'

Although there is great wealth in the special field where he has been working, the Editor cannot too strongly express his acknowledgments to all the Authors and Publishers who (during the years in which at intervals he has pursued his task) have

allowed him, by the kind grant of 'permissions' in Modern Poetry, to make use of such pieces as he wished. Some of the 'Sweet Singers' have passed from earth since they wrote him in kindly, cordial words these permissions, and now all we have left of them is the heritage of 'immortal song.'

It would make a long list to catalogue names; but amongst Publishers who have allowed the Editor (sometimes under special circumstances which they would wish to have noted make this case *no precedent*), he has specially to thank Messrs. Longman and Co., Richard Bentley, Esq., Messrs. Blackie and Son, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Messrs. Moxon and Co. by (the late) Edward Moxon, Esq., and (the late) John Taylor, Esq.

J. H.



## INDEX OF TITLES.

	PAGE
A ballad about love .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 97
A birthday offering to a young lady from her lover ..	<i>Rt. Hon. G. Canning</i> 236
Absence .....	184
Absence .....	<i>R. Jago</i> 490
Absence.....	<i>Frances A. Kemble</i> 569
A castle in the air .....	<i>L. Frisbie</i> 336
A confession .....	<i>J. H. Campbell</i> 312
A confession of love .....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 561
Adam's description of Eve .....	<i>J. Milton</i> 553
A daydream .....	37
A description of such a one as he would love .....	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i> 482
Adieu l'Amour .....	<i>Lord Lansdowne</i> 271
A dilemma .....	<i>Parry Cornwall</i> 576
A dirge .....	<i>L. Aikin</i> 271
Ae fond kiss .....	<i>R. Burns</i> 18
A fugitive from love .....	<i>E. Sargent</i> 359
A hint.....	<i>T. Carew</i> 597
A hue and cry after Cupid .....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 266
A love picture .....	<i>Keats</i> 600
A love song.....	<i>Eliza Cook</i> 219
A lover .....	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 171
A lover dropping asleep in the midst of happy thoughts .....	<i>C. Patmore</i> 251
A lover's address .....	<i>W. H. Burleigh</i> 357
A lover's fancy .....	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 248
A lyric.....	541
A maiden's soliloquy .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 107
Amanda .....	<i>Thomson</i> 321
Amanda .....	<i>From the Swedish</i> 368
Amy's secret .....	41
Anacreontic .....	<i>Shensstone</i> 257
An angel in the house .....	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 9
An apology for having loved before.....	<i>E. Waller</i> 555
An earnest suit not to be forsaken .....	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i> 482
An elegy written on Valentine morning .....	226
An end '.....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 592
An English song.....	<i>T. H. Bayly</i> 557
An old-fashioned love song .....	616
A plea for love .....	<i>T. Davis</i> 614
Apollo's song of Daphne.....	<i>J. Lylye</i> 974



	PAGE
Après le bal .....	27
A prudent choice .....	248
A rejected lover.....	<i>D. Mulock</i> 584
A request .....	<i>T. Otway</i> 262
Ariadne .....	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 192
A rime which is yet reason, and teacheth in a light manner } a grave matter in the lere of love .....	<i>W. W. Lord</i> 366
A round of days .....	218
Artevelde's character of his wife .....	<i>H. Taylor</i> 93
Artifice disowned by love .....	<i>J. S. Knowles</i> 199
Ask not why I should love her.....	<i>C. J. Hofmann</i> 346
A solemn conceit .....	<i>N. Breton</i> 411
A song .....	<i>F. S. Osgood</i> 308
A song .....	<i>Sir G. Etherege</i> 323
A song to a fair young lady going out of town in spring.....	<i>J. Dryden</i> 262
A sweet contention between love, his mistress, and beauty .....	<i>N. Breton</i> 374
A valediction .....	<i>W. Cartwright</i> 487
A valentine.....	<i>J. T. Field</i> 360
A valentine .....	<i>Edgar A. Poe</i> 577
A valentine of the Elizabethan age .....	40
A virtuous woman .....	<i>W. Knox</i> 74
A weary lot is thine.....	506
A wife's appeal to her husband .....	609
A woman contemplating a household god .....	<i>Dr. Croly</i> 616
A woman's love .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 244
Beatrice .....	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 520
Beauty, wealth, and love .....	<i>Mrs. C. B. Wilson</i> 450
Bridal ballad.....	<i>Edgar A. Poe</i> 547
Bridal song .....	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i> 13
Bless thee .....	<i>M. E. Hewitt</i> 304
Blue-eyed Anne .....	<i>Smollett</i> 496
Boldness in love .....	<i>T. Carew</i> 70
Bonnie Lady Ann .....	491
By a lover .....	<i>T. Hood</i> 188
Canzonet.....	<i>H. Kirke White</i> 194
Canzonet .....	<i>Davidson's 'Rhapsody,'</i> 1608 481
Canzonet from Camoens .....	<i>Viscount Strangford</i> 475
Canzonetta .....	<i>Marriott</i> 279
Caroline .....	<i>T. Campbell</i> 153
Catherina .....	<i>W. Couper</i> 1
Cherry ripe.....	<i>R. Herrick</i> 78
Christian names.....	<i>Chas. Lamb</i> 591
Complaint of a lady .....	276
Conjugal felicity .....	49
Corinna's going a-maying .....	<i>R. Herrick</i> 10
Craving for an unknown love .....	599
Cupid and Campaspe.....	<i>J. Lylye</i> 252
Cupid and folly .....	<i>Lady Winchelsea</i> 185
Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus .....	<i>Gay</i> 286
Cupid's arrows .....	<i>G. Peele</i> 478
Cupid's pastime .....	<i>Percy's 'Reliques'</i> 265
Cupid's punishment and revenge .....	<i>From Menzini</i> 161
Delia; a pastoral.....	<i>A. Cunningham</i> 287

# Index of Titles.

ix

	PAGE
Description of the restless estate of a lover.....	<i>Earl of Surrey</i> 403
Domestic love.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i> 146
Do not conceal thy radiant eyes.....	<i>Sir F. Kinaston</i> 384
Dreams .....	120
Dreams from the Arabic .....	<i>Tograi</i> 121
Early love .....	<i>I. Clason</i> 339
Early love .....	<i>S. Daniel</i> 386
Ellen.....	<i>T. K. Hervey</i> 74
Eudymion .....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 352
Epigram .....	<i>W. Walsh</i> 181
Epitaph .....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 255
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke .....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 12
Evening ode, to Stella .....	<i>Sam. Johnson</i> 452
Familiar love .....	<i>Lord Houghton</i> 60
Faint heart never won fair lady .....	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 469
Fair Ines .....	<i>T. Hood</i> 207
Fare thee well.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 121
Female faith .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 250
Few happy matches .....	273
First love .....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 524
First love's recollections .....	<i>J. Clare</i> 392
Florentine; from the Italian .....	463
Forbidden love.....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 191
For ever, Fortune.....	<i>Thomson</i> 494
Forget me not .....	165
Forget thee? .....	<i>Rev. G. Moultrie</i> 59
From a gentleman to his wife .....	293
From the Rape of the Lock .....	<i>Pope</i> 63
Give me but thy love .....	<i>Delta D. M. Moir</i> 448
Golden words .....	<i>Shirley</i> 604
Go, lovely rose .....	<i>E. Waller</i> 80
Hail! thou fairest of all creatures .....	<i>G. Wither</i> 378
Happy Love .....	<i>C. Mackay</i> 72
Hast thou forgot me? .....	<i>M. F. Lee</i> 313
He never said he loved me .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 103
Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie .....	<i>Rev. J. Moultrie</i> 499
Her name .....	<i>A. Cowley</i> 440
Her name.....	<i>From the French of Victor Hugo</i> 458
Hester.....	<i>Chas. Lamb</i> 603
Highland Mary .....	<i>R. Burns</i> 495
Homage to women.....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 586
Honour and love .....	<i>R. Lovelace</i> 82
Hopeless love .....	<i>N. Breton</i> 410
How by a kiss the lover found both his life and death .....	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i> 116
How have I thought of thee? .....	<i>Mrs. Embury</i> 300
How pangs, or heart's-case, came first.....	<i>R. Herrick</i> 69
How shall I woo her?.....	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 348
How shall I woo thee? .....	<i>C. H. Esling</i> 303
How she was dressed for the ball.....	27
Hymn to Venus .....	<i>Suppho</i> 103
I am weary, Barbara .....	<i>A. Smith</i> 595
I die, dear life .....	<i>Drummond</i> 290
I die for thy sweet love .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 188

	PAGE
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair .....	<i>Sir R. Ayton</i> 490
If I had thought thou couldst have died .....	<i>Rev. C. Wolfe</i> 17
If thou wert by my side, my love .....	<i>Bishop Heber</i> 574
If women could be fair, and yet not fond .....	<i>Earl of Oxford (?)</i> 491
I have lost my love .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 94
I'll sing to him .....	<i>S. J. Hale</i> 299
I'll twine a wreath .....	<i>W. Bennie</i> 506
I love my love, because he loves me .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 405
Incognita .....	<i>J. Montgomery</i> 173
Indifference .....	<i>Matt. Arnold</i> 572
Indifference excused .....	<i>Sir C. Sedley</i> 451
Invitation .....	430
Invocation to love .....	<i>Miss E. L. Montagu</i> 116
Inward worth.....	<i>Carew</i> 289
I think on thee in the night .....	<i>T. K. Hervey</i> 594
I will love her no more .....	<i>C. J. Hofmann</i> 345
I will never love thee more .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 106
John Haryngton to Isabella Markhame, 1549.....	<i>J. Harrington</i> 405
Jubilate .....	<i>Eliz. Youatt</i> 615
Julia's letter.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 613
Kisses .....	<i>A. Smith</i> 247
Know, Celia, since thou art so proud .....	<i>Carew</i> 317
Know ye the fair one .....	<i>A. Cunningham</i> 3
Ladies, fly .....	<i>Carew</i> 315
Leisure and love .....	<i>L. Blanchard</i> 592
Leoline .....	<i>Owen Meredith</i> 539
Let us love one another .....	<i>C. Suckin</i> 212
Lines.....	<i>Daniel</i> 311
Lines by —.....	125
Lines in Laura's album .....	<i>Rev. G. Crabbe</i> 321
Lines sent with an hourglass to a lady on New Year's Day.....	137
Lines to a lady .....	51
Lines to a lady before her departure for India.....	556
Lines to an Indian air .....	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 426
Lines written in an album .....	<i>W. Paterson</i> 140
Little Golden-hair's story .....	<i>G. Fay</i> 31
Love.....	<i>C. Suckin</i> 78
Love .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 99
Love .....	<i>Anon.</i> 123
Love.....	<i>R. Burns</i> 130
Love .....	<i>R. Southey</i> 131
Love.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 131
Love.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 132
Love .....	<i>Anon.</i> 136
Love .....	<i>Pringle</i> 145
Love .....	<i>Anon.</i> 147
Love .....	<i>T. Campbell</i> 150
Love .....	<i>Pollok</i> 151
Love .....	<i>T. Moore</i> 152
Love .....	<i>Latham</i> 170
Love .....	<i>E. Moxon</i> 193
Love .....	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 202
Love .....	<i>T. Hood</i> 207

## *Index of Titles.*

**xi**

	PAGE
Love .....	<i>Anon.</i> 246
Love .....	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 249
Love .....	<i>Lucy Hooper</i> 311
Love and beauty .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 156
Love and death .....	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 85
Love and reason .....	<i>T. Moore</i> 158
Love an evil .....	<i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i> 204
Love dead .....	<i>E. O. Smith</i> 302
Love elegy .....	<i>Hammond</i> 230
Love elegy .....	<i>M. Woodhull</i> 232
Love for love .....	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i> 479
Love hath no physicians .....	416
Love; I'll sing of heroes .....	<i>A. Cowley</i> 447
Love in absence .....	<i>J. H. Scott</i> 300
Love in pain .....	<i>Mrs. Tighe</i> 239
Love in pleasure .....	<i>Mrs. Tighe</i> 239
Love in the country .....	<i>Earl of Pembroke</i> 414
Love in the soul .....	<i>Neele</i> 449
Love is like the glass .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 432
Love is timid .....	<i>D. Weir</i> 502
Love, I will tell thee what it is to love .....	<i>C. Swain</i> 432
Love like an April day .....	<i>Shenstone</i> 259
Love me little, love me long .....	542
Love me not for my comely grace .....	381
Love me still .....	<i>Mrs. Embury</i> 301
Love released .....	513
Love sickness .....	39
Love song .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 577
Love sympathies .....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 436
Love unchangeable .....	<i>R. Davies</i> 342
Love will find out the way .....	89
Love's eye .....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 213
Lovely thou art! .....	<i>J. H. Scott</i> 295
Lovers .....	<i>Spenser</i> 244
Lovers' quarrels .....	<i>Lord Lytton</i> 245
Love's artifice .....	<i>J. S. Knowles</i> 198
Love's attraction .....	<i>D. Garrick</i> 589
Love's comparison .....	<i>Mrs. Osgood</i> 618
Love's compliments .....	<i>R. Greene</i> 252
Love's deity .....	<i>Dr. Donne</i> 288
Love's disposition .....	<i>Sir J. Sedley</i> 275
Love's farewell .....	<i>E. Waller</i> 488
Love's garden .....	<i>R. Alison</i> 585
Love's gift—the ruby and the pearl .....	<i>C. Dibdin</i> 118
Love's last letter .....	<i>Carey</i> 126
Love's last words .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 146
Love's memories .....	344
Love's memories .....	<i>J. Dennis</i> 545
Love's philosophy .....	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 200
Love's questions and replies .....	<i>C. Mackay</i> 72
Love's sympathy .....	605
Love's treasury .....	<i>E. Spenser</i> 606
Love's visit .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 95

	PAGE
Love's welcome .....	<i>T. Davis</i> 607
Loving at first sight .....	<i>Lord Lansdowne</i> 291
Lost feelings .....	<i>J. Montgomery</i> 393
Lurking love.....	<i>Mrs. Piozzi</i> 82
Maidenhood .....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 353
Maid of my heart .....	<i>Pringle</i> 493
Man's love.....	<i>M. A. Browne</i> 253
Margaret.....	431
Marie Stuart on the death of her husband, Francis II.....	<i>L. S. Costello</i> 456
Mary's dream .....	<i>J. Lowe</i> 497
Matilda .....	<i>Rev. W. L. Bowles</i> 168
Metrical feet .....	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 617
Mira .....	<i>Rev. G. Crabbe</i> 323
My king .....	30
My lady sleeps .....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 604
My love.....	<i>S. Booth</i> 263
My mistress .....	<i>Calderon</i> 551
My queen .....	29
My wife .....	<i>A. C. Mowatt</i> 309
Nay, shepherd ! nay ! .....	<i>Sir J. Bowring</i> 471
Norwegian love song.....	<i>Walker</i> 169
No thank you, John .....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 582
Not ours the vows .....	<i>B. Barton</i> 573
Now I find thy looks were feigned .....	<i>T. Lodge</i> 409
Ode on modern love verses .....	<i>J. Scott</i> 79
Ode on the death of a young lady .....	<i>Logan</i> 284
Ode to a young lady somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression .....	223
Of a' the airts the win' can blaw .....	<i>R. Burns</i> 319
Of lingering love .....	412
Of loving at first sight.....	<i>E. Waller</i> 488
Of in the stilly night.....	<i>T. Moore</i> 180
Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue .....	<i>Rev. C. Wolfe</i> 200
Oh, no ! not e'en when first we loved .....	<i>T. Moore</i> 179
Oh, take me to yon sunny isle .....	<i>R. Gilfillan</i> 503
On a fan .....	<i>Bishop Atterbury</i> 218
On a gentleman's omitting to subscribe his name in a letter to a lady ....	275
On a lady asleep .....	<i>S. Rogers</i> 429
On a lady stung by a bee .....	275
On a young lady's refusal to show her hand .....	271
On a perfume taken out of a young lady's bosom .....	<i>J. Oldmixon</i> 330
On a tear .....	<i>S. Rogers</i> 65
On a very old wedding-ring .....	<i>G. W. Doane</i> 340
On his mistress drowned.....	<i>Bishop Sprat</i> 182
On love .....	<i>Eliz. Rowe</i> 324
On silence in love .....	<i>Sir H. Wotton</i> 252
On the government of our passions .....	<i>J. Free</i> 369
On two beautiful ladies, one gay and one sad .....	<i>R. H. Wilde</i> 463
O nightingale .....	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 428
Only tell her that I love .....	<i>Cutts</i> 285
Origin of the 'Forget-me-not'.....	<i>From the German</i> 53
O sacred blush .....	<i>Drummond</i> 292
Our early loved .....	<i>Frances Brown</i> 579

## *Index of Titles.*

xiii

	PAGE
Our first young love .....	<i>T. Moore</i> 430
Our love is not a fading earthly flower .....	<i>J. R. Lozell</i> 361
O were I on Parnassus hill .....	<i>R. Burns</i> 506
Paragon .....	<i>M. Drayton</i> 585
Peace! let me go .....	<i>Cassels</i> 602
Perhaps I love .....	<i>Miss Mitford</i> 438
Percussions to love .....	<i>T. Carew</i> 485
Portrait of a lady .....	<i>P. J. Bailey</i> 60
Power of love .....	<i>W. Shakspeare</i> 529
Praise of little women .....	<i>From the Spanish</i> 464
Phyllis .....	<i>Drummond</i> 12
Queen Marie .....	<i>Lord Darnley (?)</i> 88
Question and reply .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 612
Recollections of love .....	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 538
Refined .....	33
Rivals .....	<i>Walsh</i> 283
Rosalie .....	335
Rosalind .....	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 316
Rosy Hannah .....	<i>R. Bloomfield</i> 392
Sappho .....	<i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i> 135
Scarf and jewels .....	565
Servant .....	50
Servant .....	<i>E. C. Pinkney</i> 341
Shall I, wasting in despair .....	<i>G. Wither</i> 377
She comes to gather flowers .....	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 467
She dwelt among the untrodden ways .....	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 172
She is not fair to outward view .....	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i> 609
She loves him yet .....	<i>F. S. Osgood</i> 310
She walks in beauty .....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 81
She was a phantom of delight .....	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 171
She wore a wreath of roses .....	<i>T. H. Bayly</i> 206
Short love .....	140
Short love .....	<i>F. S. Osgood</i> 306
Short love .....	<i>R. Herrick</i> 542
Short .....	<i>W. S. Landor</i> 165
Eligited love .....	<i>N. P. Willis</i> 437
Soliloquy of a beauty in the country .....	189
Song .....	<i>W. Brown</i> 380
Song .....	<i>T. Campbell</i> 575
Song .....	<i>Chas. Colton</i> 324
Song .....	<i>J. Dryden</i> 291
Song .....	<i>H. Gifford</i> 373
Song .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 145
Song .....	<i>T. Otway</i> 269
Song .....	<i>Parnell</i> 258, 320
Song .....	<i>Earl of Rochester</i> 390
Song .....	<i>Sir P. Sidney</i> 280
Song .....	<i>Sir J. Suckling</i> 382, 387, 388
Song .....	<i>Thomson</i> 256, 261
Song .....	<i>E. Waller</i> 382
Song .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 21
Song, Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate .....	<i>W. Hamilton</i> 489
Song, blooming beauty .....	<i>Rev. T. Fitzgerald</i> 514

	PAGE
Song, drink ye to her that each loves best .....	Campbell 427
Song, fair, sweet, and young .....	J. Dryden 420
Song, from the Spanish of Cervantes.....	C. Jarvis 470, 471
Song, from the Spanish of Iglesias .....	W. C. Bryant 473
Song, go, forget me.....	Rev. C. Wolfe 424
Song, how many times do I love thee, dear ? .....	Beddoes 608
Song, love is a sickness .....	S. Daniel 413
Song, mediocrity in love rejected .....	T. Carew 486
Song, my love was fickle once and changing .....	Addison 509
Song, one kind kiss .....	R. Dodsley 482
Song, prithee why so pale and wan, fond lover ? .....	Sir J. Suckling 417
Song, say lonely dream, where could'st thou find.....	E. Waller 511
Song, sigh no more ladies .....	W. Shakspeare 414
Song, tell me no more how fair she is .....	Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester 510
Song, the parting kiss.....	R. Dodsley 391
Song, the shape alone let others prize .....	M. Akenside 421
Song, the sun was sunk beneath the hill .....	Lord Lansdowne 512
Song, thou art lovelier .....	R. Howill 558
Song, to Celia .....	Ben Jonson 4
Sonnet .....	F. K. Butler 216
Sonnet .....	S. Daniel 375, 376
Sonnet .....	Drummond 395
Sonnet .....	E. Moron 401, 402
Sonnet .....	From Petrarch 396
Sonnet.....	Mary Robinson 397, 398
Sonnet .....	W. Shakspeare 307
Sonnet .....	Sir P. Sidney 373
Sonnet.....	E. Spenser 128, 394
Sonnet from Camoens .....	Mrs. Hemans 476
Sonnet, from the Italian of Buonarroti .....	J. E. Taylor 461, 462
Sonnet, from the Italian of Buonarroti .....	W. Wordsworth 460, 461
Sonnet, from the Italian of Fracastoro.....	462
Sonnet, from the Italian of Milton.....	Langhorne 396
Sonnet, from the Italian of Petrona.....	J. Roscoe 459
Sonnet, from the Portuguese .....	J. Adamson 477
Sonnet, from the Spanish.....	J. Roscoe 475
Sonnet, go valentine, and tell that lovely maid .....	R. Southey 429
Sonnet, perhaps the lady of thy love .....	Barry Cornwall 434
Sonnet, to love .....	Dermody 398
Sonnet, to the Marchesana of Pescara .....	W. Wordsworth 459
Sonnet, to the nightingale .....	J. Milton 395
Sovereignty of love .....	J. Keats 205
Stanzas .....	Lord Houghton 216
Stanzas addressed to a lady, on reading Romeo and Juliet	From the German 134
Stanzas for music .....	F. S. Osgood 315
Stanzas to a lady .....	T. K. Hervey 148
Starry eyes.....	Pinckney 587
St. George's, Hanover Square.....	F. Lockyer 61
Sweet is the dawn.....	D. Vedder 507
Sweet visions.....	Camoens 606
Sweeter than truth.....	P. J. Bailey 25
Sybilis .....	Barry Cornwall 404
Symptoms of love .....	Miss Aiken 186

---

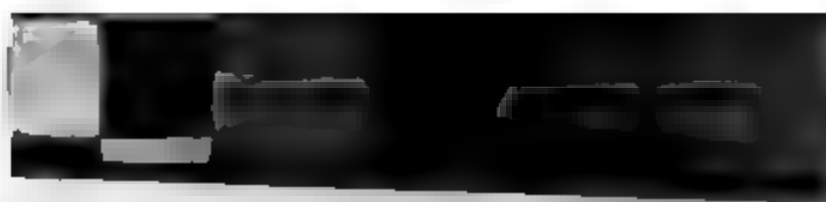
*Index of Titles.*

XV

---

	PAGE
Tell me, lady ! tell me ! Yes ? .....	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 468
Tell me, thou soul .....	<i>Thomson</i> 494
The absent lover to his betrothed.....	<i>Della (D. M. Moir)</i> 444
The answer (to Lady Mary W. Montague) .....	<i>Lady Irwin</i> 130
The bachelor's day .....	47
The bachelor's dilemma .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 105
The bachelor's dream .....	142
The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary .....	<i>W. Motherwell</i> 571
The bird's release.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 108
The bride .....	<i>Sir J. Suckling</i> 15
The broken appointment.....	<i>J. Kenyon</i> 179
The cane-bottomed chair .....	445
The careless lover .....	<i>Sir J. Suckling</i> 388
The cause of inconstancy .....	242
The change .....	<i>A. Cowley</i> 418
The charm .....	<i>From the Spanish</i> 139
The cheat of Cupid, or the unwelcome guest (from Anacreon)..	<i>R. Herrick</i> 570
The choice .....	269
The Christian virgin to her lover.....	<i>Rev. T. Dale</i> 109
The composition of a kiss .....	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 523
The condition of a lover .....	<i>Sir R. Steele</i> 259
The confession .....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 441
The cure of love .....	<i>Dr. Kenrick</i> 256
The dearest .....	<i>J. Sterling</i> 209
The decayed coquette .....	<i>J. Trumbull</i> 334
The descent of love .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 91
The despairing lover .....	<i>W. Walsh</i> 327
The destined wife.....	<i>C. Patmore</i> 534
The diffidence of love .....	<i>H. Kirke White</i> 434
The dilemma .....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 364
The dissemblers .....	<i>M. Prior</i> 421
The ear-rings .....	<i>Lockhart</i> 535
The effect of coquetry .....	<i>Somerville</i> 282
The evening star .....	<i>Dr. Leyden</i> 504
The evening star .....	<i>Campbell</i> 497
The farrest thing .....	<i>Duke of Orleans</i> 587
The farewell .....	453
The first.....	<i>F. Brown</i> 116
The first avowal.....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 433
The flower's name.....	<i>R. Browning</i> 544
The folly of love .....	<i>T. Goffe</i> 480
The forsaken .....	<i>Mrs. Opie</i> 99
The forsaken .....	101
The forsaken heart .....	137
The force of love .....	<i>A. Cowley</i> 241
The frank lover.....	277
The game at chess .....	<i>L. Blanchard</i> 559
The glove (from the German of Schiller) .....	<i>Lord Lytton</i> 454
The glove of the dead Lady .....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 478
The groomsmen to his mistress.....	<i>T. W. Parsons</i> 567
The happy husband .....	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 532
The Halloweek wedding.....	<i>Very Rev. Dr. Milman</i> 57
The husband's prayer .....	519





## INDEX OF TITLES.

	PAGE
A ballad about love .....	<i>J. Hogg</i> 97
A birthday offering to a young lady from her lover ..	<i>Rt. Hon. G. Canning</i> 236
Absence .....	184
Absence .....	<i>R. Jago</i> 490
Absence .....	<i>Frances A. Kemble</i> 569
A castle in the air .....	<i>L. Frisbie</i> 336
A confession .....	<i>J. H. Campbell</i> 312
A confession of love .....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 561
Adam's description of Eve .....	<i>J. Milton</i> 553
A daydream .....	37
A description of such a one as he would love .....	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i> 482
Adieu l'Amour .....	<i>Lord Lansdowne</i> 271
A dilemma .....	<i>Harry Cornwall</i> 576
A ditty .....	<i>L. Aikin</i> 271
A fond kiss .....	<i>R. Burns</i> 18
A fugitive from love .....	<i>E. Sargent</i> 359
A hint .....	<i>T. Carew</i> 597
A hie and cry after Cupid .....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 266
A love picture .....	<i>Keats</i> 600
A love song .....	<i>Eliza Cook</i> 219
A lover .....	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 171
A lover dropping asleep in the midst of happy thoughts .....	<i>C. Putmore</i> 251
A lover's address .....	<i>W. H. Burleigh</i> 357
A lover's fancy .....	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 248
A lyric .....	541
A maiden's soliloquy .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 107
Amalia .....	<i>Thomson</i> 321
Amalia .....	<i>From the Swedish</i> 368
Amy's secret .....	41
Anacreontic .....	<i>Shenstone</i> 257
An angel in the house .....	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 9
An apology for having loved before .....	<i>E. Waller</i> 555
An earnest suit not to be forsaken .....	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i> 482
An elegy written on Valentine morning .....	226
An end .....	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 592
An English song .....	<i>T. H. Bayly</i> 557
An old-fashioned love song .....	616
A plea for love .....	<i>T. Davis</i> 614
Apollo's song of Daphne .....	<i>J. Lylye</i> 974

	PAGE
To a lady.....	160
To a lady..... <i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	185
To a lady..... <i>G. D. Prentice</i>	343
To a lady going to bathe in the sea..... <i>G. Keate</i>	229
To a lady half-masking herself when she smiled.....	258
To a lady in answer to a letter written in a very fine hand.....	224
To a lady in illness..... <i>Sir Egerton Brydges</i>	168
To a lady presented with a ring bearing a heart with the motto, 'stop thief,'	230
To a lady sitting before her glass..... <i>Fenton</i>	289
To a lady with a bouquet..... <i>B. Park</i>	356
To a lady with some painted flowers..... <i>Lucy Aikin</i>	270
To a lady who sent compliments to a clergyman upon the ten of hearts ..	216
To Althea, from prison..... <i>R. Lovelace</i>	7
To Ann..... <i>J. O. Rockwell</i>	347
To Apollo making love (from Fontenelle)..... <i>T. Tickell</i>	181
To Ardelia..... <i>Keate</i>	278
To a stolen ring..... <i>N. P. Willis</i>	610
To a young lady on her marriage..... <i>G. M. Fitzgerald</i>	526
To B. R. in return for her bracelet..... <i>E. Waller</i>	416
To Celia..... <i>Carew</i>	317
To Chloe weeping..... <i>M. Prior</i>	283
To Cloe..... <i>J. Oldmixon</i>	330
To Constantia singing..... <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	12
To Cupid..... <i>R. Herrick</i>	390
To Eliza, inviting me to her wedding..... <i>G. Jeffreys</i>	331
To Ermengarde..... <i>N. P. Willis</i>	350
To Eva..... <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	342
To Fanny..... <i>H. Kirke White</i>	84
To G. S. S..... <i>Rev. W. F. Faber</i>	62
To Helen..... <i>H. Twiss</i>	156
To Ianthé..... <i>W. S. Lander</i>	176
To Lady Irwin..... <i>Lady Mary W. Montague</i>	129
To Louisa.....	138
To Mary..... <i>B. Barton</i>	192
To Mary..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	196
To Mary at parting..... <i>J. Hogg</i>	94
To Mary in heaven..... <i>R. Burns</i>	71
To Miss Cracroft..... <i>J. Langhorne</i>	422
To Miss Lucy F—— with a new watch.....	284
To my dream love..... <i>W. A. Cassels</i>	537
To my wife.....	548
To one in paradise..... <i>Edgar A. Poe</i>	357
To Stella..... <i>Johnson</i>	277
To Stella..... <i>Dean Swift</i>	320
To the Lady Anne Hamilton..... <i>W. Spencer</i>	56
To the lasses..... <i>Thomson</i>	268
To the memory of a lady..... <i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i>	82
To the queen of my heart..... <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	203
To the rose..... <i>R. Herrick</i>	69
To the virgins to make much of time..... <i>R. Herrick</i>	68
To Thyrza..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	194
True love..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	549
Unrequited.....	43

---

*Index of Titles.*

---

xix

	PAGE
Unrequited, a reply .....	44
Unrequited love .....	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 435
Verses written, before marriage, by a clergyman .....	240
Verses written in a lady's 'Sherlock upon Death,' .....	189
Votaire to the Princess Amelia of Prussia .....	220
Wake, oh wake! .....	<i>T. Dale</i> 441
Weakness ends with love .....	<i>L. E. L.</i> 210
Welded love .....	<i>A. P. Dinnies</i> 296
We'll never part again .....	<i>A. M. Wells</i> 297
We met when life and hope were new .....	<i>A. A. Watts</i> 523
What is love? .....	<i>J. Dryden</i> 513
What is my love like? .....	34
What the voice said .....	<i>G. Whittier</i> 19
What will they say of you and me? .....	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 466
With a white rose .....	139
Who'll buy a heart? (from the Spanish) .....	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 159
Why love is blind .....	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i> 67
Woman .....	<i>H. S. Riddell</i> 46
Woman .....	<i>Barrett</i> 73
Woman .....	<i>W. Herbert</i> 178
Woman's fidelity .....	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 84
Woman's love .....	<i>M. A. Browne</i> 254
Woman's love .....	<i>R. Montgomery</i> 433
Woman's love .....	<i>Webster and Rowley</i> 480
Woman's love .....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 536
Woman's inconstancy .....	<i>Sir R. Ayton</i> 79
Women .....	113
You bid me write .....	<i>Green</i> 202

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

---

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p> Adamson, John, 477<br/> Addison, Joseph, 509<br/> Aikin, Miss Lucy, 186, 270, 271<br/> Akenside, Mark, 421<br/> Alison, R., 585<br/> Anacreon, from the Greek of, 566<br/> Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, 185<br/> Anonymous, back of title, 22, 24, 26,<br/> 27, 29, 30, 33, 34, 37, 39, 40, 41, 43,<br/> 44, 45, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 61, 83,<br/> 86, 89, 96, 101, 113, 120, 123, 124,<br/> 125, 133, 134, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140,<br/> 141, 142, 143, 147, 154, 160, 161, 163,<br/> 165, 183, 184, 189, 216, 218, 223, 224,<br/> 226, 230, 240, 242, 246, 248, 260, 269,<br/> 270, 273, 275, 276, 277, 278, 284, 293,<br/> 335, 344, 376, 381, 412, 416, 430, 431,<br/> 445, 453, 491, 506, 514, 519, 541, 543,<br/> 548, 556, 563, 565, 599, 605, 609, 617<br/> Arnold, Matthew, 549, 572<br/> Atterbury, Bishop, 218<br/> Axel, translated by Latham, 170<br/> Ayton, Sir Robert, 79, 490<br/> Bailey, Philip James, 25, 60<br/> Baker, Henry, 369<br/> Barrett, —, 73<br/> Barton, Bernard, 192, 437, 573<br/> Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 206, 557<br/> Beaumont and Fletcher, 13<br/> Beddoes, 608<br/> Bennie, William, 505<br/> Beresford, 581<br/> Bigg, J. Stanyan, 347<br/> Blanchard, Laman, 559, 592<br/> Bloomfield, Robert, 391<br/> Booth, S., 263<br/> Bowles, Rev. William Lisle, 168<br/> Bowring, Sir John, 159, 466, 467, 468,<br/> 469, 471<br/> Breton, Nicholas, 375, 410, 411<br/> Brome, Alexander, 385 </p> | <p> Brooks, Mrs., 245<br/> Brown, Frances, 116, 399, 579<br/> Brown, William, 380<br/> Browne, Mary Anne, 253, 254<br/> Browne, Thomas, 371<br/> Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 213, 441,<br/> 531, 561<br/> Browning, Robert, 544<br/> Bryant, William C., 338, 473<br/> Brydges, Sir Egerton, 168<br/> Buckingham, Sheffield, Duke of, 272<br/> Buckingham, Villiers, Duke of, 185<br/> Buonarroti, Michael Angelo, from,<br/> 459, 460, 461<br/> Burleigh, William H., 357<br/> Burns, Robert, 18, 71, 88, 130, 319,<br/> 495, 506<br/> Butler, Frances Kemble, 216<br/> Byron, Lord, 81, 121, 194, 196, 436,<br/> 524, 536, 549, 593, 598, 613<br/> Calderon, 551<br/> Callanan, 597<br/> Camoens, 476, 606<br/> Camoens, from the Portuguese of, 475<br/> Campbell, Juliet H., 312<br/> Campbell, Thomas, 150, 153, 427, 497,<br/> 499, 576, 589<br/> Canning, Rt. Hon. George, 236<br/> Cantab., 35<br/> Carew, T., 70, 289, 315, 317, 381, 485,<br/> 486, 597<br/> Carey, 126<br/> Cartwright, William, 487<br/> Cassels, Walter A., 537, 602<br/> Cervantes, from the Spanish of, 470,<br/> 471<br/> Clare, John, 392<br/> Clayton, Isaac, 339<br/> Coleridge, Hartley, 609<br/> Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 67, 423,<br/> 523, 532, 538, 617 </p> |
|--|--|

## *Index of Authors.*

xxi

- Cook, Eliza, 219  
Cornwall, Barry, 24, 156, 188, 191, 235, 404, 405, 434, 577, 612  
Costello, L. Stuart, 456  
Cotton, Charles, 324  
Cowley, Abraham, 241, 418, 440, 447  
Cooper, William, 1  
Crabbe, Rev. George, 322, 323  
Croly, Rev. Dr. George, 83, 135, 146, 154, 616  
Cunningham, Allan, 3, 56, 287  
Cutts, —, 285  
Dale, Rev. Thomas, 109, 441  
Daniel, Samuel, 311, 375, 376, 386, 413  
Darnley, Lord (?), 88  
Davenport, 399  
Davidson's 'Rhapsody,' 481  
Davies, Rufus, 68  
Davis, Thomas, 607, 614  
Davis, Rufus, 342  
De Arriana, from the Spanish of, 473  
Deane, J., 545  
De Hita, 464  
De la (D. M. Moir), 443, 448  
Dermod, 398  
Dillon, Charles, 118  
Dimes, Anna Peyre, 296, 306  
Dine, George W., 340  
Dixley, Robert, 391, 482  
Dodge, Dr. John, 281, 288  
Drayton, Michael, 585  
Drummond, of Hawthornden, 12, 290, 292, 394, 395  
Dryden, John, 262, 291, 420, 513  
Dryden, Mrs. Emma C., 294, 300, 301  
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 342  
Esling, Catherine H., 303  
Espinel, from the Spanish of, 469  
Essex, Sir George, 323  
Faber, Rev. W. F., 62  
Falconer, William, 498  
Fay, Gerda, 31  
Fenton, 289  
Field, James T., 360  
Finch, G. M., 526  
Finch, Rev. Thomas, 514  
Finch, from, by Tickell, 181  
Finch, from, 462  
Finn, John, 369  
Finch, Professor L., 336  
Garrik, David, 589  
Gay, John, 286  
Gifford, Humphrey, 373  
Gillian, Robert, 503  
Goffe, Thomas, 480  
Grahame, James, Marquis of Montrose, 515  
Granville, Lord Lansdowne, 271, 291, 512  
Greene, Robert, 252, 292  
Hale, Sarah Josepha, 299  
Hamilton, William, 489  
Hammond, 230  
Harrington, Sir John, 405  
Hay, William, 566  
Heber, Reginald, Bishop, 574  
Hemans, Mrs., 85, 108, 435, 439, 476  
Herbert, William, 178  
Herrick, Robert, 10, 68, 69, 78, 390, 542, 570  
Hervey, T. K., 74, 77, 149, 533, 594  
Hewitt, Mary E., 304, 305  
Hofmann, Charles J., 345, 346  
Hogg, James, 91, 94, 95, 97, 99, 586  
Holmes, O. W., 355, 364  
Hood, Thomas, 188, 207  
Hooper, Lucy, 311  
Houghton, Lord, 60, 216  
Howitt, Mary, 520  
Howitt, Richard, 558  
Hunt, Leigh, 9, 192, 575  
Hugo, Victor, from, 458  
Iglesias, from the Spanish of, 473  
Irwin, Lady, 130  
Italian, from the, 445, 463  
Jago, Richard, 490  
Jarvis, Charles, 470, 471  
Jeffreys, George, 331  
Johnson, Samuel, 452  
Jonson, Ben, 4, 12, 255, 266, 277, 386, 478, 479  
Keate, George, 229, 278  
Keate, John, 205, 600  
Kemble, Frances Anne, 569  
Kenrick, Dr., 256  
Kenyon, John, 179  
Kinaston, Sir Francis, 384  
King, Dr. H., Bp. of Chichester, 510  
Knowles, James Sheridan, 198, 199  
Knox, W., 74  
La Cruza, from the Portuguese of, 477  
Lamb, Charles, 591, 603  
Landor, Walter Savage, 165, 176, 177  
Langhorne, John, 422  
Langhorne, John, from Milton, 396  
Lansdowne, Granville, Lord, 271, 291, 512  
Latham, from the Swedish of Axel, 170

- Lee, Mary F., 313  
 L. E. L., 64, 145, 146, 432, 433, 435  
 Leyden, Dr. John, 504  
 Lockharte, 535  
 Lockyer, F., 61  
 Lodge, Thomas, 409  
 Logan, —, 284  
 Longfellow, H. W., 352, 353, 456, 604  
 Lord, William W., 366  
 Lovelace, Richard, 7, 82, 318  
 Lowe, John, 498  
 Lowell, James Russell, 361  
 Lylie, John, 252, 479  
 Lytton, Lord, 111, 245, 454  
 Mackay, Charles, 72  
 Marlow, Christopher, 407  
 Marriott, —, 279  
 Massey, Gerald, 248, 249  
 Meredith, Owen, 539  
 Metastasio, Imitation of, 220  
 Milman, Very Rev. Henry Hart, 57  
 Milton, John, back of title, 70, 395, 553  
 Mitford, Miss, 438  
 Moir, James, 132  
 Montagu, Miss E. L., 114  
 Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, 129  
 Montgomery, James, 173, 393  
 Montgomery, Robert, 433  
 Montrose, James Grahame, Marquis of, 515  
 Moore, Thomas, 152, 158, 166, 179, 180, 430  
 Motherwell, William, 508, 571  
 Moultrie, Rev. J., 59, 499  
 Mowatt, Anna Cora, 309  
 Moxon, Edward, 193, 401, 402  
 Mulock, Dinah, 584  
 Murray, John Fisher, 15, 553  
 Neele, 449  
 Nugent, 264  
 Oldmixon, John, 330  
 Opie, Mrs., 99  
 Orleans, Charles, Duke of, 587  
 Osgood, Frances S., 306, 308, 310, 314, 619  
 Otway, Thomas, 262, 269  
 Oxford, Earl of (?), 491  
 Park, Benjamin, 356  
 Parnell, 258, 319  
 Parsons, Thomas William, 567  
 Paterson, Walter, 140  
 Patmore, Coventry, 251, 534  
 Peele, George, 478  
 Pembroke, Earl of, 414  
 Percy, Bishop, 'Reliques,' 4, 264  
 Petrana, from, 459  
 Petrarch, from, 396  
 Poe, Edgar Allen, 357, 547, 578, 579  
 Pollok, 151, 527  
 Pindar, Peter, 87  
 Pinkney, Edward C., 341, 587  
 Plozzi, Mrs., 82  
 Praed, William Mackworth, 343  
 Prentice, George D., 343  
 Pringle, 145, 493  
 Prior, Matthew, 283, 421  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 408, 483, 484  
 'Rape of the Lock,' 63  
 Riddell, Henry Scott, 46  
 Robinson, Mary, 397, 398  
 Rochester, Earl of, 390  
 Rockwell, J. O., 347  
 Rogers, Samuel, 65, 429  
 Roscoe, J., 459, 475  
 Rossetti, Christina G., 582, 592  
 Rowe, Elizabeth, 324  
 Saa de Miranda, from the Spanish of, 475  
 Sappho, 102, 103  
 Sargent, Epes, 359  
 Sawyer, Mary Jane, 611  
 Scott, John, 79  
 Scott, Julia H., 295, 300  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 131  
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 275, 451, 580  
 Shakspeare, William, 297, 414, 529  
 Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, 272  
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 8, 13, 200, 202, 203, 425, 426, 427  
 Shenstone, 257, 259  
 Sheridan, Richard B., 479  
 Sheridan, Thomas, 328  
 Shirley, 604  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 280, 373  
 Silvestre, from the Spanish of, 468  
 Sjögren, 368  
 Smith, Alexander, 247, 590, 595  
 Smith, Elizabeth Oakes, 302  
 Smollett, 496, 503  
 Southey, Robert, 131, 429  
 Somerville, 282  
 Spencer, William, 55  
 Spenser, Edmund, 128, 244, 316, 394, 606  
 Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, 182  
 Stanley, Thomas, 419  
 Steele, Sir Richard, 259  
 Sterling, John, 209

---

*Index of Authors.*

xxiii

- 
- Strangford, Viscount, 475  
Suckling, Sir John, 14, 382, 387, 388  
41  
Surrey, Earl of, 113, 403  
Swain, Charles, 78, 212, 432  
Swift, Very Rev. Dean, 261, 320  
Tasso, Torquato, from, 463  
Taylor, Henry, 93  
Taylor, J. E., 461, 462  
Thomas, Frederick W., 363  
Thompson, William, 332  
Thomson, James, 256, 261, 268, 321,  
494  
Tickell, Thomas, from Fontenelle, 181  
Tighe, Mrs., 239  
Timoneda, from the Spanish of, 471  
Togral, from the Arabic of, 121  
Torres, from the Portuguese of D. M.,  
477  
Triebner, T. F., 66  
Trumbull, John, 334  
Twiss, Horace, 155  
Vedder, David, 507  
Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 185  
Voltaire, 220  
Walker, —, 169  
Waller, Edmund, 80, 382, 416, 488,  
489, 511, 555  
Walsh, William, 181, 283, 327  
Watts, Alario A., 21, 103, 105, 106,  
107, 523  
Webster and Rowley, 480  
Weir, Daniel, 502  
Wells, Anna Maria, 297  
Westwood, T., 530  
White, Henry Kirke, 84, 194, 434  
Whitehead, W., 215  
Whittier, George, 19  
Wilde, R. H., 463  
Willis, N. P., 350, 351, 437, 610  
Wilson, John, 197  
Wilson, Mrs. O. B., 325, 450  
Winchelsea, Anne Countess of, 185  
Winslow, Rev. B. D., 361  
Wither, George, 377, 378  
Wolfe, Rev. Charles, 18, 200, 201, 424  
Woodhull, Michael, 232  
Wordsworth, William, 171, 172, 418,  
459, 460  
Wotton, Sir Henry, 252  
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, 116, 482, 483  
Youatt, Elizabeth, 615



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A face that should content me wondrous well .....	482
A lily's pure perfume ; a halo's light.....	458
A maiden sat by a river side.....	54
A man that's neither high nor low.....	269
A mariner I am of love .....	471
A restless lover I espied.....	416
A spring o'erhung with many a flower .....	391
A wanton chaos in my breast raged high.....	323
A weary lot of thine, fair maid .....	506
A woman's face is full of wiles .....	373
A wife's a man's best piece ; who till he marries .....	604
Across the waves, away and far .....	148
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever .....	18
Afar from thee ! 'Tis solitude .....	548
Ah, I remember well (and how can I .....	386
Ah ! let our love be still a folded flower .....	306
Ah ! the poor shepherd's mournful fate .....	489
Ah ! youthful love ! thy votarist .....	91
Alas, alas ! the time draws nigh.....	94
Alas ! how bitter are the wrongs of love .....	210
Alas ! I love you overwell .....	405
Alexis calls me cruel .....	473
Among Silesian plains, where glide .....	53
Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd .....	381
And must we part ? then fare thee well !.....	597
And say'st thou so ? and canst thou lift .....	297
And thou, Amanda ; come, pride of my song ! .....	321
And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight .....	289
And wilt thou leave me thus ?.....	482
An infant when it gazes on a light .....	536
Arabian fiction never filled the world .....	171
As Cupid in Cythera's grove.....	286
As I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view.*.....	25
As late each flower that sweetest blows.....	423
As love sat idling beneath a tree.....	366
Ask me no more where Jove bestows.....	317
Ask me not why I should love her .....	346
Ask not the cause why sullen spring .....	262
Ask not why sorrow shades my brow.....	324

## *Index of First Lines.*

XXV

	PAGE
At Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son .....	478
Awake, my harp, some joyful measure .....	147
Ay, they are Love's own words! his breath of flame.....	325
Beauties, have ye seen this toy .....	266
Because from all that round thee move .....	216
Because I breathe not love to every one .....	373
Before his lion-court .....	454
Begone! bold rival, from my fair .....	330
Believe me 'tis nothing of jealous pride .....	314
Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers .....	487
Blest as th' immortal gods is he .....	102
Bow the head, thou lily fair .....	271
Brimful of anger, not of love .....	185
By all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love .....	105
By every sweet tradition of true hearts .....	188
By that mysterious sympathy which chaineth .....	305
Can I forget a time of generous bliss .....	99
Charles, must I say, what strange it seems to say.....	396
Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry! .....	78
Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled.....	269
Come, gentle God of soft desire .....	261
Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be .....	186
Come in the evening, or come in the morning .....	607
Come, let us now resolve at last .....	272
Come live with me, and be my love .....	407
Come rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well .....	296
Come, thou best of painters .....	566
Come, thou lover, in whose eyes .....	430
Could I bring lost youth back again .....	589
Could I see his face .....	561
Cupid and my Campaspe played .....	252
Cupid e'er deprived of sight .....	185
Cupid if storying legends tell aright .....	523
Custom, alas! doth partial prove .....	276
Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave .....	219
Dear, leave thy home and come with me .....	414
Dear object of my late and early prayer!.....	422
Dearest, a lock is but a ray .....	355
Deem not, beloved, that the glow .....	357
Distracted with care .....	327
Domestic love! not in proud palace halls.....	146
Do not conceal thy radiant eyes .....	384
Doth love live in beauty's eyes .....	411
Down by the woods, where the blooming purple heather .....	545
Drink to me, only with thine eyes .....	4
Drink ye to her that each loves best .....	427
Ere the tongue .....	433
Ere this short winter's day be gone.....	236
Evening now from purple wings.....	452
Every wedding, says the proverb.....	567
Fair art thou as the morning, my young bride .....	402
Fair, sweet, and young, receive a praise .....	420
Fairer than thee, beloved .....	616

	PAGE
Fairest and loveliest of created things .....	178
Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie! .....	84
Fare thee well! and if for ever' .....	121
Fare thee well! 'tis meet we part .....	101
Farewell that liberty our fathers gave .....	230
Few and low were the words I spoke.....	43
First love will with the heart remain .....	392
Flavia the least and slightest toy .....	218
Flowers are fresh, and bushes green .....	475
Flowers are love's truest language; they betray .....	356
Flowers to the fair: to you these flowers I bring .....	270
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove.....	494
Forget me not, when, friends and fortune smiling .....	165
Forget thee? if to dream by night, and muse on thee by day .....	59
Forgive, fair creature, form'd to please.....	278
For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes .....	577
For me I'm woman's slave confess .....	586
Frolic virgins once there were.....	69
From place to place forlorn I go.....	259
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may .....	68
Gentle, happy Beatrice .....	520
Get up, get up, for shame! the blooming morn.....	10
→ Give me but thy love, and I.....	448
Give me more love or more disdain.....	486
Go forget me—why should sorrow .....	424
Go forth, for she is gone .....	108
Go, happy rose, and, interwove .....	69
Go, lady, to thy lonely room.....	51
Go, lovely rose!.....	80
Go, valentine, and tell that lovely maid .....	429
Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly .....	556
Go, youth beloved, in distant glades .....	99
Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom .....	84
Had you, your charms resign'd .....	331
Hail, holy love! thou word that seems all human bliss .....	151
Hail! thou fairest of all creatures .....	378
Hard is the fate of him who loves .....	256
Hark, how the bashful moon in pain.....	70
Hark, through the sacred silence of the night .....	226
Hast thou forgot me? 'Thou who hast departed .....	313
Hast thou seen the dove in the air .....	388
He never said he loved me.....	103
He passes by, with cold and heartless gaze .....	44
He that loves a rosy cheek .....	597
He stood beside a cottage love .....	246
He who is both brave and bold .....	469
He woos me with those honied words .....	294
Her finger was so small, the ring .....	14
Her form was all humanity .....	60
Her hearers are amazed from whence.....	320
Her stature like the tall straight cedar-trees .....	252
Here end my chains, and thralldom cease .....	271
Here's the garden she walk'd across .....	544

*Index of First Lines.*

xxvii

	PAGE
Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee .....	499
Hence, every gloomy care away! .....	240
High in the glowing heavens with cloudless beam .....	476
High peace to the soul of the dead .....	82
High state and honours to others impart .....	291
Honest lover, whosoever .....	382
How clear the sky! how soft the gale .....	184
How delicious is the winning .....	575
How have I heard the fair lament .....	242
How have I thought of thee? as flies .....	300
How, lady, can it be—which yet is shown .....	462
How many times do I love thee, dear? .....	608
How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive .....	181
How shall I woo her? I will stand .....	348
How shall I woo thee, tell me, how? .....	303
How sweet it were, if without feeble fright .....	9
How sweet thy modest light to view .....	504
How vainly then do idle wits invent .....	316
How warm this woodland wild recess .....	538
I since fell in love wi' a sweet young thing .....	97
I am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd .....	181
I arise from dreams of thee .....	426
I cannot enter death's dark gloom .....	126
I cannot look in thy sweet face, dear maid .....	402
I cannot stain this snowy leaf .....	140
I cannot think love thrives by artifice .....	199
I clasp'd and counted once .....	213
I did but look and love awhile .....	262
Idle, dear life! unless to me be given .....	290
I lie for thy sweet love! the ground .....	188
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair .....	490
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way .....	8
I dreamed that at even a white mist arose .....	120
I dreamed that in the Paphian groves .....	166
I have lost my love, an' I dinna ken how .....	94
I have done penance for contemning love .....	529
I have heard of reasons manifold .....	67
I have seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just .....	268
I know not of the sunshine waste .....	350
I know not lady, by what nameless charm .....	475
I know that all beneath the moon decays .....	394
I like that ring—that ancient ring .....	340
I long to talk with some old lover's ghost .....	288
I love—And I love—And I love, too .....	22
I love thee! Oh the strife, the pain .....	191
I loved him not; and yet now he is gone .....	177
I lov'd thee beautiful and kind .....	264
I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more .....	79
I may not break the holy spell .....	304
I miss thee each lone hour .....	300
I must not grieve, my love! whose eyes should read .....	311
I must not say that thou wert true .....	572
I ne'er could any lustre see .....	479

	PAGE
I never said I loved you, John.....	588
I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong.....	376
I often tried in vain to find .....	328
I pray thee let my heart alone .....	419
I prithee leave this peevish fashion .....	385
I said it was a wilful, wayward thing .....	198
I sang to my heart in the sunshine of May .....	218
I may not regret me .....	210
I saw two ladies once—illustrious, rare.....	461
I send a question to thy dear .....	72
I sing to him I dream he hears .....	299
I stood with Ellen where the stream .....	74
I sought at morn the beechen bower ..	179
I thank you for that downcast look .....	557
I think of thee in the night .....	594
I think of thee when morning spring .....	343
I will love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart.....	345
I will never love thee more .....	106
I will not wish, cannot vow .....	410
I wish to make my sermon brief—to shorten my oration .....	464
I would have stemmed misfortune's tide .....	306
If all that love is her face .....	511
If all the world and love were young .....	408
If chance some pensive stranger thither led.....	168
If faith in love, a heart that ne'er betrays .....	396
If I am fair, 'tis for myself alone .....	463
If I had thought thou couldst have died .....	17
If it be true that any beauteous thing .....	461
If methought ever should whisper the name .....	138
If this be love to draw a weary breath .....	375
If this pale rose offend thy sight .....	139
If thou wert by my side, my love .....	574
If woman's glass, why should we try .....	470
If women could be fair, and yet not fond .....	491
If you become a nun, dear .....	575
I'll bid my hyacinth to blow .....	153
I'll not believe I am not loved .....	107
I'll sing of heroes and of kings.....	447
I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife .....	336
I'll twine a wreath, I'll twine a wreath ....	505
Image of one, who lived of yore! .....	171
In accents sad and low .....	456
In Christian world Mary the garland wears .....	591
In courts, where revel reigns, and passionate song .....	156
In Clementine's artless mien .....	165
In fair Elfrida's chains—once was bound .....	473
In joyous youth, what soul hath never known .....	150
In lingering love mislikings grows .....	412
In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed .....	131
In petticoat of green .....	12
In tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars .....	445
In the molten-golden moonlight .....	539
In the whole world there scarcely was .....	585

## *Index of First Lines.*

xxix

	PAGE
In vain I every art essay .....	293
In what ideal world or part of heaven .....	459
Is there but a single theme .....	359
It boots not keeping back the scroll .....	64
It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain .....	264
It is a fearful thing.....	244
It is not alone while we live in the light .....	192
It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood .....	527
It was of old in the elfin day .....	399
It was no fancy, he had named the name .....	433
Jehilate, I am loved .....	615
Kitty's dreaming voice and face .....	86
Know, Celia, since thou art so proud.....	317
Know ye the fair one whom I love? .....	3
Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale .....	315
Lady! if thou deem me true .....	468
Lady, one who loves thee well .....	163
Lady, the angelic hosts were all arrayed .....	462
Lady, too fair! the sleepless mariner .....	160
Lady! whose soft and dove-like eye .....	453
Lady, why blend those dying sweets .....	565
Let us love one another .....	212
Light be around thee, hope be thy guide .....	146
Listen, sweet ladies, listen .....	161
Love, by my solitary hearth .....	15
Love the wintry tempest braving .....	371
Look on this brow! the laurel wreath .....	135
Love and my mistress were at strife .....	374
Love came to the door o' my heart as night .....	95
Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak .....	207
Love! I will tell thee what it is to love .....	432
Love in a drowsy mood one day .....	445
Love in her sunny eyes does basking play .....	418
Love in the soul, not bold and confident .....	449
Love is a law, a discord of such force .....	480
Love is a sickness full of woe .....	413
Love is like the glass .....	432
Love is mild, Love is shy .....	502
Love launched a brilliant little craft .....	61
Love me little, love me long .....	542
Love! time for comely grace .....	381
Love! our being's waking bliss .....	170
Love retires .....	<i>Back of Title</i>
Love steals unheeded o'er the tranquil mind .....	397
Love still has something of the sea .....	275
Love, erring as death, is dead .....	592
Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid .....	451
Love with a lady—would you know .....	559
Love's no irregular device .....	513
Lo, ye thou art! ay, lovely .....	295
Molored by earth's wrong and evil .....	19
Maid of my heart—a long farewell.....	493
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes .....	353

	PAGE
Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee .....	194
Man, man loves his steed .....	405
Marilia, dear, but, O, ungrateful fair! .....	477
May alighted woman turn .....	437
Me heart's with me Flora; how great is the pleasure .....	39
Methought my love was dead; O 'twas a night .....	401
Mighty ones. Love and death! .....	85
Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by .....	189
Must I tell thee, Georgiana .....	553
My Daphne's hair is twisted gold .....	479
My dear and only love, I pray .....	515
My ear-rings, my ear-rings, I've dropped them in the well.....	535
My heart is beating with all things that are .....	247
My heart is like a lonely lyre .....	137
My life is a fairy's gay dream .....	309
My love she is a lonely but sweet flower .....	401
My love was fickle once and changing .....	509
Nature that gave the bee so feate a grace.....	116
Nay, pray thee let me weep, for tears .....	136
Nay, shepherd! nay! thou art unwary.....	471
Never believe me if I love .....	388
Never wedding, ever wooing .....	499
New beauties push her from the stage .....	334
New to the world when all was fairy ground .....	168
No argument could Fanny move.....	271
No longer mourn for me when I am dead .....	307
No mortal object did these eyes behold .....	460
No warning of th' approaching flame .....	291
Not caring to observe the wind .....	488
Not, Chloe, that I'm not sincere .....	277
Not to love, to fix the tender gaze .....	397
Not ours the vows of such as plight .....	573
Not yours the fault, you say—not yours? .....	33
Now, by the bless'd Paphian queen.....	364
Now fie on love, it ill befits .....	480
Now I find thy looks were feigned .....	409
O blessed ye who find in heaven the joy .....	461
O fair and stately maid, whose eyes .....	342
O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee.....	280
O happy love! where love like this is found.....	130
O lady! I have seen thee often.....	125
O love! love! love! .....	249
O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray .....	395
O nightingale! thou surely art.....	428
O pour upon my soul again .....	335
O prithee send me back my heart .....	387
O sacred blush, empurpling cheeks, pure skies .....	292
O sovereign power of love! O grief, O balm! .....	205
O that joy so soon should waste .....	478
O turn away those cruel eyes .....	419
O Venus! beauty of the skies .....	103
O were I on Parnassus hill.....	506
O woman! lovely woman thou .....	46

*Index of First Lines.*

xxxii

	PAGE
O'er the lofty swelling mountain .....	143
Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly love the west.....	319
Of all the torments, all the cares.....	283
Of love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale .....	134
Of in the stilly night .....	180
Of, of methinks, the while with thee .....	532
Oh for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue .....	610
Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate.....	605
Oh! I could whisper thee a tale .....	140
Oh! know'st thou why, to distance driven .....	124
Oh! lost to faith, to peace, to heaven .....	109
Oh! my love has an eye of the softest blue .....	200
Oh! my love's like the steadfast sun .....	56
Oh no! not e'en when first we loved .....	179
Oh! not when hopes are brightest .....	145
Oh! saw ye not fair Ines?.....	207
Oh, sigh! thou stealest, the herald of the breast .....	398
Oh! take me to yon sunny isle that stands in Forth's sea .....	503
Oh! that from far-away mountains .....	209
Oh! that the chemist's magic art .....	65
Oh! Thou whose merciful decree.....	519
Oh! was there ever tale of human love .....	549
Oh! weep not that our beauty wears .....	393
Oh! by the love which unto thee I bear .....	62
Once more, among those rich and golden strings .....	285
One day as I unwarily did gaze .....	394
One day I wrote her name upon the strand .....	128
One kind kiss before we part.....	482
One kind wish before we part .....	391
One kiss, dear maid, I said and sigh'd .....	423
One silent night of late .....	570
One time, when Love, his beauteous mother lost .....	477
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore .....	63
On the Sabbath-day.....	595
Only tell her that I love.....	285
Our early loved—how their memory clings .....	579
Our first young love resembles .....	430
Our love has been no summer flower .....	437
Our love is not a fading earthly flower .....	361
Over the mountains.....	89
Passions are lik'n'd best to floods and streams .....	483
Peace! let me go, or ere it be too late .....	602
Perhaps I love .....	438
Perhaps the lady of thy love is now .....	434
Philia, men say that all my vows .....	580
Pier heart of mine, tormenting heart!.....	159
Prishee, Cloe, not so fast .....	330
Put on your brightest, richest dress .....	466
Roses, their sharp spines being gone .....	13
Ruby, a gem of the Sylphic race.....	118
Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find .....	511
Say, Love, for what good end design'd .....	369
Say, mighty love, and teach my song.....	273



	PAGE
See Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair .....	395
See the chariot at hand here of love .....	386
See the mountains kiss high heaven .....	427
See, whilst thou weapest, fair Chloe, see .....	283
See with what ease the child-like god .....	321
Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me .....	281
Set me whereas the sunne dothe parche the grene.....	113
Seven long years has the desert rain .....	338
Shall I tell you whom I love? .....	380
Shall I, wasting in despair .....	377
Shall we roam, my love .....	203
She came—she is gone—we have met.....	1
She dwelt among the untrodden ways .....	172
She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet.....	133
She is not fair to outward view .....	609
She loved you when the sunny light .....	250
She loves him yet.....	310
She passed up the aisle on the arm of her sire .....	61
She stood in her touching loveliness .....	26
She that is fair, though never vain or proud .....	360
She walks in beauty like the night.....	81
She was a creature framed by love divine.....	93
She was a phantom of delight.....	171
She wore a wreath of roses .....	24
Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee tell .....	484
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more .....	414
Silence in love betrays more woe.....	252
Since first soft passion could this breast enflame .....	398
Since Stella's charms, divinely fair.....	332
Sister! since I met thee last.....	435
Sit near, sit near! I kiss thy lips .....	577
Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile .....	429
Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature? .....	88
So, <i>bella mia</i> , you've made an impression.....	27
So slept the sea within its silver bed.....	279
So smooth and clear the fountain was .....	289
So, when the sun with its meridian light.....	258
Somebody wrote me a sweet little note.....	45
Some truth we may descry .....	220
Soon as I saw those beauteous eyes.....	230
Sooth 'twere a pleasant life to lead .....	592
Spirit of beauty, that in upper air.....	114
Star, that bringest home the bee .....	497
Stars of the summer night.....	604
Summer was in the hills when last we parted.....	442
Survey, my fair! that lucid stream .....	223
Sweet are the charms of her I love.....	263
Sweet heaven! I do love a maiden.....	248
Sweet is the dawn of vernal morn.....	507
Sweet lady! should I tell thee that I love .....	66
Sweet love, thou hast sweet beauty for thine object .....	<i>Back of Title</i>
Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace.....	182
Sweet thing of beauty! life would be ... ..	49

---

*Index of First Lines.*

xxxiii

	PAGE
Sybilla! dost thou love? .....	404
Take backe thy gyfte, 'tis deare no more.....	83
Take hence this tuneful trifier's lays.....	79
Tell me a story, or sing me a song.....	31
Tell me no more how fair she is .....	510
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.....	82
Tell me not that Love is young .....	50
Tell me, thou soul of her I love .....	494
Tell me what thou lovest best .....	612
Tell me you love me; I know it full well .....	21
Thanks, dear coquet! indulgent cheat!.....	220
That song again! its wailing strain .....	77
The bachelor's morning is weary and sad.....	47
The bard has sung, God never formed a soul .....	245
The beechen woods, the old brick hall .....	37
The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary .....	571
The bright red sun in ocean slept .....	169
The broken moon lay in the autumn sky.....	590
The charms which blooming beauty shows .....	514
The cradle of the infant sun.....	551
The first, the first! Oh, nought like it .....	116
The fond caress of beauty, O that glow! .....	339
The fountains mingle with the river.....	200
The gentle swan with graceful pride .....	287
The golden sun that brings the day .....	481
The landscape hath not lost its look .....	132
The lovely Delia smiles again!.....	259
The merchant to secure his treasure .....	421
The mist is gone that bleared mine eyes .....	376
The moist and quiet moon was scarcely breaking.....	192
The moon had climb'd the highest hill.....	497
The murmur of the merry brook .....	508
The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er .....	142
The music of the waken'd lyre.....	351
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed .....	460
The queen is proud on her throne .....	530
The ring is on thy hand.....	547
The rising moon has hid the stars .....	352
The rolling wheel that runneth often round .....	244
The sea it hath its pearls .....	456
The shape alone let others prize .....	421
The smiling plains profusely gay .....	498
The spirit of beauty unfurls her light .....	67
The summer brook flows in the bed .....	614
The sun was sunk beneath the hill.....	512
The window looked on a sky of flame .....	41
There are ten thousand tones and sighs.....	436
There is a bud in life's dark wilderness .....	581
There is a flower that never changeth hue .....	193
There is a garden in her face .....	585
There is a language by the virgin made .....	441
There is a love that towers o'er time .....	123
There is a mystic thread of life .....	593

	PAGE
There was no beauty of the wood or field.....	431
There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips.....	491
There's not a fibre in my trembling frame .....	216
They are not tears of sorrowing .....	312
They never lov'd as thou and I.....	245
They say my heart is breaking.....	541
They sin who tell us love can die .....	131
They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride .....	526
They tell me 'tis decided ; you depart .....	613
They that never had the use.....	555
Think not 'cause men flattering say .....	485
This morn with trembling I awoke .....	302
Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are .....	211
Tho' Delia oft retires .....	130
Though gold and silk their charms unite .....	277
Though my visions of life are soon to depart .....	155
Thou art lovelier than the coming .....	558
Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all.....	202
Thou askest what hath changed my heart .....	74
Thou conqueror's conqueror, mighty love ! To thee .....	311
Thou lingering star with less'ning ray .....	71
Thou more than most sweet glove .....	478
Thou sleep'st while the eyes of the planets are watching.....	121
Thou wast all that to me love .....	357
Thou wert as a lake that lieth .....	347
Thou who didst never see the light.....	390
Throw an apple up a hill .....	241
Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die .....	12
Thy fatal shafts unerring move .....	503
Thy hand ! thy hand ! thy lily hand .....	347
'Tis not, dear love, that amber twist .....	416
'Tis not the languid brightness of thine eyes .....	319
'Tis said that absence conquers love !.....	363
'Tis strange with how much power and pride.....	435
'Tis sweet to hear.....	524
'Tis sweeter than all else below .....	251
'Tis true, I did forget my name .....	275
To heal the wound the bee had made.....	275
To make my lady's obsequies .....	587
To night ! to night ! what memories to-night.....	344
To sigh, yet feel no pain.....	152
To the sound of timbrels sweet .....	57
Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime .....	55
Treading the path to nobler ends.....	488
Trochee trips from long to short.....	617
True love, the gift which God has given .....	131
'Twas in a cool Aonian glade .....	257
'Twas in the summer time so sweet .....	158
'Twas night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd .....	189
'Twas sweet to look upon thine eyes .....	145
Underneath this marble hearse .....	12
Underneath this stone doth lie.....	255
Unseen she prayed .....	430

*Index of First Lines.*

xxxv

	PAGE
Then let check the eye may trace .....	141
Then rise the joyful music .....	35
Then to live, then sacred mystery .....	324
Then, most historians agree .....	229
Wake, or wake the morning star .....	441
Waken with golden key those sloughs .....	450
Went when hope and life were new .....	523
We read together, reading the same book .....	60
We shall not part together, love! .....	111
We were to meet at sunset down the lane .....	521
Welcome to the new-born year .....	278
Well! here's situation .....	561
Well! thou art happy and I feel .....	598
What of you and me, my lady .....	466
What is my love like? She is fair .....	34
What is the meaning of the song .....	71
What shall I do with all the days and hours .....	569
When and how shall earliest meet her .....	29
When and how shall meet him if ever .....	39
When, Chloe, I confess my pain .....	255
When Cupid hid his grand-uncle Jove entreat .....	261
When day has smiled a soft farewell .....	606
When Apollo's .....	75
When Love and Hymen both were boys .....	154
When we with unconfined wings .....	7
When I was married Lady Jenny .....	248
When lurking, ye in ambush lie .....	82
When madder than the Hesperides .....	603
When SIAN is was no frail .....	254
When 'mid the festive scene we met .....	301
When playful sparkles the cup of youth .....	259
When ripen'd time and hasten'd will .....	334
When summer first uncloses my brain .....	47
When the rough north forgets to howl .....	455
When the beauty departs .....	254
When tortures by the cruel fair .....	162
When we by envy and hatred by distress .....	249
When woman's eye grows sad .....	251
When young life's journey begun .....	212
When youth had hid me half the face .....	401
What that completed form of all completeness? .....	675
Where art thou oh my beautiful Afar .....	517
Where sun and flowers are beaming .....	368
Where the golden hand of morn .....	8
Where wastest thou .....	392
Which is the maiden love best .....	571
When these my locks fall .....	170
While others bid a die their pen .....	181
While raptur'd on your charms I gaze .....	181
When the winds whistle round my cheerless room .....	170
When I listen to thy voice .....	352
What we were to lines our wondering eyes command .....	124
Why, I could give you fact and argument .....	202

	PAGE
Why should I blush to own I love?.....	434
Why so pale and wan, fond lover? .....	417
Why throbs my heart when he appears? .....	260
Why will Delta thus retire .....	129
With a burning brow and weary limb .....	361
With downcast eyes and folded arms .....	369
With laughter swimming in thine eye .....	197
With leaden foot time creeps along .....	490
With me while present may thy lovely eyes.....	284
With more than Jewish reverence as yet .....	440
With the print of Venus attired by the Graces .....	96
Without a stone to mark the spot .....	194
Will you hear a Spanish lady .....	4
Wind the spell, bind the spell .....	139
Woman all exceeds .....	73
Wonder not, faithless woman, if you see .....	224
Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn .....	113
Ye banks and braes, and streams around .....	495
Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore .....	589
Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free .....	323
Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil .....	606
Yes, all things fade away .....	137
Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace .....	459
Yes! I answered you last night .....	531
Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now .....	215
Yes, it is true, I uttered not my tale .....	399
Yes! lower to the level .....	308
Yes! still I love thee :—time who sets .....	342
Yes, we will part, those stifled sighs .....	87
You bid me write : but how can I .....	292
You meaner beauties of the night .....	88
You 'never loved me,' Ada. These slow words .....	584
You say I love not, 'cause I do not play .....	542
You stoop'd and pick'd a wreath'd shell .....	541
You took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart.....	609
Young Juan and his lady-love were left.....	549
Your compliments, dear lady, pray forbear.....	216

# THE LOVERS' DICTIONARY.



## I. CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—  
And meet perhaps never again ;  
The sun of that moment is set,  
And seems to have risen in vain ;  
Catharina has fled like a dream,  
So vanishes pleasure, alas !  
But has left a regret and esteem  
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,  
Catharina, Maria, and I,  
Our progress was often delayed  
By the nightingale warbling nigh.  
We paused under many a tree,  
And much she was charmed with a tone  
Less sweet to Maria and me,  
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,  
And gave them a grace so divine,  
As only her musical tongue  
Could infuse into numbers of mine.  
The longer I heard, I esteemed  
The work of my fancy the more,  
And even to myself never seemed  
So tuneful a poet before.

*The Lovers'*

Though the pleasures of London exceed  
In number the days of the year,  
Catharina, did nothing impede,  
Would feel herself happier here ;  
For the close-woven arches of limes  
On the banks of our river, I know,  
Are sweeter to her many times  
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is when the mind is imbued  
With a well-judging taste from above,  
Then, whether embellished or rude,  
'Tis nature alone that we love.  
The achievements of art may amuse,  
May even our wonder excite,  
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse  
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess  
Catharina alone can rejoice,  
May it still be her lot to possess  
The scene of her sensible choice !  
To inhabit a mansion remote  
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,  
And by Philomel's annual note  
To measure the life that she leads !

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,  
To wing all her moments at home,  
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,  
As oft as it suits her to roam,  
She will have just the life she prefers,  
With little to hope or to fear,  
And ours would be pleasant as hers,  
Might we view her enjoying it here.

*Cowper.*

2. KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE.

**K**NOW ye the fair one whom I love?  
High is her white and holy brow ;  
Her looks so saintly, sweet, and pure,  
Make men adore who come to woo ;  
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,  
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,  
Dew-parted in a morn of June ;  
Her voice is gentler than the sound  
Of some far heard and heavenly tune ;  
Her little finger, white and round,  
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,  
Born to adorn the summer skies ;  
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,  
To watch them at their evening rise :  
That when they shine on tower and tree,  
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

Come, starry Eve, demure and gray,  
Now is the hour when maidens woo ;  
Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae  
Thy tresses moist with balmy dew :  
Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,  
So lovely or so sweet as she.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,  
Beside us on the lilled lea ;  
She sung her mate down from the cloud  
To warble by my love and me ;  
Nor from her young ones sought to move,  
For well she saw our looks were love.

*Allan Cunningham.*



## 3. SONG : TO CELIA.

**D**RINK to me, only with thine eyes,  
And will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me :  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

*Ben Jonson.*

---

## 4. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

**W**ILL you hear a Spanish lady  
How she wooed an English man  
Garments gay as rich as may be  
Decked with jewels she had on.  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lie ;  
Cupid's bands did tie them faster  
By the liking of an eye.  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury.  
Then said this lady mild, ' Full woe is me !  
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

' Gallant captain, show some pity  
To a lady in distress ;  
Leave me not within this city,  
For to die in heaviness :  
Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.'

' How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,  
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?  
Thy fair words make me suspect thee :  
Serpents lie where flowers grow.'  
' All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,  
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

' Blessed be the time and season  
That you came to Spanish ground ;  
If our foes you may be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found :  
With our city you have won our hearts each one ;  
Then to your country bear away that is your own.'

' Rest you still, most gallant lady ;  
Rest you still, and weep no more ;  
Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wondrous store.'  
' Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,  
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

' Leave me not unto a Spaniard ;  
You alone enjoy my heart ;  
I am lovely, young, and tender,  
Love is likewise my desert :  
Still to serve thee, day and night, my mind is prest ;  
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.'

'It would be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence ;  
English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence.'

'I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page I'll follow thee where'er thou go.'

'I have neither gold or silver  
To maintain thee in this case ;  
And to travel is great charges,  
As you know, in every place.'

'My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,  
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.

'On the seas are many dangers,  
Many storms do there arise,  
Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from watery eyes.'

'Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.'

'Courteous lady, leave this fancy ;  
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;  
I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife :  
I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.'

'Oh ! how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend !  
Many happy days God send her !  
Of my suit I make an end :  
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

'Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
Bear to her this chain of gold ;  
And these bracelets for a token,  
Grieving that I was so bold :  
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee,  
For they are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

‘ I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love and all her laws defy ;  
In a nunnery will I shroud me  
Far from any company ;  
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee, and for thy love, I will not miss.

‘ Thus farewell, most gallant captain,  
Farewell too my heart’s content !  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent :  
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee ! ’  
‘ The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.’

*Percy’s Reliques.*



## 5. TO ALTHEA.

FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates ;  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates :  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fettered to her eye ;  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames ;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free,  
Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my king ;

enlarged winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free ;  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Richard Lovelace*

## 6. THE QUESTION.

DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
Gentle odours led my steps astray,  
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
By a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
Kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

Grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Sies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
Anstellated flower that never sets ;  
It oxlips ; tender blue bells, at which  
d scarce have

And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge

There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,  
And starry river-buds among the sedge,

And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge

With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers

I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours

Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it !—oh ! to whom ?

*Shelley.*



## 7. AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

**H**OW sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could bear  
To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.  
Alas ! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths,—angels, that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—  
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

*Leigh Hunt.*

GET up, get up, for shame ! the blooming  
 Upon her wings presents the God un-  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh quilted colours through the air :  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree :  
 Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the  
 Above an hour since ; yet you not drest ;  
 Nay not so much as out of bed ;  
 When all the birds have matins said,  
 And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation, to keep in ;  
 When as a thousand virgins on this day  
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
 To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For jewels for your gown, or hair :  
 Fear not, the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you :  
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :  
 Come, and receive them, while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,  
 And Titan on the eastern hill  
 Retires himself, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in  
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying  
 Come, my Corinna

Can such delights be in the street,  
And open fields, and we not see't ?  
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May,  
And sin no more, as we have done by staying ;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying !

There's not a budding boy or girl this day  
But is got up and gone to bring in May :  
A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with whitethorn laden home :  
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,  
Before that we have left to dream.  
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
Many a green gown has been given ;  
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;  
Many a glance, too, has been sent  
From out the eye, love's firmament ;  
Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
This night, and locks picked ; yet we're not a-Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmless folly of the time :  
We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty:  
Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun :  
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying !

*Herrick.*





## 9. PHYLLIS.

IN petticoat of green,  
 Her hair about her een ;  
 Phyllis beneath an oak  
 Sat milking her fair flock :  
 'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, (rare delight,)  
 Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

## 10. EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learned and fair, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

*Ben Jonson.*

## 11. TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING.

THUS to be lost, and thus to sink and die,  
 Perchance were death indeed !—Constantia, turn !  
 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,  
 Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which bar  
 Between thy lips, are laid to sleep ;  
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet,  
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.  
 Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,  
 Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget !

A breathless awe, like the swift change  
 Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,  
 Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,  
 Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven  
By the enchantment of thy strain,  
And on my shoulders wings are woven,  
To follow its sublime career,  
Beyond the mighty moons that wane  
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,  
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear,  
Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers,  
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,  
The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.  
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick  
The blood is listening in my frame,  
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,  
Fall on my overflowing eyes ;  
My heart is quivering like a flame ;  
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,  
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.  
I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee ;  
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—  
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
On which, like one in trance upborne,  
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn ;  
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,  
Which, when the starry waters sleep,  
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,  
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.  
*Shelley.*

---

## 12. BRIDAL SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hue ;  
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,  
And sweet thyme true ;

---

with her bells dim ;  
Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
Lark-heels trim ;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,  
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,  
Blessing their sense !  
Not an angel of the air,  
Bird melodious or bird fair,  
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor  
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,  
Nor chattering pie,  
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,  
Or with them any discord bring,  
But from it fly !  
*Beaumont and Fletc.*



### 13. THE BRIDE.

**H**ER finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on which they did br  
It was too wide a peck :  
And to say truth (for out it must)  
It looked like the great collar (inset)  
About ----

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison,  
    (Who sees them is undone,)  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Katherine pear  
    The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compared to that was next her chin,  
    Some bee had stung it newly.  
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
    Than on the sun in July.

*Suckling. [From 'A Ballad upon a Wedding']*



#### 14. THE LOST WIFE.

ONE, by my solitary hearth,  
    Whence peace hath fled,  
And home-like joys and innocent mirth  
    Are banished;  
Silent and sad, I linger to recall  
    The memory of all  
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost;  
Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world  
    can boast.

My home—why did I say my home!  
    Now have I none,  
Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,  
    Beloved one!  
My home was in thy trusting heart,  
    Where'er thou wert;  
My happy home in thy confiding breast,  
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair  
And best of womankind ;  
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare  
Of heart and mind ;  
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,  
Kindest, dearest,  
That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,  
And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,  
Came word or look awry,  
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife  
For mastery :  
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure  
So to endure ;  
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will  
Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness  
Thy generous nature knew ;  
Thy life all love, thy bliss the power to bless ;  
Constant and true,  
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring  
Enduring suffering ;  
Unhappy, if permitted but to share  
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burthens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride  
I found thee still :  
Whatever change our fortunes might betide  
Of good or ill,  
Worthier I was life's blessing to receive  
While thou didst live ;  
All that I had of good in others' sight,  
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate  
We wont to share ;  
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,  
Thou art not there ;

The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,  
Who would not miss ?  
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all  
The important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh ! mayst thou, if permitted, from above  
The starry sphere,  
Encompass me with ever-during love,  
As thou didst here :  
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be  
Unworthy thee ;  
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,  
SO GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.  
*John Fisher Murray.*



15. IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST  
HAVE DIED.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be.  
It never through my mind had past  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again ;  
And still the thought I will not brook  
That I must look in vain.  
But, when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,  
 All cold, and all serene,  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been !  
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own,  
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
 And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Though hast forgotten me ;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
 In thinking too of thee ;  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore. *Rev. Chas. Wolfe.*

—••—

16. AE FOND KISS.

**A**E fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
 Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy :  
 But to see her was to love her ;  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 Had we never loved sae kindly,  
 Had we never loved sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

*Burns.*

---

17. WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

**M**ADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,  
' Lord ! ' I cried in sudden ire,  
' From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire !

' Love is lost, and Faith is dying :  
With the brute the man is sold ;  
And the dropping blood of labour  
Hardens into gold.

' Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the Battle's groan of pain ;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.

' " Where is God, that we should fear Him ? "   
Thus the earth-born Titans say ;  
' God ! if thou art living, hear us ! "   
Thus the weak ones pray.'

' Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,  
Spake a solemn Voice within ;  
' Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin ?



Evermore they fall ?

‘ Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time ?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

‘ Couldst thou boast, oh child of weakness  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted .  
In thy path of life ?

‘ Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea.

‘ Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet ;  
One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet.

‘ Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire ?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire ?

‘ He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's ~~summit~~ ”

‘ Earnest words must needs be spoken,  
When the warm heart bleeds, or burns,  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
For the wronged, by turns.

‘ But by all thy nature’s weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own.

‘ Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
Wailings of regret.’

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
Teacher sent of God, be near ;  
Whispering through the day’s cool silence,  
Let my spirit hear !

So, when thoughts of evildoers  
Waken scorn, or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love.

*Whittier.*



18. SONG.

**T**ELL me you love me ; I know it full well,  
Though of truths so delightful one can’t be too sure :  
Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,  
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.  
When were those syllables murmured in vain ?  
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though often before  
 You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat;  
 Outpourings like these from the lips we adore  
 In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;  
 Why from the tender confession refrain?  
 Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive,  
 Such delusion were dearer than every-day truth,  
 We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth.  
 Repeat those sweet words, though their fondness you feign,  
 And tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me ; no sceptic am I,  
 Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice ;  
 When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,  
 Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice ?  
 'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain !  
 But tell me you love me again and again.

*Alaric A. Watts.*



### 19. THREE LOVES IN A LIFE.

' I LOVE '—' And I love '—' And I love, too '—  
 They all loved well, and they loved but one.  
 Each heart was hers, and each heart was true—  
 By which shall she, the beloved, be won ?  
 Strong on each was her gentle thrall ;  
 Oh ! how dear was she held by all !

The first was a youth in opening life ;  
 And he was charmed with her beauty rare,  
 With the face and form of his fair young wife,  
 With her sweet blue eye and her silken hair.  
 Gazing then on her charms with pride,  
 Oh ! how dear was his lovely bride !

The next had lived to his manhood's prime ;  
And he admired all her thoughts so wise ;  
How gracefully, at fit place and time,  
Counsels sage to her lips would rise.  
Her woman's wit would silence strife—  
Oh ! how dear was his prudent wife !

The last is an older, life-worn man ;  
And he delights in her tender heart,  
Which loveth as only woman's can,  
And cheers him with woman's heaven-taught art.  
This loving heart is all his own—  
Oh ! how dear has his fond wife grown !

In youth I saw but a maiden fair ;  
And finding beauty I sought no more,  
But loved and wedded as youth will dare,  
And little knew of the prize I bore.  
Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men,  
Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick—  
On every side came pressing round,  
Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick—  
Ever her at my side I found,  
With words of counsel wise and free ;  
Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is grey, and her sweet blue eyes,  
Though loving still, are no longer bright ;  
And I list not now for her thoughts so wise ;  
But far stronger ties our hearts unite.  
Dear through life has she ever been ;  
Dearest now at its close serene.



to several old tunes, because composed in a heated ball-room  
could not get any fresh air.)

‘ SHE wore a wreath of roses  
The first time that we met ’—  
(Her handsome Roman nose is  
Most beautifully set).  
When I was introduced to her,  
She sweetly smiled, and bowed :  
Oh ! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the lovely Miss O’Dowd.

‘ She’s all my fancy painted her,  
She’s lovely, she’s divine ! ’—  
(The lobster-salad wasn’t bad,  
But I couldn’t stand the wine).  
What with the pace she went at,  
And what with the heat and crowd ;  
Oh ! my head, my head was reeling,  
As I danced with Miss O’Dowd.

‘ Let other lips and other hearts  
Their tale of sorrow tell ’—  
(That stuff for cleaning gloves imparts  
A most unpleasant smell)—  
I’d gladly dance a thousand times  
With her, were I allowed.  
Oh ! my heart, my heart is aching—  
Oh ! that eldest Miss O’Dowd.

‘ Her mother ’

Maxwellton braes are bonny,  
And Christmas bills fa' due'—  
(I wonder has she money?  
Is her governor a screw?)  
Of her beauty and accomplishments  
She's not the least bit proud—  
Oh, my heart is shivered to little bits  
By Mary Jane O'Dowd!

## 21. SWEETER THAN TRUTH.

AS I stood by the lakelet of love, to my view,  
Mid the moon's fairy glow shone a soul-charming scene;  
The clouds were all silver, the skies were all blue,  
And the shores were all waving with woodlands of green.  
In a boat shell of pearl sailed a maid and a youth,  
And the song that she sang sounded sweeter than truth,  
But the youth sat all silent; and soon from my sight,  
They sped through the gathering shadows of night.

While I watched them departing, the waves seemed to sigh,  
And the faintest of halos encircled the moon;  
And though love light the gale, ever feigning to die,  
There were signs of a change coming sudden and soon.  
But the skies were still beaming, the stars were still bright,  
And the lovers still steering their course of delight;  
When the sound of the song on mine ear died away,  
And the seal of sweet silence concluded the day.

When the sun to its woes first awakened the world,  
What a scene! the tall forests lay prostrate and bare,  
While the love-freighted bark into fragments was huried,  
And the youth and the maiden, alas! they were—where?  
Against the tempest that raged they had struggled in vain,  
And the lake rolling wroth as the storm-stricken main;  
Then the voice that was silent had shrieked round the shore,  
And the song that seemed sweeter than truth was no more.

*Philip James Bailly.*

## 22. HOW SHE WAS DRESSED FOR THE BALL

SHE stood in her touching loveliness,  
All dressed for the coming ball,  
With her pure white dress and pure white face,  
Waiting for us in the hall.

A diamond star on her bosom lay,  
And starry gems were her eyes;  
Eyes knowing no shade of thought or care,  
Winsomely, sweetly unwise.

Roses glowed ardent red on her dress,  
Glowed ardent red on her lips;  
Roses fainted and drooped on her hair,  
And died on her finger-tips.

Gold clasped the marble curve of her arms,  
It wound round her throat so fair;  
It coaxing drooped from her pearly ears,  
And rippling gold was her hair.

I spoke to a friend who gazed with me,  
I uttered my rising fears:  
'Oh! woe, that Grief should that *flower-face* fade,  
And those star-eyes cloud in tears.'

'Your words are *men's* words,' the lady said;  
'You know not that Pain and Pride  
Are stronger than Joy, or Bloom, or Youth,  
Or Reason, or aught beside.

'She will look up, when here peace is fled,  
As peacefully sweet as now;  
Sobs in the heart send smiles to the lips;  
Oh! women alone know how.

'Pain shines like joy in the weary eyes,  
More brilliant than joy perchance;  
And it dyes the cheek, and sharply spurs  
The tired feet in the dance.'

---

Then I cried, ' My darling, must she bear  
The wearisome weight of care?  
If my arms are round her heart for aye,  
Will sorrow *still* enter there? '

She ~~must~~ bear her heartbreak all alone :  
But, oh ! for thy darling's sake,  
Check the harsh thought—the word which, though light,  
Yet may a breaking heart break.

' Pity the sorry that seemeth joy,  
And smiles that from pain are wrung ;  
Pity all maskers, but, above all,  
Pity, oh ! pity the young !

' They must tread erect a thorny road,  
In all the summer-tide heat,  
But silken robes will trail to the ground,  
And hide the poor bleeding feet.

' God's tired children are everywhere,  
We dance with them at the ball:  
Be kind to the gay, and perchance thy balm  
On some wayworn soul shall fall.'



### 23. APRÈS LE BAL

A ' DETRIMENTAL'S ' REMINISCENCE OF ' THE GUARDS ' BALL '

**S**O, *bella mia*, you've made an impression,  
And turned half the heads of the critical town ;  
And tell me the truth, now you hear the confession,  
If not with a smile at least not with a frown.  
No wonder your triumph—if radiant beauty,  
Enhanced by a toilette the *crème de la crème*,  
Could fail to achieve a girl's paramount duty,  
To use your own phrase, dear, it *would* be a shame !



You fancied me miles away peacefully reading,  
But I saw you, *signora*, and only last night,  
In the *deux-temps* with Vivian de Vere you were speeding,  
And your gauzy clouds brushed against me in your flight.  
The part of a wall-flower I humbly was filling,  
And I did not announce myself, for, who could tell,  
Perhaps my reception by you had been chilling,  
And I wished not to break the old magical spell.

For although I speak in this volatile fashion,  
I'm vulgar enough to possess, dear, a heart ;  
And the sweet dream of deepest, unchangeable passion  
From that heart's inward feeling will never depart.  
Since the time when your childhood gave tenderest token  
Of the virtues and graces that make up your dower,  
The chain was linked round me no more to be broken,  
My allegiance has never once swerved for an hour !

I saw you whirl by, never thinking or dreaming  
I saw you, the loveliest *demoiselle* there ;  
I watched the rich diamond-spray brilliantly gleaming  
And sparkling amid the dark bands of your hair.  
In a ball-room, romance, as one justly supposes,  
Is quite out of place, still I was so bold  
As to wish those dark tresses entwined with white roses,  
The simple white blossoms you loved well of old.

I suppose your lace drapery is of the rarest,  
And the broiders that deck it of fabulous worth,  
Yet, *ma mignonne*, I think that I held you the fairest  
In your plain country dress with its loveable dearth  
Of costly emblazons and ornament golden,  
And I worshipped you more in that sweet, simple guise,  
When from under the round hat, in days dear and olden,  
Flashed forth the soft light of those exquisite eyes !

For you have unchangingly been my one vision  
Of happiness seen through the vista of time ;  
Belgravian *flaneurs* may smile in derision,  
I care not as long as *you* see this poor rhyme.  
May I say with what hope and what joy I shall cherish  
The dream of a future shared, darling, with you ?  
That dream—that reality never need perish,  
If but to yourself, love, you only be true.

---

#### 24. MY QUEEN.

**W**HEN and how shall I earliest meet her ?  
What are the words she first will say ?  
By what name shall I learn to greet her ?  
I know not now ; it will come some day !  
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,  
Shining down on her ringlets sheen,  
She is standing somewhere, she I shall honour,  
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen !

Whether her hair be golden or raven,  
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,  
I know not now, but 'twill be engraven  
Some day hence as my loveliest hue.  
Many a girl I have loved for a minute,  
Worshipped many a face I have seen,  
Ever and aye there was something in it,  
Something that could not be hers, my queen !

I will not dream of her tall and stately,  
She that I love may be fairy light ;  
I will not say she must move sedately,  
Whatever she does it will then be right.  
She may be humble or proud, my lady,  
Or that sweet calm which is just between ;  
And whenever she comes she will find me ready  
To do her homage, my queen, my queen !

---

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,  
Pure in her spirit, this maiden I love ;  
Whether her birth be noble or lowly  
I care no more than the spirits above.  
But I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,  
And ever her strength on mine shall lean ;  
And the stars may fall, and the saints be weeping,  
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen !



25. MY KING.

WHEN and how shall I meet him ? if ever :  
What are the words he first will say ?  
How will the barriers now that sever  
Our kindred spirits be broken away ?  
This self-same daylight on him is shining,  
Shining somewhere the while I sing,  
The only one who, my will resigning,  
Could I acknowledge my king, my king.

Whether his hair be golden or raven,  
Whether his eyes be dark or blue,  
I know not now ; but 'twould be engraven  
On that white day as my perfect hue.  
Many a face I have liked for a minute—  
Been chain'd by a voice with a pleasant ring—  
But ever and aye there was something in it,  
Something that could not be his, my king.

I will not dream of him handsome and strong,  
My ideal love may be weak and slight ;  
It matters not to what class he belong,  
He would be noble enough in my sight ;  
He may not be brilliantly gifted, my lord !  
And he may be learned in everything ;  
But if ever he comes he will strike the chord,  
Whose melody waits for the hand of its king.

But he must be courteous toward the lowly ;  
To the weak and sorrowful, loving too ;  
He must be courageous, refined, and holy,  
By nature exalted, and firm, and true :  
To such I might fearlessly give the keeping  
Of love that would never outgrow its spring :  
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping,  
If they loved such men as my king, my king.

—•••—

## 26. LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR'S STORY.

**T**ELL me a story, or sing me a song,  
Said the curly-haired child on my knee ;  
' It must not be short, and it must not be long.'  
Little Golden-Hair, what shall it be ?

• Tell me a story, or sing me a song  
Of a princess, who dwelt by the sea,  
And what the waves sung to her, all the day long,  
And what to the waves answered she.'

The waves, in calm weather, came trippingly, trippingly,  
Ripplingly, up from the sea,—  
' The flowers at thy casement are blooming and dying,  
The smile on thy mouth, it has ended in sighing,  
As thou sittest alone by the sea ;  
But the mast is of gold, and the ship is of pearl,  
And its sails take the light, like this long amber curl  
That droops from thy neck to thy knee.'

Cheer up, pretty princess ! the white sails are flying,  
At the ends of the world, they are shining and flying,  
That bear a fond suitor to thee !  
And she listens in fear, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
Half-pleased and half-pensive is she ;  
And she tosses her head, just as if she had said,  
' He may tarry for ever, for me !'

But the waves, in rough weather, came roaringly, roaringly,  
Pouringly, up from the sea,—  
And the land-echoes moan, 'Wilt thou go all alone,  
To be tossed on the storm-driven sea?  
Leaving father, and mother, and sister, and brother,  
For a stranger thou never didst see?'

And loud winds arise, as she weepingly cries,  
'He may come,—but he'll never have me!  
The waters are cold—not for silver and gold  
Would I trust to the treacherous sea!  
O say, only say, you won't take me away,  
Ye wild-flowing waves of the sea!'

'Ah, what a sad song!' little Golden-Hair said;  
'But finish the story, I pray;  
The prince he is coming quite soon, I'm afraid,  
And then will he take her away?'

'Nay, now, little Golden-Hair, how can I tell?  
Run away, for a troublesome elf!'  
But she clapped her small hands, crying out, 'Very well,  
I can finish it all for myself!'

Ah, whisper, sweet Golden-Hair, close to my ear,  
Do tell me—I want so to know!  
'The prince he is handsome—the prince he is dear,  
And the princess will willingly go.

'The ship is all sparkling with gold and with pearl,  
The white sails are fluttering free,  
And there, on the deck, like a little bright speck,  
The pretty princess I can see.

'The prince he leans over her all the day long,  
Or plays his sweet lute at her side;  
And when the waves roar, and the wind is too strong,  
He soothes her with loverly pride.'

'But is she unhappy? or is she afraid?  
Little Golden-Hair capered for glee;  
'She's as merry again,' said this mischievous maid,  
'As she was when she sat by the sea!' *Gerda Fay.*

27. REFUSED!

‘NOT yours the fault,’ you say—not yours?—  
 You women keep some bitter cures  
 For our proud spirits. How I long  
 To think you have not done me wrong.  
 Believe me, this is half my pain,  
 To feel I cannot give again  
 Respect and trust, which were your due,  
 When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,  
 ‘You meant the next day to unsay.  
 And if I thought of them—what then?  
 I must be fooled like other men:  
 Must learn to woo is not to win:  
 That women’s falsehoods are not sin:  
 Must bare what other hearts have borne:’  
 —I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for *love* I vainly sued!  
 It was a *woman* that I wooed!  
 Not something in a woman’s guise,  
 To make my trusting heart a prize—  
 Rejoice to feel me in her power—  
 Play with her new toy for an hour,  
 Then fling it down, with cruel jest,  
 And mocking scorn, at my request!

No! it was something kind and true  
 I fancied that I saw in you!  
 Before a high ideal shrine  
 I laid this honest love of mine.  
 I woke to find that shrine a dream—  
 That maidens are not what they seem.  
 Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth.  
 And take their *love* for what it’s worth!

## 28. WHAT IS MY LOVE LIKE?

WHAT is my love like? She is fair—  
Fair as a tender autumn star,  
Twinkling through the woodland air.  
A cloven cherry is her mouth,  
Her breath a breeze that wanders far  
Through camphire hills in the sweet South.

And fine, and delicate, and slim  
Is her rich, purple-boddiced waist,  
Set round with fringes, quaint and prim :  
O'er her cool neck, a rosary  
Of fragrant pearls, white-serried and chaste,  
In one close-linked measure lie.

O wondrous, wondrous is her hair—  
A twisted wealth of golden brown,  
That droops above her temples bare.  
A milky shoulder, gleaming shy,  
Peeps coy and blanced above her gown,  
As from a pleasant nunnery.

Her hand so oft doth kiss her lips,  
That half the cherry blood has flown  
In ruby to her finger tips.  
I will not swear me for her eyes,  
For, when we meet, my lids are prone—  
Supine before their witcheries.

She hath a voice, like a low brook  
That crystals through a bed of gold,  
By saddest lilies sun-forsook.  
And her sweet laugh is soft and slow,  
And wise in meanings manifold—  
A viol that the spring gusts blow.

Such is my love—a phantom bright,  
The vision of a summer brain •  
Seen half between the dark and light.  
She lives within a palace fine,  
And sees the moons of fancy wane,  
The image and the dream are mine.

---

29. THE SPA AT SCARBOROUGH.

A REMINISCENCE.

UPWARDS rose the joyful music  
On the ocean's summer breeze ;  
Gaily flowed the stream of light talk,  
Blent with laughter midst the trees ;  
As we crushed the sparkling gravel  
Neath our slowly-treading feet,  
Wending towards the scene of pleasure  
Where all grades of fashion meet.

Bright with smiles of festive gladness  
Was the over-arching sky ;  
Bright with all the tones of colour  
Were the flowers we sauntered by ;  
Bright with laughter were the tide-waves  
As they kissed the sloping sand ;  
Bright were all things, as a jewel  
Fit to light a royal hand.

Seated where the shadows veiled us  
From the fervent light above,  
In an arbour, jasmine wreathed,  
Meet for words of whispered love.  
Drank we in the strains of music,  
Pondered we the radiant scene,  
As we watched it moving, life-full,  
Glorious sea and cliffs between.



Oh ! the dresses, neat, eccentric,  
• Individualised and queer ;  
Oh ! the dresses various coloured  
As the flowers that deck the year ;  
Oh ! the dresses, breezy, airy,  
Most expansive, startling, grand ;  
Oh ! the dresses, quite peculiar  
As the fossils on the strand.

Oh ! the hats, conceited, pretty,  
With their feathers waving free ;  
With their flowerets, that seemed stolen,  
Bathed in morn-dew from the lea ;  
With their lofty crowns and low crowns,  
Stiff or racy, neat or wild ;  
With their veils (a soft protection ?)  
Lest your heart should be beguiled.

Oh ! the boots that stept so lightly,  
And a moment glanced in view  
'Neath the wafted muslin, flower-strewn,  
Or the silk of sumptuous blue ;  
Oh ! the boots with 'fast' front lacings,  
And with toes a 'work of art ;'  
Oh ! the boots, high-heeled and stately,  
That a grace of tread impart.

Boots or dresses, hats, what were they  
To the faces—living flowers—  
That smiled forth their bounteous beauty—  
Charms to light the summer hours ;  
Faces, youthful in their features,  
As the earliest blooms of spring,  
With their tresses sunny auburn,  
Or as black as raven's wing.

Oh ! the eyes all gently shaded  
Under lashes soft and long ;  
Oh ! the eyes as dark as midnight  
When the stars its spaces throng ;

Oh ! the eyes of fiery splendour,  
Keen as diamonds in their light ;  
Oh ! the eyes that trance all feelings—  
Make them victims to their might.

Oh ! the eyes that speak deep language,  
When the timid lips are still ;  
Oh ! the eyes as soft as moonlight,  
Glistening on the mountain rill ;  
Oh ! the eyes that summer feelings  
Through all seasons seem to pour ;  
Oh ! the eyes, bewitching, charming,  
That we saw by Scarborough's shore.

Through the sunlight flew the sea-gulls  
With their wings as marble white ;  
Through the sunlight gloomed the ruin  
Of the castle on the height ;  
Through the sunlight flashed the bent sails  
Of the port-bound distant ships ;  
Through the sunlight came the ' hail words '  
Breathed by hardy seaman's lips.

But at length the veil of evening  
Softly fell on sea and land :  
Then the royal anthem sounded  
Through its tones so deep and grand ;  
And the Spa was soon forsaken  
By the gay and festal throng,  
And the silence reigned unbroken  
Save by linnet's sunset song. *Cantab.*

---

30. A DAY DREAM.

THE beechen woods, the old brick hall,  
The river widening to a lake,  
I love them one, I love them all,  
I love them for a maiden's sake.

A maiden with whose gathering blush  
The very roses dare not vie.  
The daisies, which her footsteps crush,  
The very daisies love and die.

Her lips half-conscious of a smile ;  
Her eyes all beaming with delight ;  
A white rose in her hair the while,  
Like frosted moon against the night.

No lovelier roses bloom than these ;  
No woodland song more sweet than here :  
Yet song and roses fail to please,  
When love has told me, she is near.

. In vain on Alpine snows I stand,  
By Danube's osiered stream recline.  
I change the sky ; I change the land ;  
Change cannot change this love of mine.

Forgetful of the city's mart,  
Of feudal tower, of vine-clad hill,  
I only feel an aching heart,  
While Love triumphant mocks my will.

I tread in memory by her side  
The swelling uplands of the park,  
The road, green-swarded, up the ride  
To fields, dominion of the lark.

With bated breath, and faltering speech,  
I pause enchanted when she speaks.  
Gone from my view are hall and beech ;  
But laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks.

I remember how she came  
Out from the school beneath the trees,  
Fresh as the moon, when all aflame,  
The rose-tints bathe the sky—the seas.

We pass once more the garden wall,  
Plantations of the larch and fir,  
Beneath the arch and by the hall,  
By trees with autumn winds astir.

The bells are ringing in the tower,  
We pause a moment at the door.  
Within is many a carved flower,  
And coloured sunbeams stain the floor.

There is the rectory, there the ground  
All hooped for croquet where we played ;  
There stand the elms long ages crowned,  
As guardians of the village glade.

All yellow-red the chesnut stands,  
The bridge and willow span the stream ;  
I feel once more the clasp of hands—  
A parting look—and all a dream.

The beechen woods, the old brick hall,  
The river widening to a lake,  
I love them one, I love them all,  
I love them for a maiden's sake.

---

31. LOVE SICKNESS.

AN IRISH MALADY.

**M**E heart's with me Flora; how great is the pleasure  
I feel whin I hear the sweet sound of her neem ;  
I'd soon teek a thrip, if I'd money an' leisure,  
To London's great city to see my ould fleem.

That dee down at Richmond ! I'll never forget it,  
Ah! thin me affecshuns wer' youthfie and green ;  
Our gyarmints wer' certainly thoroughly wetted,  
But *she* was the fairest I ever had seen.

Such throifles as reen an' wet clothes he who waise is  
 Neglects when the part of a shuthor he'd play,  
 He well knows that Kyoopid *all* gyarments dispoises,  
 And Vanus looks fairest just out o' the say.

Though the damp rather dims a young leedy's complexshun,  
 And rooins a best three-an'-tinpenny glov,  
 Can umbrellas ibscure the broight glance ov affecshun,  
 Or showers o' reen damp the ardour ov lov?

The ' Star and the Gyarther,' that hall o' symphozhia,  
 A refyidge afforded us all from the reen ;  
 We ate our fawgrah as it had been ambrozhia,  
 An' quaffed the broight necthar ov sparklin' champeen.

The next time we meet, be it sunshine or torrence,  
 The question I'll pop while iscortin' her home ;  
 Next winther, she tould me, she's goin' to Florence,  
 Who knows but she'd, maybe, go over to Rome !



### 32. A VALENTINE OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

IN AN OLD ALBUM DATED 1583.

WHEN Slumber first uncloudes my brain,  
 And thoughte is free,  
 And Sense refreshed renews her reigne,—  
 I thinke of Thee.

When nexte in prayer to God above  
 I bende my knee,  
 Then when I pray for those I love,—  
 I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day  
 Demande of mee  
 To rise and journey on life's way, —  
 I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,  
Whate'er it bee ;  
All that the idle verses say,—  
They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid lighte  
Gleams like the sea,  
They sing, or tresses browne and brighte,—  
They sing of Thee.

And if a wearie mood, or sad,  
Possesses mee,  
One thought can all times make mee glad,—  
The thoughte of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,  
Full wearily,  
In sweet repose I lay my head,—  
I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,  
To live for Thee ;  
Or gladly if one pang 'twould save,—  
I'd die for Thee.



### 33. AMY'S SECRET.

THE window looked on a sky of flame,  
On the rosy bloom of a rippling bay ;  
Within we moved in an amber glow,  
And purple even our shadows lay.

I lean'd by the curtain's folds and read  
Wine-coloured words in a page of light ;—  
Did the sunset only dazzle my eyes ?  
Did its brightness only confuse my sight ?

I had been home from the East a month,  
And you know what passes for beauty there,  
And I read to listening English girls,  
English beauties, and few so fair.

They were two cousins, Amy and Maud,  
(Seen in my dreams, oh ! many a night ;)  
Maud with her dark eyes dreamy and full,  
And fairy Amy rosy and bright.

Both so sweet and tender and true,  
From a boy they had been belov'd by me,  
And I often had thought, ' Does either love ?  
Am I more to either than friend may be ?'

I read my Journal. That was their will :  
Page after page of my Indian life ;  
Dull enough, slow enough, Heaven knows,  
With little of peril and less of strife.

Page after page of the daily round,  
Monotony stamp'd on every leaf,—  
Hunting a tiger, meeting a Thug,  
Having a raid with a robber chief :

So ran the record, until at last,  
News of the Mutiny broke the spell,  
And our regiment marched on the rebel foes,  
And my Journal told what there befel.

And here, as I read, my wandering eyes  
At the listening faces stole a glance,—  
At Amy, pale and with parted lips,  
At Maud as she dream'd on this new romance.

Then on I sped to the closing scene,  
Where a Sepoy dagger was at my heart,  
And I saw it gleam, and plunge, and then—  
But Amy rose with a sudden start.

'No more! no more! Thank Heaven, you live!'  
It was her voice the silence broke,  
And Maud looked up with a face surprised,  
As if from a pleasant dream awoke.

I read no more. What need of the rest?  
Enough in the sunset I had read.  
She loved me, Amy!—her gentle heart  
Spoke in the cry that told her dread.

She loved me! Faded the rosy West,  
Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;  
But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,  
While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.



### 34. UNREQUITED.

**F**EW and low were the words I spoke,  
Doubly brief was the cold reply;  
Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke,  
And the light went out from his eye!

In a little moment of time,  
The bright hopes of a life all paled;  
A brave man knew he had dared the leap,  
And a proud man knew he had—*failed!*

Failed! 'tis often a fatal word,  
Fraught with the spirit's pain;  
For to fail in *some* of the ventures of life  
Is never to try them again.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,  
Upheld by a treacherous rope,  
Should the frail thing break, or the strong man blanch,  
He is lost—and beyond all hope.



So I set *my* hopes on a word,  
 Launched a shell on a boisterous sea ;  
 And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-sank —  
 It can never come back to me !



## 35. UNREQUITED.

A REPLY.

**H**E passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,  
 And I must brave it—aye, and smile beneath  
 The casual look or word on me that fall,  
 As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break  
 The silence that between our hearts must lie.  
 I love him—yet he knows not—never shall ;  
 No look shall tell him, till I die !

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles  
 Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways  
 Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?—  
 No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know  
 That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart ;  
 So he might never feel, as I have felt,  
 Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! masters of our hearts, ye little know  
 What faith and love ye pass unheeded by ;  
 Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,  
 Without a thought—without a sigh !



36 'TIS THE HEART THAT GIVES VALUE  
TO WORDS.

**S**OMEBODY wrote me a sweet little note,  
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair:  
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?

No ; let the muse keep the secret from air :  
But this was the motto the seal had to show,  
This—*C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread  
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold:  
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?  
The sunlight has faded, the words have grown cold.  
Do you believe in the motto, or no?  
*C'est, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Somebody sang me a dear little song,  
Full of all tender, unspeakable things—  
Shall I repeat them? No, ever so long  
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings ;  
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow,  
*Ah ! c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Shall I with censure link somebody's name  
For the note and the walk and the fly-away birds?  
No—the dear creature was never to blame,  
She had no heart to give value to words.  
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow—  
*Mais, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*



## 37. WOMAN.

O WOMAN ! lovely woman ! thou  
Shalt share in the bard's divinest vow ;  
Shalt share, for thy weal in this life of woe,  
The warmest prayer that his heart can know,  
Till cold be the heart that shall never find  
A kindness, as thine, so deeply kind ;  
And shrouded this eye that shall brighter be  
In its ray to the last to look upon thee !

Without thy tear—thy approving smile,  
The heart to melt, and its cares beguile—  
Thy form of beauty to meet the eye,  
And fill the soul with enchantment high—  
Oh ! what were the scenes we here survey,  
And what the minstrel, and what his lay ?  
Sweet floweret of beauty, of bliss, and bloom,  
How warm is thy heart, and cold its doom—  
How tender thy form, and thy being how gay,  
Mid the many snares that thy steps belay !  
Sweet woman ! this eye has wept for thee  
When only the angels and God could see :  
This bosom has bled, and must bleed again,  
To know of thy frailty, thy sorrow, and pain,  
And all the evils of falsehood and art  
That wither thy warm and thy wareless heart !

But the scene shall change, and the time shall be,  
That angels and seraphs shall smile on thee.  
Oh ! yet shall it be, though thy charms must fade,  
And thy form in the coldness of death be laid,  
That thine eye of light and thy bosom of snow  
No sorrow shall feel and no darkness know—  
In climes where thy robes shall be ever new,  
Thy food the flower, and thy drink the dew ;  
And thy thoughts the bliss of the bowers above,  
Inwove with the truths of Eternal Love.

And yet shall it be that the hearts of guile  
That have marr'd thy beauty and dimm'd thy smile,  
Shall look on thee with anguish more keen  
Than that which in thine hath ever been,  
And seek from thy glances of power to hide,  
Though regions of darkness and sorrow betide.  
Yet then—even then, thy bosom of love,  
Methinks, shall its wonted sympathy prove ;  
And the feelings and yearnings of pity live,  
That their wrongs to Heaven and thee would forgive.

Frail woman ! for thee was the earth accursed,  
But thy One shall save that the breast hath nursed ;  
Thy couch shall be cold, and thy slumber deep,  
But thy eye any more shall not wake to weep,  
Nor thy heart to bleed with a wild dismay,  
Or thy form of beauty to know decay,  
But spring as a bud from the drear abode,  
And blossom anew in the bowers of God.

*Henry Scott Kiddle.*

---

### 38. THE BACHELOR'S DAY.

THE bachelor's morning is weary and sad :  
His bread is ill toasted, his butter is bad ;  
His coffee is cold, and his shoes are not brush'd ;  
Breakfast thus leaveth him angry and flush'd.

He comforts himself for his sorrows by thinking,  
At dinner, at least, he'll have eating and drinking :  
'Good ale and beefsteak no misfortune can hinder,'—  
But the steak, when brought up, is found burnt to a cinder.

He tugs at the bell-pull, by fury inspired,  
To lecture the landlady till he is tired ;  
But she takes precious care to be out of the way,  
When she thinks that her lodger has *something to say !*

---

He then finds that the temper to which she has driven him  
Is not like to be sweeten'd by the beer she has given him ;  
So he rises in wrath. ' But my tea cannot miss,'  
He half-doubtingly says, ' to be better than this.'

The whole afternoon he has nothing to do—  
He reads his old newspaper twenty times through ;  
If the weather were good he might saunter about,  
But the rain is so heavy he cannot go out.

Between yawning and nodding, time passes away,  
And tea comes at last, after weary delay :  
Now surely the Fates will relent at his lot,  
And allow him ' the cup that inebriates not.'

Alas, no !—to his sorrow no tea will pour out,  
For a host of tea-leaves have got fix'd in the spout ;  
And before he can clear out the obdurate stopper,  
The tea is as cold as the bread and the butter.

The butter, in spite of his scolding and warning,  
Is, if possible, worse than he had in the morning :  
She has paid no regard to one word he commanded, —  
What mortal's good temper is able to stand it ?

Not much, to be sure, at the best he could boast,  
And his dinner mischance had extinguish'd the most,  
While the little not slain in the previous flutter  
Is now drown'd in the tea, and interr'd in the butter.

No longer the course of misfortune we trace :  
But we thought we could draw from his pitiful case  
A moral as plain as if Æsop had shown it—  
Get a snug little house and a wife of your own in't.



## 39. CONJUGAL FELICITY.

**S**WEET thing of beauty ! life would be  
A waste devoid of all things fair,  
Did not my bosom leap to thee,  
The soother of its grief and care :  
For woman's hand and woman's heart  
Can minister a healing balm ;  
Snatch from the soul the quiv'ring dart,  
And breathe o'er all a halcyon calm :  
A ministering angel she,  
To lighten mortal misery !

O, when I first beheld thy face,  
And press'd in mine thy gentle hand,  
Thy blooming cheek and modest grace  
Wav'd o'er my soul a magic wand ;  
Thy kindly tone, thy playful smile,  
Bespeaking innocence and love ;  
The lustre of thine eyes the while  
That beam'd like angel-orbs above ;  
All join'd upon my heart, to pour  
A joyance, never felt before !

I deem'd the bosom must be blest  
That lean'd confidingly on thine ;  
But honour then the wish suppress'd  
That e'er such blessing might be mine.  
I saw thee bloom, a floral gem,  
Such as the earth has rarely shown,  
How beauteous on its graceful stem !  
And yet between us was there thrown  
A passless bar ! But that is past :  
Sweet rosebud, thou art mine at last !

And O, the ardours of my soul,  
At our first happy interview,  
Know no abatement, but control  
My bosom wholly as when new.

I then but knew the garniture  
That lent its beauty to the rose ;  
But now I taste the essence pure  
That from its core divinely flows,  
Absorbing all those bitter tears  
That follow in the wake of years !

Perchance thine eyes are dimmer now,  
Thy step less light, thy cheek less fair ;  
More grave thy voice and smile ; but thou  
Art still the soother of my care.  
Now from thy lips a current flows  
Of meek intelligence and truth,  
And kindness in thy bosom glows  
More sweet than all the charms of youth ;  
And, dove-like, thither, would I bound,  
When troubled waters rage around.

Life is a changeful scene ; and we  
May scarce have felt its sorrows yet ;  
But still, whate'er the prospect be,  
The path howe'er with thorns beset,  
Still true to thee and Heav'n above,  
I shall not seek another shrine  
For solace, but hold fast the love  
That ever guides my soul to thine :  
Still shall I to thy breast repair,  
And find my consolation there !

---

40. SERENADE.

INTENDED FOR A SONG IN SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S 'WILLIAM TELL.'

TELL me not that Love is young,  
That my lute is sweetly strung :  
Love is worn, and grey from ruth,  
And my strings have lost their youth.

---

Like some unimprison'd bird,  
Bleeding, with a pinion shorn,  
Love is doom'd to 'plain unheard,  
Beauty's smile is still his thorn.  
If his pinion prove his sway,  
Love is aged grown, and grey.

Tell me not that Love, sweet maid,  
Lacking wealth, doth love upbraid;  
Or that Mammon has a power  
Over Love in Beauty's bower.

Beauty never is so bright,  
But that Time can work its woe;  
Nor is Time so swift of flight,  
But that Love can fly also:  
Scythe against his bow doth prove,  
Blind and aged grown is Love.

But in vain Love wings the air,  
If with Beauty dwell disdain,  
Vainly Beauty spreads its snare—  
Love, though blind, can break its chain:  
And the bow is bent in vain  
Where wealth perjur'd warps the string;  
Heart, O heart! grow cold again:  
Love is but an idle thing!  
Still to peasants Love saith, Nay;  
Nor to princes saith Love, Aye.

---

#### 41. LINES TO A LADY.

O, lady, to thy lonely room,  
Should moody shadows cross thy brow;  
And there, in that congenial gloom,  
Brood, heart-struck, o'er each broken vow.  
Go, gaze upon the golden ring,  
If yet the spell retains its force,  
Until the snakes of memory sting  
Thy spirit into late remorse.



And when from Sorrow's sacred fount  
The bitter tears at length shall flow,  
Let poor profan'd her throne remount,  
And wing thee into hopeless woe.  
And let Imagination wing  
Her way unto that sultry shore,  
Where lone he lies whose name shall fling  
An arrow through that heart once more.

Aye, rather let it rankle there,  
And agonise both heart and brain,  
Than in the transports of despair  
Thus wed thyself to woe again.  
Aye, let the thick mist cloak thy mind,  
And champ the bit of bitter thought,  
Than break the bonds that ought to bind,  
And sell the love the dead hath bought.

Go, pine and ponder o'er the past,  
Or laugh in some mad heartless mood,  
For thou wilt be from first to last  
The sport of passion unsubdued.  
And yet I'd rather see thine eyes,  
Keen, large, and lustrous though they be,  
Dimm'd by the grief that never dies,  
Than hear those fits of frantic glee.

But Destiny's dark hand hath writ  
The records of thy future fate,  
And let thy purpose fix or flit,  
The warning comes, and comes too late.  
Yet, could this weak and workless will  
Call phantoms from Death's dusty sphere,  
There one should shake that purpose still,  
Or bear thee to that far, far bier.



**42. ORIGIN OF THE 'FORGET-ME-NOT.'**

**A GERMAN TRADITION.**

**A**MONG Silesian plains, where glide  
The Oder streams in slow meander,  
Upon a fair, bright eventide  
Of old, two lovers came to wander.  
And if, from sunset's gorgeous dyes,  
Some emblem meet they sought to borrow,  
It was to see, in these fair skies,  
Hopes for some far diviner morrow !

And if—while o'er its silvery play,  
They bent to view the singing water,  
Where foam-bells flash'd in joyous play,  
And ripples broke, like low, sweet laughter—  
A thought was mingling with the dream,  
Which in that hour did thrill and quiver  
Amid their heart-strings—it might seem  
Of music rolling on for ever !

'A boon ! a boon !' the maiden cried :  
'The meadow flowers are fair to gather—  
Hair-bells, and daisies, sunny-eyed,  
And cowslip, child of April weather ;  
King-cups and crocuses, that fling  
A golden glimmer o'er the meadows ;  
And lilies, o'er the glassy spring,  
That bend to view their own white shadows.

'But unavailing these are flung,  
In blushing-bloom or pearly whiteness,  
The while for me so idly hung  
Those buds of blue celestial brightness,  
That gem the wave's opposing shore,  
Unto my grasp which fain would measure  
That glittering space of waters o'er,  
Bespread like some attainless treasure.'

'The boon be thine, fair love!' he cried;  
And, through that glittering crystal dashing,  
He wended fast, where o'er the tide  
The blue gleam of those flowers was flashing.  
He reck'd not of the treacherous flood,  
Outspread in deepening paths before him;  
While on, in eager, ardent mood,  
Unto the flowery prize he bore him!

Alas! alas! the watery zone  
Around him clung with mightier clasping;  
But the goal is reach'd, the prize is won,  
Triumphant in his resolute grasping!  
He turn'd him proudly to the strand,  
And cried, while o'er the o'erwhelming river  
He flung the flowers with dying hand—  
'Forget me not!' and pass'd for ever!

Forget me not! and at her feet,  
Where ne'er had love laid truer token,  
They lay, whose task was now but meet  
To wreathe a heart whose hope was broken!  
Thence ever grew that name to be  
So dear unto affection parted—  
The flower of Love's fidelity,  
The motto of the constant-hearted.



#### 43. TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

A MAIDEN sat by a river side,  
With roses in her hand,  
As Time came rowing in his boat,  
And touch'd the silver strand.  
'I will sail with thee,' the maiden cried;  
'But pray thee, hasten on,  
For I would reach yon shining shore  
Before an hour is gone.'

The boatman smil'd, a strange cold smile,  
As the maiden leapt to his side ;  
He hoisted a sail, he plied his oars,  
And away they flew with the tide.  
The maiden sang right merrily,  
With the fairy-bright shore in sight ;  
It sparkl'd and gleam'd like rubies and gold,  
In the rays of the morning light.

A full hour and more they sail'd down that river,  
And yet the bright shore seem'd no nearer ;  
'How is this ?' cried the maid ; 'you deceive me, my friend,  
The light becomes fainter and fainter.'  
The roses were dead, her glad song had ceased,  
The noon it was past, the sky hid in mist,  
Wild waves dash'd in fury, day faded away,  
And the shore it had chang'd into rocks stern and grey.

'Stop! stop!' cried the maiden, in fear and dismay.  
'Take me back to the dawn, and the clear light of day.'  
'No, no!' quoth grim Time, 'it cannot be so ;  
I never sail backwards, fair mistress, you know.'  
The poor maiden wept her rash haste of the morning,  
When the fair silver strand she had left for a dream ;  
She was wreck'd amidst rocks, and there she sat weeping  
Alone, by the side of life's perilous stream.



#### 44 TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

TOO late I stay'd, forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours ;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time  
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks  
The ebbing of his glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks  
That dazzle as they pass ?

---

Ah ! who to soher measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for its wings ?

*William Spencer.*

45. THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O H ! my love's like the steadfast sun,  
Or streams that deepen as they run.  
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
Nor moments between light and tears,  
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain ;  
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
To sober joys, and softer woes,  
Can make my heart or fancy flee,  
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
In maiden bloom and matron wit ;  
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,  
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon  
Set on the sea an hour too soon,  
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,  
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at my feet  
Five sons and one fair daughter sweet,  
And time and care and birthtime woes  
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose,  
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.

When words descend, like dews unsought,  
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,  
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,  
To silver, than some give to gold,  
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
How we should deck our humble bower ;  
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree ;  
And sweeter still to choose and twine  
A garland for that brow of thine :  
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
Grave moments of sedate thought,  
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
Shines like a rainbow through the shower ;  
Oh then I see, while seated nigh,  
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,  
And proud resolve and purpose meek  
Speak of thee more than words can speak.  
I think this wedded life of mine  
The best of all things not divine.

*Allan Cunningham.*

---

46. THE HEBREW WEDDING.

TO the sound of timbrels sweet,  
Moving slow our solemn feet,  
We have borne thee on the road,  
To the virgin's blest abode ;  
With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
And the canopy above  
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
And the mirth and wine have ceast ;  
And now we set thee down before  
The jealously-unclosing door ;  
That the favour'd youth admits,  
Where the veiled virgin sits  
In the bliss of maiden fear,  
Waiting our soft tread to hear,  
And the music's brisker din,  
At the bridegroom's entering in ;  
Entering in a welcome guest  
To the chamber of his rest.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line ;  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave  
On the bashful sealed lid !  
Close within the bride-veil hid,  
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend,  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !  
The door unfolds,—'tis he ! 'tis he !  
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

*Henry Hart Milman.*

---

## 47. 'FORGET THEE?'

**F**ORGET thee?' if to dream by night, and muse on thee  
by day,  
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,  
If prayers in absence breath'd for thee to Heaven's protect-  
ing power,  
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,—a thousand in an hour,  
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—  
If this thou call'st 'forgetting,' thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

'Forget thee?' Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest  
tune ;  
'Forget thee?' Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the  
moon ;  
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing  
dew ;  
Thyself forget thine own 'dear land' and its 'mountains  
wild and blue.'  
Forget each old familiar face, each long remember'd spot,—  
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be  
forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-  
free,  
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad  
for me ;  
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh ! bid not mine to  
rove,  
But let it nurse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love ;—  
If these, preserv'd for patient years, at last avail me not,  
Forget me, then ;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be  
forgot !

*Moultrie.*



## 48. PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

HER form was all humanity,  
Her soul all God's ; in spirit and in form,  
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink  
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though  
She liv'd, one-half might deem, on roses sopp'd  
In silver dew : she spake as with the voice  
Of spheral harmony, which greets the soul  
When at the hour of death the sav'd one knows  
His sister angels near ; her eye was as  
The golden fane the setting sun doth just  
Imblaze ; which shows, till Heaven comes down again,  
All other lights but grades of gloom ; her dark  
Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave  
Might search for gold, and, searching, find.

*Philip James Bailey.*

## 49. FAMILIAR LOVE.

WE read together, reading the same book,  
Our heads bent forward in a half-embrace,  
So that each shade that either spirit took  
Was straight reflected in the other's face ;  
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each  
Follow'd the eye that pass'd the page along,  
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,  
Yet with so much monotony  
In its half-slumbering harmony,  
You might not call it song ;  
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,  
Than any custom'd mood of human voices.  
Then if some wayward or disputed sense  
Made cease a while that music, and brought on  
A strife of gracious-worded difference,  
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,

We had experience of a blissful state,  
In which our powers of thought stood separate,  
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart,  
But both close folded in one loving heart;  
So that we seem'd, without conceit, to be  
Both one and two in our identity.

*Lord Houghton.*

50. ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

Dans le bonheur de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons souvent quelque chose  
qui ne nous plaît pas entièrement.

SHE passed up the aisle on the arm of her sire,  
A delicate lady in bridal attire,—  
Fair emblem of virgin simplicity;  
Half London was there, and, my word, there were few,  
Who stood by the altar, or hid in a pew,  
But envied Lord Nigel's felicity.

O beautiful bride, still so meek in thy splendour,  
So frank in thy love, and its trusting surrender,  
Departing you leave us the town dim!  
May happiness wing to thy bosom, unsought,  
And Nigel, esteeming his bliss as he ought,  
Prove worthy thy worship,—confound him!

*F. Lockyer.*

51. THE TWO PILOTS.

LOVE launched a gallant little craft,  
Complete with every rope;  
In golden words was painted aft,  
'The Cupid, Captain Hope!'

Pleasure was rated second mate,  
And Passion made to steer,  
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,  
To Impulse sailing gear.

And Pleasure left, though Passion said  
He'd guard her safe through harm  
'Twas vain, for Fate ramn'd home the  
While Love prepar'd small arms.

A storm arose ; the canvass now  
Escap'd from Impulse's hand,  
When headstrong Passion dash'd the p  
Right on a rocky strand.

'All's lost !' each trembling sailor cried,  
'Bid Captain Hope adieu :'  
But in her life-boat Reason hied,  
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,  
But Pleasure 'scaped from wreck ;  
Love, bidding Reason take the helm,  
Chain'd Passion to the deck.

'I thought you were my foe ; but now,'  
Said Love, 'we'll sail together ;  
Reason, henceforth, through life shalt thou  
My pilot be for ever !'



52. TO G. S. S.

OH ! by the love which unto thee I bear

And lo! thou art in utter bondage now;  
 Whence I would have thy manly spirit free.  
 Among the hills we two did never mow  
 The moss about the springs; but learnt to spare  
 Pale flowers which rude hands would not leave to grow:  
 And dearest! if thou wert so gentle there—  
 Thy soul hath better flowers: oh, be as guiltless now.

*Rev. W. F. Faber.*

53. FROM THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore:  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose—  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;  
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike;  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:  
 If to her share some female errors fall.  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
 Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind  
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,  
 With shining ringlets, the smooth, ivory neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
 With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
 And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

**I** boots not keeping back the scroll ;  
I know the tender words,  
( ' My life, my idol, and my soul, ' )  
Its scented page affords.  
There, give it me, that I may fling  
Its fragments on the wind,  
A faithless, and a worthless thing,  
For such a fate designed.

What, though the Iris, in my room,  
Bids Hope's sweet promise live ;  
I take no lesson from its bloom,  
I have no hope to give.  
Soon with the summer sun's control  
Those azure leaves decay ;  
And yet the monks in yonder scroll,  
Are more short-lived than they.

I care not for a love that springs  
Where other fancies dwell ;  
The rainbow's hue upon its wings,  
The rainbow's date as well ;  
By vanity and folly nurst,  
Of happiness it dies ;  
It springeth from a fancy first,  
And with a fancy flies.

Aye ! let them bitterly complain,  
With graceful sorrow string -

The love that haunts my midnight hour ;  
A dream— and yet, how true !  
Belongs to a diviner power  
Than vanity e'er knew ;  
It giveth, like the pale, pure star,  
A loveliness to night,  
And winneth from the world afar  
Its own eternal light.

It bringeth to our earth again  
The heaven it dwells among :  
Not to the worldly and the vain  
Can such a love belong ;  
High, holy in the heaven above,  
Not sharing life's worst part :  
Until I meet with such a love  
I cannot give my heart.

*L. E. L.*



55. ON A TEAR.

**O**H! that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallise this sacred treasure !  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye :  
Then trembling, left its coral cell,  
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
In thee the rays of virtue shine;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,  
When first we feel the rude control  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme  
In every clime, in every age,  
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

*Samuel Rogers.*



56. TO A LADY.

SWEET lady ! should I tell thee that I *love* ;  
Five joyous hearts, whose life is glad in mine,  
Were broken by that vow. But less divine  
I may not think thee than thy looks approve,  
For never did the Idalian goddess move  
In more excelling beauty, self-create,  
Than thou, a maiden of earth's low estate,  
In thy meek majesty of quiet love !  
Nor deem this simple homage little worth,  
Because unto ideal virtues given ;—  
If on thy face, and be the sin forgiven !—  
Retrace the soul of some celestial birth,  
Marvel not, lady ! for we know of heaven  
But by the faith we realise on earth.

*T. F. Tribner.*



57. WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
Why Love must needs be blind ;  
But this the best of all I hold—  
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
He guesseth but in part ;  
But what within is good and fair  
He seeth with the heart.

*S. T. Coleridge.*



58. THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there—  
She leaves the top of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight,  
Then she mounts again, and around her flings  
A shower of light from her purple wings,  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon she hies to a cool retreat  
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;  
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,  
That smiles as it curls, like a maiden's lip,  
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain.  
From her lover the hope that she loves again.



At eve she hangs o'er the western sky,  
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy ;  
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold  
She paints a border of crimson gold ;  
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,  
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,  
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream  
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream,  
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,  
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere.

*Rufus Davies.*



59. TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF  
TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying,  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry !  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Herrick.*

60. HOW PANSIES OR HEART'S EASE  
CAME FIRST.

FROLIC virgins once there were,  
Over-loving, living here ;  
Being here, their ends denied,  
Ran, for sweethearts, mad, and died ;  
Love, in pity of their tears,  
And their loss in blooming years,  
For their restless here-spent hours,  
Gave them Heart's-ease turned to flowers.

*Herrick.*

61. TO THE ROSE.

GO, happy Rose, and, interwove  
With other flowers, bind my love ;  
Tell her, too, she must not be  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say (if she's fretful) I have bands  
Of pearl, and gold, to bind her hands ;  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go,  
And tell her this —but do not so ;  
Lest a handsome anger fly,  
Like a lightning from her eye.  
And burn thee up as well as I.

*Herrick.*

## 62. THE LOVELINESS AND DIGNITY OF EVE.

WHEN I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best!  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls,  
 Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows :  
 Authority and reason on her wait  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally. And, to consummate all  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat,  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic placed.

*Milton.*

## 63. BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

HARK, how the bashful moon in pain  
 Courts the amorous marigold,  
 With sighing blasts and weeping rain,  
 Yet she refuses to unfold :  
 But when the planet of the day  
 Approacheth with his powerful ray,  
 Then she spreads, then she receives  
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.  
 So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy ;  
 If thy tears and sighs discover  
 Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
 The just reward of a bold lover.  
 But when with moving accents thou  
 Shalt constant faith and service vow,  
 My Celia shall receive those charms  
 With open ears, and with unfolded arms

*T. Carew.*

64. TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of parting day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care,  
 Time but the impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

*Robert Burns.*

Each morning by the lark,  
And every night the nightingale  
Brings answer ere the dark.  
The question needs no other words,  
And this is the reply—  
‘I’ll love thee dearest while I live,  
And bless thee if I die.’

I send a message by the rose,  
It says ‘Thou breathing grace,  
Thy modest virtue, like this flower,  
Spreads fragrance round thy place.’  
The lily brings the answer meet :  
‘O thou whom I adore,  
My heart is spotless as these leaves,  
And loves thee evermore.’

*C. M.*



## 66. HAPPY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
That rings so clear and loud,  
Thou nightingale amid the copse—  
Thou lark above the cloud?  
What says the song, thou joyous thrush  
Upon the walnut tree?  
‘I love my love, because I know  
My love loves me.’

What is the meaning of thy thought.

O happy words! at beauty's feet  
 We say them in our prime ;  
 And when the early summers pass,  
 And love comes on with time,  
 Still be it ours, in care's despite,  
 To join the chorus free—  
 'I love my love, because I know  
 My love loves me.'

*C. Mackay.*

67. WOMAN.

WOMAN all exceeds  
 In ardent sanctitude and pious deeds ;  
 And chief in woman charities prevail,  
 That soothe when sorrow or disease assail.  
 As dropping balm medicinal instils  
 Health when we pine, her tears alleviate ills ;  
 And the moist emblems of her pity flow  
 As heav'n relented with the wat'ry bow,  
 Let pearls embellish tresses, dew the morn,  
 But beauties more divine the maid adorn ;  
 When mourning him she loved her tender tear  
 That else had blest his bed, imbathes his bier.

Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex cast,  
 His grizzled locks distorted in the blast ;  
 Ask him what accent soothes, what hand bestows  
 The cordial bev'rage, garment and repose,  
 O, he will dart a spark of ancient flame,  
 And clasp his tremulous hands, and WOMAN name.

Peruse the sacred volume, Him who died  
 Her kiss betray'd not, nor her tongue denied,  
 While even the Apostle left Him to His doom,  
 She linger'd round His cross and watch'd His tomb.

*Barrett.*

## 68. A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

PROV. XII. 4.

THOU askest what hath changed my heart,  
And where hath fled my youthful folly?  
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art  
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye as soft and blue as even  
When day and night are calmly meeting;  
Beams in my heart like light from heaven,  
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip  
Like dew-drops from the rose-leaf dripping,  
When honey bees all crowd to sip,  
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,  
For ever coming—ever going,  
May well the spotless fount bespeak,  
That sets the stream a flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast,  
Even like the harp-strings' holiest measures,  
When dreams the soul of lands of rest  
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,  
Or where hath fled my youthful folly:  
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art  
Hath made my spirit holy. *W. Knox.*



## 69. ELLEN.

I STOOD with Ellen where the stream  
Flowed through a dark and lonely wild,  
Ungilded by one sunny gleam,  
And murmuring like a petted child.

And as I watched its rapid chase,  
I whispered that, unlike that river,  
Our love should have a smoother race ;  
But, like its waters, flow for ever.

A smile contended with a sigh,  
As o'er my arm she drooped her head ;  
I read the trouble in her eye—  
There's not a look but love can read !  
A dew had dimmed her glance, which fell  
Where, broken from its fragile stem,  
One flower—it was an azure bell—  
Came floating down the turbid stream.

She stooped to seize the blighted flower,  
And wreathed it in her raven hair,  
And never till that blessed hour  
Methought that Ellen looked so fair !  
A light was in her flashing eye,  
And on her cheek a deeper bloom ;  
Who would not wither, but to lie  
One hour within as sweet a tomb ?

The floweret drooped above her brow,  
Which the dark ringlets almost shaded ;  
And bathing in her beauty's glow,  
The eye forgot its tint was faded.  
Oh ! how I watched along her face  
The silent blushes softly stealing,  
That marked in sweetly mingling grace,  
The varying shades of some deep feeling !

Gently she laid her hand on mine ;  
And with a faint and timid smile,  
Took the love chaplet from its shrine ;  
A tear was on her cheek the while !—  
'Perchance,' she said, 'this bell has come  
A weary way, from brighter bowers,  
Where some glad valley was its home,  
And its young lot as blest as ours.



' And even in its young decay,  
Say, is it not most sadly fair?  
And wouldst thou choose a wreath more gay,  
For love to twine in Ellen's hair?  
Methinks that round its withering zone  
A wild and witching charm is hung,  
As echo breathes a holier tone  
Than the sweet sounds from which it sprung!

' Thou knowest our stream of life has strayed  
A summer course, through springing flowers,  
But we may quit the smiling glade,  
For darker scenes in gloomier hours.  
Through desert wastes our fate may flow,  
Dark as these rapid waters rave ;  
And blighted hopes and feelings strow,  
Like wither'd flowers, its troubled wave !

' Yet, oh ! methinks, when one by one  
The blossoms of our youth have perished,  
And all the blessed buds are gone  
Which the young spirit vainly cherished,  
The heart will weep each ruined gem,  
As I this faded floweret now ;  
And memory save each broken stem,  
To twine a chaplet for her brow.'

She paused while something unexpressed  
Looked through the cloud upon her cheek ;  
Full well I knew her gentle breast  
Heaved with a fear she would not speak.  
I took her to my beating heart,  
And kissed the sorrow from her mien ;  
Oh, nought but sadness could impart  
The love with which I loved her then !

' My dark-eyed beauty, Time may fling  
His waste and withering power o'er thee,  
But not one feather of his wing  
Shall crush love's fond fidelity.

Thy form amid its wreck of youth  
 Shall, like that wanderer of the river,  
 Be treasured by eternal truth,  
 My blossom now, my flower for ever.'

*T. K. Hervey.*

70. THAT SONG AGAIN.

Chacun croit retrouver, dans la mélodie, comme dans l'astre pur et tranquille de la nuit, l'image de ce qu'il souhaite sur la terre. . . . Le malheur, dans le langage de la musique, est sans amertume, sans déchirement, sans irritation.—*Madame de Staël.*

THAT song again ! its wailing strain  
 Brings back the thought of other hours,  
 The forms I ne'er may see again,  
 And brightens all life's faded flowers.

In mournful murmurs o'er mine ear  
 Remember'd echoes seem to roll,  
 And sounds I never more can hear  
 Make music in my lonely soul.

That swell again ! now full and high  
 The tide of feeling flows along,  
 And many a thought that claims a sigh  
 Seems mingling with thy magic song.

The forms I loved, and loved in vain ;  
 The hopes I nursed—to see them die ;  
 With fleeting brightness, through my brain  
 In phantom beauty, wander by.

Then touch the lyre, my own dear love,  
 My soul is like a troubled sea,  
 And turns from all below—above,  
 In fondness to the harp and thee.

*T. K. Hervey.*

## 71. LOVE.

WHERE the golden hand of morn  
 Touches light the singing fountain,  
 There a maiden, lowly born,  
 Guides her flock along the mountain.  
 Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,  
 She invests the world with beauty,  
 Simple grace and manners sweet  
 Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,  
 Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;  
 New delights too deep for mirth,  
 Gentle griefs too sweet for sadness.  
 Who this sudden charm hath wrought?  
 Sent this flow of bright revealings?  
 Mind that springs with joyous thought!  
 Heart that flows with heavenly feelings!

Surely 'tis some angel strayed,  
 Not a shepherd's daughter solely,  
 Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,  
 In a light and love so holy!  
 Oh! when stars like drops of pearl  
 Glimmer o'er the singing water,  
 There I'll woo my mountain girl,  
 Proudly wed the shepherd's daughter.

*C. Swain.*

## 72. CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry!  
 Full and fair ones,—come and buy;  
 If so be you ask me where  
 They do grow?—I answer, There,  
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,  
 There's the land, or cherry isle,  
 Whose plantations fully show  
 All the year where cherries grow.

*Herrick.*

## 73. ODE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE VERSES.

**T**AKE hence this tuneful trifler's lays!  
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain  
Of Venus' loves, and Cupid's darts,  
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts :  
All flattery's round of fulsome praise,  
All falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the muse whose tongue has told  
Love's genuine plaintive, tender tale,  
Bring me the muse whose sounds of woe  
Midst death's dread scenes so sweetly flow :  
When friendship's faithful breast lies cold,  
When beauty's blooming cheek is pale.

Bring these, I like their grief sincere,  
It soothes my sympathetic gloom,  
For oh! love's genuine pains I've borne,  
And death's dread rage has made me mourn :  
I've wept o'er friendship's early bier,  
And dropt the tear on beauty's tomb.

*John Scott.*

## 74. WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

**I** LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same ?  
He that can love unlov'd again,  
Hath better store of love than brain ;  
God sent me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine ;  
Yea, if thou hadst remained my own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine :  
But thou thy freedom did recall,  
'That if thou might elsewhere enthrall ;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
And chang'd the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy—to love thee still.  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
'To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice :  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast :  
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost.  
The height of my disdain shall be.  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging to a beggar's door.

*Sir Robert Ayton.*



75. GO, LOVELY ROSE !

**G**O, lovely rose !  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired ;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! That she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

*Edmund Waller.*

76. SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

*Byron.*

## 77. HONOUR AND LOVE.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the memory  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase;—  
The first foe in the field,  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore,  
I could not love thee dearest, much  
Lov'd I not honour more.

*Lovelace.*

---

## 78. LURKING LOVE.

WHEN lurking love in ambush lies  
Under friendship's fair disguise,  
When he wears an angry mien,  
Imitating spite or spleen;  
When, like Sorrow, he seduces;  
When, like Pleasure, he amuses;  
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,  
'Tis but 'Lurking Love' at last.

*Mrs. Piozzi.*

---

## 79. TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead  
From the dreams of the world she has gone;  
On the stars in her glory to tread,  
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely ; and Time  
 When her rose with the cypress he twined  
 Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,  
 Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died !  
 Yet her parting was gentle, for those  
 Whom she loved mingled tears at her side ;  
 Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er the bier,  
 But her spirit has gone on the wing,  
 To triumph for agony here,  
 To rejoice in the joy of its King.

*Dr. Croly.*

80. THE TOKEN

TAKE backe thy gyfte, 'tis deare no more  
 Sith false have proved the words I trusted ;  
 Dimmed are its gems so bright before,  
 Each lynke by treach'ries breathe is rusted.

Firme are those links of purest golde  
 (Too firme to be a trifler's tokenne)  
 Sille with unshaken strengthe they holde—  
 They're not lyke thy false vowe—brokenne.

Thou should'st have given a rosie chaine  
 Of buddes that fade as evening closes ;  
 And even then, too well I weane,  
 Thy heart had changed before the roses.

Then as each perfumed leafe's and flowre  
 Of its frail lynkes had dropped awaye,  
 I might have counted houre by houre,  
 The progresse of thy love's decaye. *anon.*



## 81. WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

**G**ONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,  
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume.  
And the gloss hath dropp'd from her golden hair,  
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye  
Is struck with cold mortality ;  
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled,  
And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,  
But left her all in her wintry hour ;  
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,  
Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh :—  
And this is man's fidelity.

'Tis woman alone, with a firmer heart,  
Can see all their idols of life depart,  
And love the more ; and soothe, and bless  
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

*Barry Cornwall.*



## 82. TO FANNY.

**F**ANNY! upon thy breast I may not lie!  
Fanny! thou dost not hear me when I speak!  
Where art thou, love? around I turn mine eye,  
And as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.  
Was it a dream, or did my love behold  
Indeed my lonely couch?—methought the breath  
Fann'd not her bloodless lip ; her eye was cold  
And hollow, and the livery of death  
Invested her pale forehead—sainted maid!  
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,  
Through the long wintry nights when wind and wave

Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.  
Yet hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore  
Of better promise; and I know at last,  
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,  
We too shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

*H. K. White.*

### 83. LOVE AND DEATH.

**M**IGHTY ones Love and Death!  
Ye are the strong in this world of ours,  
Ye meet at the banquet, ye strive midst the flowers:—  
Which hath the conqueror's wreath?

Thou art the victor, Love!  
Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free;  
The strength of the battle is given to thee—  
The spirit from above.

Thou hast looked on death and smiled!  
Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form  
Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,  
On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone;  
Thou hast watched by the wheel through the torturer's hour,  
And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,  
Till the conflict hath been won.

No, *thou* art the victor, Death!  
Thou comest—and where is that which spoke  
From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke?  
Gone with the flitting breath.

Thou comest, and what is left  
Of all that loved us, to say if aught  
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought  
Of the spirit lorn and left?

Silence is where thou art :  
Silently those dearest kindred meet ;  
No glance to cheer, no voice to greet,  
No bounding of heart to heart.

Boast not thy victory, Death !  
It is but as the clouds o'er the sunbeam's power ;  
It is but as the winter's leaf and flower,  
That slumber the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign  
O'er the look and the soul which he bids be still :  
But the sleepless thought and the fiery will  
Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above :  
And so with the root whence affection springs,  
Though buried it is of mortal things—  
*Thou art the victor, Love!*

*Mrs. Hemans.*



#### 84. THE PLAYTHING CHANGED.

KITTY'S dreaming voice and face,  
Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;  
Wit and humour next take place,  
And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,  
With airs, most languishing and dying ;  
Calls me false, ungrateful swain,  
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,  
Always humorous, gay, and witty,  
Has talk'd herself into my heart,  
And quite secluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah, Kitty ! Love, a wanton boy,  
Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,  
Still longing for the newest toy,  
Has changed his whistle for a rattle.

---

85. TO A COQUETTE.

**Y**ES, we will part, these stifled sighs  
Shall smother every spark of fire,  
Which those two heaven-created eyes  
Seem still so willing to inspire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll ask what crime  
Could thus so ardently subdue  
A flame so ardent, so sublime,  
As that which once I felt for you.

No crime, no sin ; perhaps mankind  
May laugh at scruples I regret,  
Sweet maid, as I am not quite blind,  
I find thou art a true coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded street,  
Attract all hearts, too, if you can,  
Charm every coxcomb that you meet,  
And only lose—an honest man.

Thus Indians' folly you surpass,  
Who, as by travellers we are told,  
Are charm'd with little bits of glass,  
Which buy their purest gold.

And when your fading roses fly,  
Your lilies are no longer seen,  
Oh ! may you ne'er have cause to cry,  
How very foolish I have been.

*P. Pindar.*

---

## 86. THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
Numbering ilka<sup>1</sup> bed which nature

Waters in the tears of joy;  
Now through the leafy woods,  
And by the reeking floods

Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;

The lintwhite<sup>2</sup> in his bower,  
Chants o'er the breathing flower;

The laverock<sup>3</sup> to the sky

Ascends wi' songs of joy,

While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,

Banishes ilka darksome shade,

Nature gladdening and adorning;

Such to me my lovely maid,

When' absent frae<sup>4</sup> my fair,

The musky shades o' care,

With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;

But when in beauty's light,

She meets my ravished sight,

When through my very heart

Her beaming glories dart;

'Tis then I wake to life, to light, to joy.

*Robert Burns.*



## 87. QUEEN MARIE.

Said to have been written by Lord Darnley, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,

Which poorly satisfy our eyes,

More by your number than your light,

Like common people of the skies,

What are ye when the moon doth rise?

<sup>1</sup> each.

<sup>2</sup> linnet.

<sup>3</sup> lark.

<sup>4</sup> from.

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your purple mantles known,  
Like proud virgins of the year,  
As if the Spring were all your own,  
What are ye when the rose is blown ?

Ye wandering chanters of the wood,  
That fill the air with nature's lays,  
Making your feelings understood  
In accents weak. What is your praise,  
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

Your glancing jewels of the East,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glittering gems. What is your praise,  
When the bright diamond shows his rays ?

But ah, poor light, gem, voice, and sound,  
What are ye if my Mary shine ?  
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,  
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,  
And yield to merit more divine.

The rose and lily, the whole spring,  
Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;  
The diamond darkens in the ring ;  
When she appears the moon looks dead,  
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.



88. LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains,  
And under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks which are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glowworm to lie,  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly ;  
Where the midge dares not venture  
Lest herself fast she lay ;  
If love come, he will enter,  
And soon find his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might,  
Or you may deem him  
A coward for his flight ;  
But if she whom love doth honour,  
Be concealed from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confined,  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind ;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist,  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the East ;  
The lioness ye may move her  
To give over her prey ;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover :  
He will find out the way.



89. THE DESCENT OF LOVE.

AH, youthful Love ! thy votarist,  
 Though oft he turns into a jest  
 Thy freakier foibles, yet wud join  
 In humble worship at thy shrine,  
 And eulogise thee morn and even  
 As the best, earliest gift of Heaven.

Thou blushing thing of praise and bliss !  
 Child of happier sphere than this !  
 Wert thou a nursing of the sky,  
 Fast-r'd in Paradise on high,  
 To thrill the radiant breasts above ?  
 No—angels feel not youthful love,  
 Thine is a flame we cannot know,  
 A holy ardour free from woe ;  
 But ours a joy, supreme, intense,  
 A short and splendid recompense  
 For an esteem, unbrake, unmoved,  
 Which man immortal might have proved.  
 Art thou not then, O virtuous Love,  
 The dearest gift of Heaven above ?

Blest be thy native home on earth,  
 The place that owned thy mystic birth,  
 Where far beneath the golden morn  
 Was the seraphic being born.  
 Where Euphrates and Tigris strands  
 Join mid the sweet Assyrian lands,  
 Where that great river rolling blue,  
 Mirror'd the earliest flowers that grew.  
 When scarce had bud begun to blow,  
 Or blossom deck'd the world below,  
 Then was the shade of tiny tree  
 The bed of thy maturity.

While the first pair of human frame  
 Lay weeping their immortal blame,



By deep remorse and sorrow tost,  
For all their gifts and glory lost,  
Even there, when grief was at the full,  
And no redress their pains to lull,  
Thy cherub form from heaven descended,  
In all the rays of beauty blended,  
And their repentant breasts above  
Thou mov'st the holy ties of love ;  
While by a mystic art unnamed,  
Of thy fair self the bonds were framed,  
And ne'er did heavenly art entwine  
A wreath so cheering and divine.

Full soon the pair thy presence owned ;  
They found their hearts to nature bound  
By tie, not proved, or understood ;  
A bond of kindred and of blood,  
And in delight without alloy,  
Their hearts rejoiced in Nature's joy.  
The river flowed more silvery bright ;  
The flowers were glowing with delight ;  
The young twin roses had begun  
Their homage to the morning sun,  
In odours breathed from bosoms meek  
And made obeisance cheek to cheek.

In a blest world they seem'd to move  
A world of pathos and of love,  
Where all was deck'd in glories new.  
The sunbeam kiss'd the morning dew ;  
The fields were robed in deeper green ;  
The blue of heaven was more serene ;  
The birds sang sweeter in the grove,  
Hasting the natal morn of love ;  
Not even from Eden's sacred tree  
Was ever pour'd such melody.

But of all ecstacies refined  
The greatest still remain'd behind ;

A new delight thrill'd and subdued,  
 When eye met eye with love embued;  
 When he with raptures scarce terrene,  
 First turned his view on Nature's queen,  
 On that dear form whose soften'd charms  
 Besought protection in his arms,  
 Whose every look, and smile, and sigh,  
 Bespoke a chasten'd courtesy.  
 He saw her eye of deeper blue,  
 Her cheek grown rosier in its hue,  
 While her fair bosom's gentle swell  
 With hallow'd heavings rose and fell;  
 Then was thy heavenly being blest  
 With earthly home of holy rest,  
 And woman's breast was form'd to be  
 The tabernacle meet for thee!

*James Hogg.*

## 92 ARTEVELDE'S CHARACTER OF HIS WIFE.

**S**HE was a creature framed by love divine  
 For mortal love to musen life away  
 In pondering her perfections; so unmoved  
 Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd  
 No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,  
 Philosophy might look her in the face,  
 And like a hermit stooping to the well  
 That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein  
 See but his own serenity reflected  
 With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!  
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,  
 Its small disquietude and insect stings,  
 Disturb'd her never; she was one made up  
 Of feminine affections, and her life  
 Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.

*Henry Taylor.*

## 91. TO MARY AT PARTING.

**A**LAS, alas ! the time draws nigh  
 When low that beauteous form shall lie !  
 That eye, that beams with love and duty,  
 Must quickly lose its beaming beauty !  
 That heart that beats so brisk and gaily,  
 Must turn a clod in yonder valley !  
 No more the sun shall dawn on thee,  
 But long thy starless night shall be ;  
 Chill, chill, and damp thy lonely room !  
 And hemlock o'er thy bosom bloom.  
 O then be wise ; the time draws nigh  
 When low that beauteous form shall lie !

But oh, within that lovely frame,  
 There dwells a spark of heavenly flame,  
 A spark that shall for ever burn,  
 Smile over nature's closing urn,  
 And mix its beams in cloudless day,  
 When sun and stars have passed away !  
 To nurse that spark—that ray divine,  
 The task, the pleasing task be thine :  
 Then thy delights shall never die,  
 Though low that beauteous form shall lie.

*James Hogg.*

## 92. I HAE LOST MY LOVE.

**I** HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken<sup>1</sup> how,  
 I hae lost my love an' I carena<sup>2</sup> ;  
 For laith<sup>3</sup> will I be just to lie down an' dee<sup>4</sup>  
 And to sit down an' greet<sup>5</sup> wad be bairnly<sup>6</sup> ;  
 But a screed<sup>7</sup> o' ill-nature I canna weel help<sup>8</sup>  
 At having been guidit unfairly,  
 An' weel wad<sup>9</sup> I like to gie women a skelp,<sup>10</sup>  
 An' jerk<sup>11</sup> their sweet haffits<sup>12</sup> fu' yarely.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> do not know.

<sup>2</sup> care not.

<sup>3</sup> loth.

<sup>4</sup> die.

<sup>5</sup> cry.

<sup>6</sup> childis.

<sup>7</sup> outburst.

<sup>8</sup> well.

<sup>9</sup> would.

<sup>10</sup> blow.

<sup>11</sup> beat.

<sup>12</sup> cheeks.

<sup>13</sup> smartly.

O! plague on the limmers<sup>1</sup> sae sly and demure,  
 As pawkie<sup>2</sup> as deils wi' their smiling;  
 As fickle as winter in sunshine and shower,  
 The hearts o' a' mankind beguiling;  
 As sour as December, as soothing as May,  
 To suit their ain ends never doubt them;  
 Their ill faults I couldna tell ower<sup>3</sup> in a day,  
 But their beauty's the warst<sup>4</sup> thing about them.

Ay, that's what sets up the hail<sup>5</sup> world in a lowe<sup>6</sup>;  
 Makes kingdoms to rise and expire,  
 Man's micht<sup>7</sup> is nae<sup>8</sup> mair than a flaughen<sup>9</sup> o' tow  
 Opposed to a bleeze<sup>10</sup> o' reed<sup>11</sup> fire!  
 'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,  
 And of nature's prime lord made the fellow!  
 And 'tis her that will bring this ill world to an end,  
 An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'.

*James Hogg.*

93. LOVE'S VISIT.

LOVE came to the door o' my heart ae<sup>12</sup> night,  
 And he call'd wi' a whinin' din,  
 'Oh, open the door, for it is but thy part  
 To let an old crony<sup>13</sup> come in!'  
 'Thou sly little elf, I hae open'd to thee  
 Far oftener than I dare say;  
 An' dear hae the openings been to me,  
 Before I could with you away.'

'Fear not,' quo' Love, 'for my bow's in the rest.  
 And my arrows are ilk<sup>14</sup> ane gane;  
 For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,  
 Which has proved o' the marble stane.

<sup>1</sup> wicked creatures.	<sup>2</sup> cunning.	<sup>3</sup> over.	<sup>4</sup> worst.	<sup>5</sup> whole.
<sup>6</sup> blaze.	<sup>7</sup> power.	<sup>8</sup> no more.	<sup>9</sup> fibre.	<sup>10</sup> blaze.
<sup>11</sup> red.	<sup>12</sup> one.	<sup>13</sup> companion.	<sup>14</sup> each one.	

I am sair<sup>1</sup> forshent, then let me come in  
 To the nook where I wont to lie,  
 For sae aft<sup>2</sup> hae I been this door within  
 That I downa<sup>3</sup> think to gang by.'

I open'd the door, though I ween'd<sup>4</sup> it a sin,  
 To the sweet little whimpering fay,  
 But he raised sic a buzz the core within  
 That he fill'd me with wild dismay.  
 For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,  
 And then sic an ardent glow,  
 That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart  
 War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.<sup>5</sup>

'Gae<sup>6</sup> away, gae away, thou wicked wean,'<sup>7</sup>  
 I cried, wi' the tear in my ee;<sup>8</sup>  
 Ay, sae ye may say,' quo' he; 'but I ken<sup>9</sup>  
 Ye'll be laith<sup>10</sup> now to pairt<sup>11</sup> wi' me.'  
 And what do you think? By day and by night,  
 For these ten long years and twain,  
 I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,  
 And we'll never mair part again.

*James Hogg.*

94. TO A LADY.

WITH the print of Venus attired by the Graces  
 That far superior is thy state,  
 Even envy must agree;  
 On thee a thousand Graces wait,  
 On Venus only three.

<sup>1</sup> much exhausted.  
<sup>6</sup> go away.    <sup>7</sup> child.

<sup>8</sup> often.  
<sup>9</sup> eye.

<sup>2</sup> cannot think.  
<sup>5</sup> know.

<sup>4</sup> thought.  
<sup>10</sup> loth.

<sup>3</sup> blaze.  
<sup>11</sup> part.

## 95. A BALLAD ABOUT LOVE.

**I** AINCE fell in love wi' a sweet young thing,  
A bonny bit flower o' the wilder'd dell;  
Her heart was as light as a bird on the wing,  
And her lip was as ripe as the moorland' bell.  
She never ken'd aught o' the ways o' sin,  
Though whiles her young heart began to doubt  
That wi' its ill paths she might fa' in;  
But never—she never did find them out.

She oft had heard tell o' love's dear pain,  
An' how sair as it was to dree;  
She tried it and tried again and again,  
But it never could bring a tear frae her e'e.  
She tried it aince on a mitherless lamb,  
That lay in her bosom and fed on her knee;  
But it turned an unpurpose and beggarly ram,  
And her burly lover she doughtna see.

She tried it neist on a floweret gay,  
And O! it was sweet and lovely of hue;  
But it droopit its head and faded away,  
An' left the lassie to look for a new.  
An' aye she cried, Oh! what shall I do?  
Why canna a lassie be happy her lane?  
I find my heart maun hae something to loe,  
An' I dinna ken where to fix it again.

The laverock loes her musical mate,  
The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,  
The blackbird lilts it early an' late,  
A-wooing his love in the birken glen.  
The jammering tewit and grey curlew  
Hae ilk ane lovers around to flee,  
An' please their hearts wi' their whillie-la-lu;  
But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

Quo' I, my sweet, my innocent flower,  
The matter's as plain as plain can be,  
That this heart o' mine, it was made for yours,  
An' yours was made for lovin' o' me.  
The lassie she lookit me in the face,  
And a tear o' pity was in her e'e,  
For she thought I had lost a sense o' grace,  
An' every scrap o' fair modesty.

The lassie she thought an' thought again,  
An' lookit to heaven if aught she saw,  
For she thought that man was connectit wi' sin,  
And that love for him was the worst of a'.  
She lookit about, but she didna speak,  
As lightly she tript out ower the lea ;  
But there was a smile on her rosy cheek  
'That tauld of a secret dear to me.

The lassie gaed home to her lonely dell,  
It never was lovelier to her view,  
An' aye she thought an' thought to hersel,  
An' the man she thought she began to rue.  
If ilk sweet thing has a mate o' its ain,  
Wi' nature's law I e'en maun gang ;  
I never was made for living my lane,  
The laddie was right an' I was wrang.

O Nature! we a' maun yield to thee ;  
Your regal sway gainsay wha can?  
For you made beauty, an' beauty maun be  
The polar star o' the heart o' man.  
There's beauty in man's commanding frame ;  
There's beauty in earth, in air, in sea ;  
But there never was beauty that tongue could name  
Like the smile of love in a fond young e'e.

*James Hogg.*

---

96. THE FORSAKEN.

GO, youth beloved, in distant glades  
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!  
 Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,  
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.  
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,  
 Must never be my happy lot;  
 But thou may'st grant this humble prayer:  
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress  
 Too painful to thy feelings be,  
 Heed not the wish I now express,  
 Nor ever deign to think on me.  
 But ah! if grief thy steps attend,  
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
 And thou require a soothing friend,  
 Forget me not! forget me not!

*Mrs. Opie.*

97. LOVE.

CAN I forget a time of generous bliss,  
 Of trembling hope and boundless happiness,  
 When neither self nor sorrow durst assail?  
 That day I'll sing till my remembrance fail!  
 When winter's stern and sullen reign was o'er,  
 And the slow wave fell lighter on the shore;  
 When spring-tide lengthened far the jocund eve,  
 And the red sun still lingered o'er the wave;  
 When little wild birds sought the forest land,  
 And poured their lays so melting and so bland,  
 All grew enchantment to my youthful view;  
 The virgin's cheek turned of a rosier hue;  
 The amber clouds that hung above the west,  
 The violet's hue, the daisy's snowy vest,



All wore a charm mine eye had never viewed.  
What could it mean? Was nature all renewed?  
I saw her new endearing glories well;  
I looked and sighed, but why I could not tell.  
Love! What had love to do with earth or sky,  
Or aught beyond a maiden's blithesome eye?  
It was not love that I was free to say.  
Ah me! Too soon she proved her sovereign sway!  
'Twas she that lent the beauties to the scene,  
Painted the clouds and bloomed along the green,  
Cheered every gambol, warbled from the spray,  
And called the soul's young visions into play.

Celestial love! When first in Eden's bower  
The dire commotions of the soul had power,  
When angels turned the pitying eye away  
From beauty's fall, and nature's first decay;  
When first thy balm the wounded spirit knew,  
From heaven descending downward like the dew;  
And since that time, if aught may ease the smart  
Of future anguish pillow'd on the heart,  
It is the transport of thy blissful hour,  
When smiles the eye of beauty's sweetest flower.  
Oh, when two hearts in each fond hope combine,  
Who would at the award of heaven repine;  
Or who would change the joys his soul that thrill  
For immortality of human ill?

Say lives there, Earth, upon thy teeming breast,  
One human thing so sordid and unblest  
As ne'er that highest boon of heaven to know  
The source, the balm of mortal life below?  
Whose heart the smiles of beauty never moved?  
Who ne'er as husband nor as parent loved?  
No blessed spirit e'er that face shall greet,  
For angel fellowship and heaven unmeet.

Gem of the soul! O be thy treasures mine!  
Thy draughts of rapture from the spring divine;

---

The half-assenting lip, averted eye,  
And moistened glowing cheek in mine to lie;  
The cordial link, the soul's eternal spring,  
Lightening the woes that round our nature cling.  
Our present joys, our happiness to be  
In earth and heaven, must emanate from thee.

Thou art that feeling, generous and refined,  
The hallowed scion grafted on the mind,  
That in its blossom, though with blush repressed,  
Verges to beauty or congenial breast;  
But heaven-deserted, still its tendrils spread  
Round nature's bosom, the living and the dead,  
Till at the last, the sun and stars above,  
'Tis grafted in the fields of light and love,  
In that blest land from whence its being came,  
To bloom through all eternity the same.

*James Hogg.*

98. THE FORSAKEN.

FARE thee well! 'Tis meet we part,  
Since other ties and hopes are thine;  
Pride that can nerve the lowliest heart  
Will surely strengthen mine!  
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,  
Repress each struggling sigh;  
Call back the thoughts thou ledd'st astray,  
Then lay me down and die!

Fare thee well! I'll not upbraid  
Thy fickleness or falsehood now;  
Can the wild taunts of love betrayed  
Repair one broken vow?

\* \* \* \* \*

Fare thee well! On yonder tree.  
The leaf is fluttering in the blast,  
Withered and sere—a type of me,  
For I shall fade as fast :  
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou  
Thy wandering heart to save  
From the keen pangs that wring mine now ;  
I have but one—the grave!

---

## 99. THE MADNESS OF LOVE.

**B**LEST as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softy speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gazed in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost ;

My bosom glowed, the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sank, and died away.

*Sappho.*

---

## 100. HYMN TO VENUS.

**O** VENUS! beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily false in gentle smiles  
Full of love-perplexing wiles!  
Oh, goddess! from my heart remove  
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft distress preferr'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
Oh, gentle goddess, hear me now;  
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,  
And all the golden roofs above,  
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,  
Hovering in air they lightly flew;  
As to my bower they wing'd their way,  
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiss (while you remain),  
Bore back their swifty car again;  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In every heavenly feature smil'd?  
And ask'd what new complaints I made,  
And why I called you to my aid.

*Sappho.*

## 101. HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

**H**E never said he loved me,  
Nor hymned my beauty's praise;  
Yet there was something more than words  
In his full, ardent gaze:

He never gave his passion voice ;  
Yet on his flushing cheek  
I read a tale more tender far  
Than softest tones could speak !

He never said he loved me ;  
Yet when none else were nigh,  
How could I hear, and doubt the truth ?  
His low unbidden sigh,  
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,  
That faint sweet breath above ;  
What for me could syllable so well  
The tale of hope and love ?

He never said he loved me ;  
He silent worship vowed,  
The deep devotion of his soul  
He never breathed aloud ;  
Though if he raised his voice in song,  
As swelled each tenderer tone,  
It seemed as if designed to reach  
My ear and heart alone !

He never said he loved me ;  
Yet the conviction came,  
Like some great truth that stirs the soul  
Ere yet it knows its name :  
Some angel-whisper of a faith  
That long defied our ken,  
And made us almost feel that life  
Had scarce begun till then !

And have I said / love him ?  
Alas for maiden pride,  
That feeling he hath ne'er revealed,  
I have not learned to hide !  
And yet clairvoyant Love informs  
His votaries' hearts so well,  
That long before 'tis time to speak  
There's nothing left to tell.

*Alaric A. Watts.*

---

102. THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

**B**Y all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,  
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,  
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,  
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright  
As the depths of spring skies in their noontide array ;  
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,  
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day ;

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,  
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace ;  
Whose innocent heart, ever buoyant and blithe,  
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,  
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds ;  
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,  
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds :

With a bosom whose chords are so tenderly strung,  
That a word, nay a look, will awaken its sighs ;  
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,  
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

In my moments of mirth, and glitter, and glee,  
When my soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,  
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,  
And the bumper I quaff is a bumper to Fanny.

But when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,  
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,  
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief  
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen.

And when sorrow and joy are so blended together  
 That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;  
 When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather,  
 I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both.

' But since I *must* fix or on black eyes or blue,  
 Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;  
 Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue  
 Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose.'

Thus murmured a Bard, predetermined to marry,  
 But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,  
 That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,  
 He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So trusting that Fortune would favour the brave,  
 He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;  
 Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,  
 And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay.

*A. A. Watts.*

— o o —

103. I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

I WILL never love thee more,  
 Though I loved thee once so well:  
 Why, a prodigal the store  
 Of my bosom's inmost cell,  
 Should waste on one who ne'er  
 Won a truthful heart before?  
 Let who will thy favour share,  
 I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more!  
 Wherefore to an idol bow,  
 Why a deity adore,  
 Heartless, hollow, cold as thou?

Fools the facile smiles may win,  
That 'twas mine to win of yore;  
Worship misapplied is sin,  
I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more,  
Though I loved thee once so well;  
Love's illusive hour is o'er,  
Take then, take my last farewell!  
Should thy practised wiles again  
Touch some truthful bosom's love,  
Be the thought not stirred in vain,  
Why I ne'er can love thee more.  
*A. A. Watts.*

104. A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I'LL not believe I am not loved,  
Although his words are few;  
The deepest streams have ever proved  
As cold and silent too.

He never said my form was fair,  
My cheek might shame the rose;  
And yet the smile that others share  
O'er him a shadow throws.

Wit's arrows pass him harmless by,  
A Cymon's self might move;  
Each shaft directed by a sigh,—  
The eloquence of love.

And when I sing the stirring songs  
That charm all other ears,  
His trembling voice his purpose wrongs,  
He cannot praise—for tears.



But should another claimant rise,  
And gentle words bespeak,  
The lightning flashes to his eyes,  
The heart-blood to his cheek!

I know I rule his bosom's chords,  
A despot on my throne;  
When will he give his feelings words,  
And take me for his own?

*A. A. Watts.*



105. THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

GO forth, for she is gone!  
With the golden light of her wavy hair,  
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,  
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!  
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,  
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,  
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and, like her, be free!  
With thy radiant wing, and thy glowing eye;  
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,  
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?  
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?  
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,  
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not, but she is gone!  
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,  
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;  
She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,  
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,  
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;  
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!  
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,  
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,  
Around us, but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!  
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers  
Which the bright day rears in her Eastern bowers;  
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour  
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,  
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed;  
But it wins her back no more!

*Mrs. Hemans.*



6. THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN TO HER LOVER.

O H! lost to faith, to peace, to heaven!  
Canst thou a recreant be  
To Him whose life for thine was given,  
Whose cross endured for thee?  
Canst thou, for earthly joys, resign  
A love immortal, pure, divine,—  
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,  
And cleave unchanged to me?

Thou canst not, and 'tis breathed in vain,  
Thy sophistry of love!  
Though not in pride or cold disdain  
Thy falsehood I reprove.

---

Inly my heart may bleed ; but yet  
Mine is no weak, no vain regret ;  
Thy wrongs to me I might forget ;  
But not to Him above.

Cease then! thy fond, impassioned vow,  
In happier hours so dear,  
(No virgin pride restrains me now)  
I must not turn to hear !  
For still my erring heart might prove  
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love,  
And tears, though feigned and false, might move,  
And prayers, though insincere.

But no! the tie so firmly bound  
Is torn asunder now ;  
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,  
It recks not to avow.  
Go thou to fortune and to fame ;  
I sink to sorrow, suffering, shame,  
Yet think, when glory gilds thy name,  
I would not be as thou.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem  
The bosom all thine own ;  
'Thou know'st in joy's enlivening beam,  
Or fortune's adverse frown,  
My pride, my bliss, had been to share  
Thy hopes—to soothe thine hours of care—  
With thee the martyr's cross to bear,  
Or win the martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er! but never from my heart  
Shall time thine image blot ;  
The dreams of other days depart,—  
*Thou* shalt not be forgot ;  
And never in the suppliant sigh,  
Poured forth to Him who sways the sky,  
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not!

Farewell! and oh! may He whose love  
Endures, though man rebel,  
In mercy yet thy guilt remove,  
Thy darkening clouds dispel!  
Where'er thy wandering steps decline;  
My fondest prayers—nor only mine,—  
The aid of Israel's God be thine,  
And in His name—farewell!

*Rev. Thomas Dale.*

107. THE LAST SEPARATION.

WE shall not rest together, love!  
When death has wrenched my heart from thine,  
The sun may smile thy grave above,  
When clouds are dark on mine.  
I know not why—since in the tomb  
No instinct fires the silent heart—  
And yet it seems a thought of gloom,  
That we should ever part;—

That, journeying through the toils once past,  
Thus hand in hand, and side by side,  
The rest we reach should at the last  
The weary ones divide;  
That the same breezes should not sigh  
The self-same funeral boughs among, —  
Nor o'er *some* grave at daybreak die  
The night-bird's lonely song.

A foolish thought! for *we* are not  
The things that rest beneath the sod;  
The very shapes we wore forgot,  
When near the smile of GOD.  
A foolish thought—yet human, too!  
For love is not the soul's alone;  
It winds around the form we woo—  
The *mortal* we have known!

The eyes that speak such tender truths,  
The lips that every care assuage—  
The hand that thrills the heart in youth,  
And smooths the couch in age,—  
With these—THE HUMAN—human love  
*Will* twine its thoughts and weave its doom,  
And still confound the life above  
With death beneath the tomb!

And who shall tell, in yonder skies,  
What earthlier instincts we retain —  
What link to souls released supplies  
The old material chain?  
The stars that pierced this darksome state  
May fade in that meridian shore,—  
And human love, like human hate,  
Be memory, and no more.

We will not think it—for in vain  
Were all our dreams of heaven could show.  
Without the hope to love again  
What we have loved below!  
But still the heart will haunt the well,  
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken,—  
And treasure, in the narrow cell,  
The past's most holy token!

Or wherefore grieve above the dead?  
Why bid the rose-tree o'er them bloom?  
Why fondly deck their dismal bed,  
And sanctify the tomb?  
'Tis through the form the soul we love,  
And hence, the thought *will* chill the heart,  
That, though our souls may meet above,  
Our forms shall rest apart!

*Lord Lytton.*

108. WOMEN.

**Y**E are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,  
 Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn ;  
 And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,  
 When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast.  
 And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,  
 Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart ;  
 'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,  
 In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend ;  
 And prosperity's hour, be it ever confest,  
 From woman receives both refinement and zest ;  
 And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the willow,  
 Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

109. THE LOVER'S VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY,  
 HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED.

**S**ET me whereas the sunne dothe parche the grene,  
 Or where his beames do not dissolve the yse ;  
 In temperate heate where he is felt and sene ;  
 In presence prest of people mad or wise :  
 Set me in low or yet in high degree ;  
 In longest night, or in the shortest daye ;  
 In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be ;  
 In lustie youth, or when my heeres are graye :  
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or els in hell ;  
 In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood ;  
 Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell ;  
 Sicke or in health, in evil fame or good,  
 Hers will I be ; and only with this thought  
 Content myself, although my chaunce be naught.

*Earl of Surrey.*

## 110. INVOCATION TO LOVE.

SPIRIT of beauty, that in upper air  
Thy wings in dews of Eden steepest,  
Oh hear!  
Where'er  
Thy throne thou keepest,  
Or far or near,  
In ether pure, or mid the cloudlands fair!

Cast down thine alien bow,  
Which first unto thy faltering hand was given,  
When thy young form the Grecian father drew,  
In ages long ago;  
Ere yet, by *thee* inspired, he knew  
To robe thee, mercy-like, in hues of heaven,  
Or paint thee meek in humanising woe.

Spirit divine!  
Wherever shine  
Those stars—those soul-awakening eyes of thine  
Whose bluer orbs make the blue sky seem pale  
Till, envy-filled, she draws a veil  
Of earth-born clouds before our mortal view.  
Look down—look down!  
Thou gentlest Love! art mortal too  
—In all save death.

Thy brows are girt with an immortal crown;  
And, though thou feelest every sigh  
That hovering waits on human breath,  
Thou canst not die!

Oh! bend thine eyes upon the weeping earth.  
Which since its earliest birth,  
Like a poor orphan, fuller sorrow fears,  
Hath walked in tears!

Thou art an orphan, Love!  
Thy history's page was yet unrolled,  
When, in that dim tale of old,

'They gave thee Beauty for thy mother ;  
There dwelleth not another  
Like unto thee, in all those worlds above—  
Thou standest as thou ever stood'st—alone !  
Homeless thou art,  
Save in the universal heart  
Of man, whose soul adopts thee for its own.  
Some unimagined being was thy sire—  
Some glorified and crownèd spirit,  
From whom thou dost inherit  
Thy deep devotion's heavenly fire.  
Thy mother, born where humbler planets roll,  
Lent thee thy soft humility of soul !  
Unchanged, unfaded by the passing hours,  
Sweet spirit, thou art ours  
In woe or weal ;  
Thou knowest, and canst feel,  
How many pangs our bosom-shrine surround ;  
All ties,  
All human sympathies,  
Keep thee for ever to that altar bound.  
If 'neath the holy light of day,  
Thou sportest with the child at play,  
Thou fillest up the little space  
Between it and its mother's face,  
Till it can nor feel nor see  
Aught on earth, save her and thee ;  
While, as she smooths its clustering hair,  
Her tears fall on thee unaware !  
Before thy throne the poet kneels in prayer ;  
He hears thy footstep in the softening shower,  
Thy voice amid the storm,  
And sees thy form  
In every flower !  
And we who walk in darkness--we too feel  
Thy chastening presence round us steal.  
Ah ! who our wounds should heal,  
If thou wert far ?



And if, alas! we blindly war  
 In an unnatural, unholy strife,  
 With thee, our strength, our fountain and our life,  
 'Tis but thy mortal part which we would cast  
 Back in the dark and perishable past.

Yet pardon, mighty Love!  
 In that our human hearts are anguish-riven.

In vain  
 We burst our chain;  
 Thou reignest still, whose kingdom is above;  
 Conquered on earth, but glorified in heaven.

*Miss E. L. Montagu.*

III. HOW BY A KISS THE LOVER FOUND  
 BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE that gave the bee so feate a grace  
 To find honey of so wondrous fashion,  
 Hath taught the spyder out of the same place  
 To fetch poyson by strange alteration.  
 Though this be strange, it is a stranger case  
 With one kiss, by a secret operation,  
 Both these at once in those your lips to finde,  
 In change whereof I leave my heart behinde.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

112. THE FIRST.

THE first, the first! Oh, nought like it  
 Our after years can bring,  
 For summer hath no flowers so sweet  
 As those of early spring.  
 The earliest storm that strips the tree,  
 Still wildest seems and worst;  
 Whate'er hath been again may be,  
 But never as at first;

For many a bitter blast may blow  
O'er life's uncertain wave,  
And many a thorny thicket grow  
Between us and the grave.  
But darker still the spot appears  
Where thunder-clouds have burst  
Upon our green unblighted years—  
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy, perchance 'twas vain,  
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,  
The heart indeed may hope again,  
But can rejoice no more.  
Life hath no glory to bestow  
Like it—unfallen, uncursed;  
There may be many an after-glow,  
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on  
Through manhood's toil and strife,  
But never can they shine as shone  
The morning stars of life.  
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,  
Though long and fondly nursed,  
Yet still they want the fearless faith  
Of those that bless'd us first.

Its first love deep in memory  
The heart for ever bears;  
For that was early given and free,  
Life's wheat without the tares.  
It may be Death hath buried deep,  
It may be Fate hath cursed,  
But yet no later love can keep  
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,  
The lights or shadows cast  
Upon the dawning of our day  
Are with us to the last.

But ah! the morning breaks no more;  
On us, as once it burst;  
For future springs can ne'er restore  
The freshness of the first.

*Frances Brown.*

---

113. LOVE'S GIFT.—THE RUBY AND THE PEARL

**R**UBY, a gem of the Sylphic race,  
Glowing with ardour, and beaming with grace,  
From whose eye shot a radiance, chaste, brilliant, and  
warm,  
The mellow of splendour, the softness of charm,  
Enamour'd became of a graceful girl,  
Of earthly mould, and he named her Pearl.

And, O, that maiden was lily fair,  
Perfect her form as true Cerites are.  
And, O, how modest that maid serene!  
And, O, how polish'd that maiden's mien:  
Pure as polish'd that graceful girl;  
And Ruby he glowed for the lovely Pearl.

Still as he hover'd the maiden nigh,  
And caught the mild ray of her chasten'd eye,  
His ardour while gazing on one so meek  
Reflected a blush on her maiden cheek;  
Ah! 'twas not the blush of a graceless girl,  
That tinted the cheek of the lovely Pearl.

He seem'd a sun, as the sun seems oft,  
Ruby red, with mild beams of gold;  
And she like the moon beam'd rays as soft  
As brighten the revels that fairies hold;  
And Ruby he sighed for that graceful girl,  
While artlessly listen'd the lovely Pearl.

He sung, ' O I am a spirit of air,  
A mortal thou, as refined as fair,  
And sylphs may celestial converse hold  
With the pure and the lovely of mortal mould;  
And worthy art thou, O graceful girl,  
The love of the Ruby, O beauteous Pearl.

' I'll build for thy beauty a jessamine bower,  
Type of thyself that virgin flower,  
And the leaves of that flower shall be emblems seen  
Of constancy, grac'd by the emerald's green;  
O bless that bower, thou graceful girl,  
Where Ruby shall listen to lovely Pearl.

' I'll weave thee a wreath of the golden ray,  
And thy tresses shall diamond stars display;  
The nymphs of the ocean thy birth shall tell,  
And, O, thou shalt ride in their cars of shell;  
In the grots of coral, O graceful girl,  
Shall Ruby beam light for the lovely Pearl.'

The virgin, she listen'd to love's soft lay,  
To love as pure as the moonbeam's ray;  
But O, she had sisters, alike the whole  
In face and in form, and in softness and soul;  
And meeting alone each graceful girl,  
Ruby fancied that each was his lovely Pearl.

And every virgin the sylph had seen,  
And every virgin the sylph had won;  
Every sister his song had been,  
And ear to his praises refused him none;  
But meeting together each graceful girl,  
Ruby glow'd for all round as his lovely Pearl.

The power of witchery saw the scene,  
The spirit of spite was fill'd with spleen;  
By magic art in a golden spell  
She bound them for ever and aye to dwell;

---

With the Ruby she fired ev'ry graceful girl,  
And surrounded he stood by each lovely Pearl.  
And Love he wept, and the sylphs complain'd,  
But the witching spirit her spell maintain'd ;  
Love called it a *ring*, and resolved it should prove  
A type of the pure and the ardent love ;  
And love's gift, in a ring, to a graceful girl,  
Is ruby encircled by lovely pearl.

*C. Dibdin.*

---

114. DREAMS.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,  
When absent souls in fancy meet.

I DREAMT that at even a white mist arose  
Where the hedgerow brambles twist ;  
I thought that my love was a sweet wild rose,  
And I the silvery mist !  
And sweetly I beaded her pale red charms  
With many a diamond speck ;  
And softly I bent up my wat'ry arms,  
And hung round her beautiful neck.  
O me ! what a heavenly berth !  
I revell'd all night  
Till the moon came bright,  
Then sank at her feet down again in the earth.

I dreamt that my love was a sweet wild pea,  
All cover'd with purple bloom ;  
And I, methought, was an amorous bee  
That lov'd the rich perfume.  
Large draughts of nectar I sat to sip  
In a bean-leaf just below ;  
I breathed her breath, and I kiss'd her lip,  
And she was as white as snow.  
O me ! what a beautiful task !  
For there I lay  
Till eve grew grey,  
While she in the sun's bright gleam did bask.

Again—I was where the pale moon did line  
The forest with silver bright ;  
I thought my love was a wild woodbine,  
And I a zephyr light  
' Welcome,' said I, ' where the bramble weaves  
Around us a guard of thorns ;'  
And sweetly I tangled myself in her leaves  
And fann'd her red-streaked horns ;  
By the music of which we led  
A gay dance about,  
Till old night came out  
To rock us to sleep in his dusky bed.

FROM THE ARABIC OF TOGRAI.

[ THOU sleep'st while the eyes of the planets are watching,  
Regardless of love and of me.  
sleep : but my dreams, at thy lineaments catching,  
Present me with nothing but thee.

hou art chang'd, while the colour of night changes not  
Like the fading allurements of day ;  
am changed, for all beauty to me seems a blot  
While the joy of my heart is away.



115. FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well !  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again !

Though the world for this commend  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
E'en its praises must offend thee  
Sounded on another's woe.

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found  
Than the one which once embraced me  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own life retaineth;  
Still must mine, though bleeding, be  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

There are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wakes us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'  
Though his

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither—yet with ~~thee~~ they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken:  
Pride, which not a world can bow,  
Bows to thee, by thee forsaken ;  
E'en my soul forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still,  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Scared in heart, and lone, and blighted—  
More than this I scarce can die.

*Lord Byron.*

---

116. LOVE.

THERE is a love that towers o'er time,  
That knows no bound of space or clime,  
Of nature matchless and sublime,  
And such I felt for thee.

Whence were the tears that dimm'd my eye,  
Wherefore the deep and sacred sigh,  
And whence the blush of crimson dye  
Whene'er I thought on thee?



Mine was a love that speech o'erpast,  
And proof to sorrow's bitterest blast;  
The hope it cherish'd first to last  
Was ever bent on thee.

Oh! waste of fondness! shall the snow  
That, high on Hecla's frozen brow,  
Feels not the sun's Promethean glow  
Be emblem meet of thee.

Ah yes! too late conviction brings  
Home to my soul her piercing stings,  
And sickening hope no longer clings  
To aught that looks like thee.

But far more cruel 'tis to find  
Thou dost not bear that lofty mind—  
*That spirit*—soaring o'er its kind,  
That once seemed lodged in thee.

And as the ling'ring beams of day  
With faint and fainter radiance play,  
The enchanted vision sinks away,  
That owed its spell to thee.

Farewell—for ever from my heart  
I bid its worshipp'd idol part;  
And wheresoe'er or whose thou art,  
'Tis nothing now to me.

---

#### 117. THE KEEPSAKE.

OH! know'st thou why, to distance driven,  
When friendship weeps the parting hour,  
The simplest gift that moment given,  
Long, long retains a magic power?

Still, when it meets the missing view,  
Can half the theft of time retrieve,  
The scenes of former bliss renew,  
And bid each dear idea live ?

It boots not if the pencill'd rose,  
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye,  
Or India's sparkling gems enclose  
The talisman of sympathy !

' Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake !'  
On fancy's ear still breathes the sound ;  
Ne'er time the potent charm shall break,  
Nor loose the spell Affection bound.



118. LINES BY ———.

O lady ! I have seen thee often,  
But never knew thee half so fair ;  
I've marked the moon thy beauty soften,  
And loved thee gilding fashion's glare.

And now, beside this lamp alone,  
Why beams that eye so bright to me ;  
Why hast not so on others shone,  
Why were they so unblest'd by thee ?

Another's eye as dark as thine  
Hath flash'd a soul perhaps as high,  
And others' locks as lovely twine  
On brows would soothe as deep a sigh :

As snow-surpassing bosoms heave  
With words as sweet and tones as swelling ;  
As heaven-descended footsteps leave  
As warm a heart, as sad a dwelling.

Thee or thine I deem they are not ;  
I'm bound to thee, none can unbind ;  
For all but for thyself I care not,  
Thyself alone—thyself of mind.

Lov'st thou me, loveliest lady? say!  
Thou dost—thou dost—that blessed tear,  
That blush, oh tell me! yet delay,  
'Tis what I dare not hope to hear.

Yes! now I know that look of light ;  
'Tis love, forgotten be it never ;  
It turns to day my life of night ;  
Oh live! oh live! that look for ever!



### 119. LOVE'S LAST LETTER.

TO ———

I CANNOT enter death's dark gloom,  
And the lone gliding spectres see  
That knell me to an early tomb  
Without one tender thought of thee:

Thee, on whose breast in scorn of death  
I could have laid my aching head,  
And caught thy lips' reviving breath  
That could have kept me from the dead.

And were they vain—the vows, the sighs,  
We bade the conscious heavens attest,  
When, smiling under kinder skies,  
You said I should be truly blest?

How have the fancied forms of bliss  
Misled my steps, beguil'd my heart!  
They show me now a dark abyss,  
And cry, ' Prepare with life to part.'

Ther too they show me, beauteous maid,  
    Lov'd, courted, prais'd by happier men ;  
Oh hide me in death's murkiest shade,  
    Lest my eyes meet the sight again :

Lest my fond heart, whose ebbing tide  
    Should feel the force of love divine,  
Still flow with fires unsanctified,  
    And forfeit mercy's smile for thine.

No hoarded treasures I possess'd,  
    No titled name, no pageantry,  
But there was beating in my breast,  
    A heart that could have died for thee.

For thee, for thee alone I prayed ;  
    Thou wert my soul's delighted choice,  
By meek simplicity arrayed,  
    And guided by her artless voice.

I thought thou would'st not, love ! have scorn'd  
    The humble lot which thy dear smile  
So sweetly would have long adorned,  
    And cheer'd my hours of anxious toil.

Thou should'st have been where'er I went,  
    The jewel of my doating breast ;  
And when a pang thy bosom rent,  
    I would have sooth'd it, love ! to rest.

Thy lover, though thy husband I,  
    And thou the still endearing wife,  
No happier pair beneath the sky  
    E'er pulled the thornless rose of life.

But fate a dreadful gulf has thrown  
    Between thee and my sickening heart ,  
It yawns for me, for hope is flown,  
    And life is fluttering to depart.

And friends—for here profession ends,  
 And all the flowers of speech are gone—  
 Fictitious flowers, fictitious friends,  
 That fly the death-bed sad and lone.

Oh, when like these the Graces fly,  
 And Joy has ceas'd her song of glee,  
 And thus thou lay'st thee down to die,  
 What will thy heart's emotions be?

Who then, when thoughts thou canst not shun,  
 Shall all thy broken vows renew,  
 Will soothe thee as I would have done,  
 And watch as I was wont to do?

But blessed, blessed may'st thou be  
 When I, alas! am lowly laid,  
 And may no tender thought of me,  
 Lov'd fair! thy smiling prospects shade.

The flowers we rear'd will bloom as gay,  
 The walks we lov'd appear as green,  
 And vernal suns to gild thy way  
 Shall shine, as if I ne'er had been.

*Carey.*

120. SONNET.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
 But came the waves and washèd it away;  
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
 But came the tide and made my pains his prey.  
 'Vain man,' said she, 'that dost in vain essay  
 A mortal thing so to immortalise;  
 For I myself shall like to this decay,  
 And eke my name be wiped out likewise.'

Not so, quoth I ; let baser things devise,  
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame ;  
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternise,  
 And in the heavens write your glorious name ;  
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,  
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

*Edmund Spenser.*

121. TO LADY IRWIN.

WHY will Delia thus retire,  
 And languish life away ?  
 While the sighing crowd admire,  
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea ;  
 All these dismal looks and fretting  
 Cannot Damon's life restore,  
 Long ago the worms have eat him,  
 You can never see him more.  
 Once again consult your toilet,  
 In the glass your face renew,  
 So much reading soon will spoil it,  
 And no spring your charms renew.  
 I, like you, was born a woman,  
 Well I know what vapours mean ;  
 The disease, alas ! is coming,  
 Single, we have all the spleen.  
 All the morals that they tell us  
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet ;  
 Choose among the pretty fellows  
 One of humour, youth, and wit ;  
 Prithee, hear him every morning  
 For at least an hour or two,  
 Once again at night returning,  
 I believe the dose will do.

*Lady M. W. Montague.*

## 122. THE ANSWER.

**T**HO' Delia oft retires,  
 'Tis not from spleen or hate.  
 No lovers she desires  
 Nor envies others' fate.  
 Tho' her Damon's dead; 'tis true,  
 Yet he lives in Delia's heart;  
 None a constancy can show,  
 Where a virtue has no part.  
 Should she consult her toilet,  
 Alas! she'll quickly find  
 Her face there's nought can spoil it,  
 So she'll improve her mind.  
 If the morals that they tell us  
 Cannot cure us of despair,  
 I believe the pretty fellows  
 Will bring us only double care.  
 'Tis our interest then to shun 'em,  
 Since their practice it is such,  
 They who venture boldly on 'em  
 Often find one dose too much.  
*Lady Irwin.*



## 123. LOVE.

**O** HAPPY love! where love like this is found,  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.  
*Robert Burns.*

## 124. LOVE.

**T**HEY sin who tell us love can die.  
With life all other passions fly :  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth :  
They perish where they have their birth ;—  
But love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppress,  
It here is tried and purified.  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :  
soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there.

*Southey.*

## 125. LOVE.

**I**N peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above .  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*Scott.*

## 126. LOVE.

**T**RUE love, the gift which God has given  
To man alone, beneath the heaven.  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly :



It liveth not in fierce desire,  
    With dead desire it doth not die.  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silken link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Scott.*

127. THE MOSSY SEAT.

THE landscape hath not lost its look ;  
Still rushes on the sparkling river ;  
Nor hath the gloominess forsook  
    These granite crags, that frown for ever ;  
Still hangs around the shadowy moss,  
    Whose sounds but murmur solitude ;  
The raven's plaint, the linnet's song,  
    The stork-dove's coo, in grief repining,  
In mingled echoes, steal along ;  
    The setting sun is brightly shining,  
And clouds above, and hills below,  
    Are burning in his golden glow.

It is not meet, it is not fit,  
    Though fortune all our hopes have thwarted,  
Whilst on the very stone I sit  
    Where first we met and last we parted,  
That absent from my soul should be  
The thought that loves and looks to thee,  
Each happy hour that we have proved,  
    While love's delicious converse blended,  
As 'neath the twilight star we roved,  
    Unconscious where our progress ended ;—  
Still brings my mind a soft relief,  
And bids it love the 'joys of grief.'

What soothing recollections throng,  
    Presenting many a mournful token,  
That heart's remembrance to prolong,  
    Which then was blest—but now is broken !

I cannot—Oh! hast thou forgot  
 Our early loves—this hallowed spot?  
 I almost think I see thee stand'  
 I almost dream I hear thee speaking!  
 I feel the pressure of thy hand;  
 Thy living glance in fondness seeking—  
 Here all apart, by all unseen—  
 Thy form upon my arm to lean!

Though beauty bless the landscape still,  
 Though woods surround, and waters lave it,  
 My heart feels not the vivid thrill  
 Which long ago thy presence gave it.  
 Mirth—music—friendship, have no tone  
 Like that which with thy voice hath flown!  
 And memory only now remains  
 To whisper things that once delighted  
 Still—still I love to tread these plains—  
 To seek this sacred haunt benighted—  
 And feel a something sadly sweet  
 In resting on this MOSSY SEAT.      *J. Moir.*

#### 128. THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet  
 Lay silken heavy on her blbed cheek.  
 And on its fringe a tear, like the lone star  
 Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts  
 Of the western cloud that veils the April even.  
 The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,  
 Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,  
 That widen'd as the shower cleared off from heaven;  
 Her heart woke—a sudden beam of soul  
 Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek  
 Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

129. STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON  
READING ROMEO AND JULIET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

OF love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale!  
Then press it softly to thy gentle breast;  
I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek pale;  
I'll guess the wish that may not be confessed.  
Unhappy pair! and yet to them was given  
That earthly joy which tasteth most of heaven.  
Oh! sweet and bitter, let our mixt tears flow,  
Where on the grave of Love the drooping violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life :  
A life!—Ah! no; a wild, vain, hurrying dream—  
A tempest of pride, passion, sin, and strife—  
A deep, dark, restless, ever foaming stream,  
Where fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low.  
We feel the motion, know not where we go;  
Love only, like the oil upon the sea,  
Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

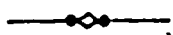
'Tis true, that they who love, are seldom born  
To a smooth destiny. Love buds in peace,  
But foulest wizards in the air have sworn  
To blast its beauty ere the leaves increase.  
The lovers dare not look—fiends watch their eyes;  
They dare not speak—fiends intercept their sighs;  
A spell is on them, mute, o'er mastering;  
Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark depressing wing.

But let the faint heart yield him as he may,  
Danger sits powerless on Love's stately breast;  
The lovers shrink not in the evil day;  
They are afflicted; but are not opprest.  
To die together, or victorious live—  
That first and holiest vow, 'tis theirs to give;  
United!—Though in fetters, they are free!—  
They care not, though the grave their bridal bed should be

It may be that if love's expanding flower  
Is forced to close before the storm's keen breath,  
That closing may protract the blooming hour  
Which is so short in all that suffers death.  
The silence, and the sorrow, and the pain  
May nourish that which they attack in vain.  
The lonely flame burns longest—humble sadness  
Is kindlier to Love's growth than free unvaried gladness.

But oh! how glorious shone their ruling star,  
Which carried them with budding loves to heaven;  
Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,  
With a full cup, which scarce to taste was given,  
While any remnant of terrestrial sin  
Had power to stain the holy draught within!  
They died:—Young Love stood by them calmly sighing,  
And fanned, with his soft wing, the terrors of the dying.

Read not of Juliet and her Romeo,  
With tragic trembling and uplifted hair;  
Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in thy woe,  
As in their death were that most innocent pair.  
Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams  
No torchlight; but a moon of tender beams.  
Then hate not love, because a Juliet died,  
But seek to sleep, like her, by a true lover's side.



130. SAPPHO.

LOOK on this brow! the laurel wreath  
Beamed on it, like a wreath of fire;  
For passion gave the living breath,  
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow! the lowest slave,  
The veriest wretch of want and care,  
Might shudder at the lot that gave  
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For from these lips were uttered sighs,  
That more than fever scorched the frame,  
And tears were rained from these bright eyes,  
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved! she felt the lightning-gleam,  
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;  
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,  
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,  
The last deep poison of the bowl,  
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,  
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride;  
She cast one weeping glance above,  
And buried in her bed the tide,  
The whole concentrated strife of Love.

*Dr. Croly.*

---

131. LOVE.

NAY, pray thee let me weep, for tears  
Are love's most fitting offerings—  
I'll weep his smiles, I'll weep his sighs,  
But, more than all, I'll weep his wings.  
I'll weep his smiles, for first they taught  
My young heart what his sighs could be;  
I'll weep his wings, for they have borne  
Away the truth you plighted me.

---

132. THE FORSAKEN HEART.

**M**Y heart is like a lonely lyre,  
Whose melody hath died away :  
The flame of a neglected fire,  
Burning away.

And thou art as the careless fingers,  
Which tore those tuneless strings away ;  
The gale, which as the last spark lingers,  
Wastes it away.

The world, the senseless world, remembers  
The music which hath passed away :  
Its tears have steeped the cold, cold embers ;  
But thou art gay.



133. LINES SENT WITH AN HOURGLASS TO  
A LADY ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**Y**ES, all things fade away  
That the soul cherishes and seeks on earth ;  
Fair flowers ! that do but bloom their summer's day,  
And are forgot—their being and their birth.

Youth hath its favoured hour  
Of fancies and high hopes, and dazzling dreams ;  
It flies—and with it all the glittering dower  
That to young bosoms the securest seems.

And manhood's hour comes next,  
Fevered and filled with the world's active thoughts ;  
Schemes and ambitions, till the spirit vexed,  
Finds that its hour hath fled—and left it nought !

Shortest and last is thine,  
Wasted on vain regrets and memories—Age!  
For while thy retrospects too brightly shine,  
The sand ebbs out. So doth thy pilgrimage.

Thus pleasure hath its hour!  
And grief, and pain, and peril have no more;  
Hatred and love, but the same transient power,  
Time but remains—ruling as heretofore.

On, conqueror of the earth!  
And fold not yet thy world-destroying wing;  
Still reign—while, scattering man's work and worth,  
Omnipotent o'er each created thing.

Thy end will come, Oh Time!  
When thou, a conqueror, shall conquered be;  
Thyself, thy victories, and thy power sublime,  
No more remembered in eternity.



## 134. TO LOUISA.

**I**F memory ever should whisper the name  
Of one who hath loved thee, not wisely, but well,  
And dwelt on thy charms with that passionate flame  
Which none but the soul of a poet can tell,—

Remember his heart was not tempered like those  
Who have never awoke to the exquisite touch,  
Which passion imparts to the bosom that glows,  
Till its error in love is in loving too much.

Remember, if fondness seduced him too far,  
The language that broke from thine eloquent eye:  
For who could be blind to so brilliant a star,  
If it beamed but on him, though a thousand were by?

And remember, whilst others are bound by its spell,  
With what ills and what anguish his spirit must cope,  
Who breathes thee this wild and eternal farewell;  
They hope while they love, but he loves without hope!

---

135. WITH A WHITE ROSE.

From a Lover of the house of York to his Mistress of the house of Lancaster.

IF this pale rose offend thy sight,  
Go place it in thy bosom fair,  
'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

---

136. THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WIND the spell, bind the spell;  
What is in it? Fond farewell!  
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,  
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it in the maiden's soul!  
Suns may set and years may roll;  
Yet, beneath the tender twine  
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,  
But the spell's as strong as deep!  
Anguish, distance, time are vain,  
Death alone can loose the chain.

---



## 137. LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I CANNOT stain this snowy leaf  
Without a sigh of pensive grief ;  
As musing on my days gone by,  
And those that still before me lie.  
I read a mournful emblem here,  
That few could read without a tear !  
For, as my musing eyes I cast  
Upon the pages that are past,  
I search them all, but search in vain,  
To find even one without a stain !  
But what has been, is not to be,  
The happy future yet is free ;  
Far as my forward eye can go,  
The future still is white as snow ;  
So free from stains, so free from cares,  
The tainted past it half repairs !  
It is a goodly sight—but oh !  
Too well within this heart I know  
That thy fair future, at the last,  
Shall be itself a tainted past.

*Walter Paterson.*



## 138. SILENT LOVE.

O H ! I could whisper thee a tale  
That surely would thy pity move ;  
But what would idle words avail  
Unless the heart might speak its love ?

To tell that tale my pen were weak ;  
My tongue its office too denies :  
Then mark it on my varying cheek,  
And read it in my languid eyes.

## 139. THE INCOGNITA.

*Written under the Portrait of an Unknown Lady.*

**U**PON her cheek the eye may trace  
The lineaments of heavenly grace ;  
A tender blush of rosy light,  
That wins and then detains the sight.  
It is not brilliant ; no, nor gay ;  
It is not pleasure's dazzling ray ;  
It does not wildly flash and burn,  
Like rich wines in a starry bowl ;  
But softly beams and shines, as roll  
Sweet waters from a crystal urn.  
It makes, albeit he strove in vain,  
The gazer turn to gaze again.  
It seems to speak in pensive tone  
Of childhood's happier moments flown ;  
Of loss of hopes too dearly prized,  
Dreams of delight unrealised.  
And all the waning fears that wring  
A woman's heart in love's first spring.

On her smooth brow her chestnut hair  
Descends, and makes a twilight there ;  
As softly shadowed and as sweet  
As that when light and darkness meet.  
On that pure tablet grief hath laid  
Her hand, but not one furrow made ;  
On that unsullied page, as yet,  
No impress of her seal is set.  
From those rich tresses to the view  
That dark eye takes a darker hue ;  
Full, glossy, brilliant, there the mind  
Sits like a deity enshrined ;  
Within its pupil works a spell  
Which fills the mind, we know not why,  
With scenes on which our thoughts would dwell,  
Of vanished hours of bliss gone by.

We gaze and grieve, and still we gaze,  
Upon that soul-appealing token ;  
And mourn that Time can never raise  
One flower like that his touch has broken.

---

140. THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

THE music ceas'd, the last quadrille was o'er,  
And one by one the waning beauties fled ;  
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,  
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I, a melancholy single man,  
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.  
I slept awhile ; but o'er my slumbers ran  
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys,  
Of happy moments and connubial blisses ;  
And then I thought of little girls and boys,  
The mother's glances and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all in sweet perspective sitting,  
In winter's eve, around a blazing fire,  
The children playing and the mother knitting,  
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was chang'd. In came the baker's bill ;  
I stared to see the hideous consummation  
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill  
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating : legs of mutton  
Were vanquished daily by this little host ;  
To see them you'd have thought each tiny glutton  
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smok'd upon the platter ;  
The ponderous sirloin rear'd its head in vain ;  
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter  
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.

Then came the school bill : board and education  
So much per annum ; but the extras mounted  
To nearly twice the primal stipulation ;  
And every little bagatelle was counted !

To mending tuck ; a new Homeri Ilias ;  
A pane of glass ; repairing coat and breeches ;  
A slate and pencil ; binding old Virgilius ;  
Drawing a tooth ; an open draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,  
The social converse and the dreamy Sunday,  
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,  
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.

Then Kate began to scold—I stamp'd and swore,  
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream ;  
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,  
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.



#### 141. THE SONG OF THE ZEPHYRS.

O'ER the lofty swelling mountain,  
O'er the running summer fountain —  
By the towering forest waving,—  
By the brook the willows laving,  
Wafting odorous airs along,  
We hear the mellow-breathing song.

Little wanton, wingèd rovers,  
Oft we tread the walks of lovers ;  
Witness smiles with passion glowing,  
Souls with tenderness o'erflowing,  
Vows that, faltering on the tongue,  
Mingle with our breezy song !

Oft we fan the flame that rushes  
O'er the maiden's cheek in blushes :  
Softly to her swain revealing,  
All the luxury of feeling,  
In her bosom—though so strong—  
Gentle as her airy song !

Oft we in our sportive duty,  
Kiss the dimpling cheek of beauty—  
And on soft ethereal winglets—  
Wanton in her sunny ringlets—  
Breathing, as we dance along,  
Liquid notes, of rapturous song !

When care's ever-rising bubble,  
Clouds the wanderer's soul with trouble,  
We, sweet pleasure's viewless minions,  
Fan his brow with balmy pinions,  
Chasing sorrow's shade along,  
With our spirit-stirring song.

While the sweets of eve diffusing,  
Oft we meet the poet musing,  
Mark his eye, sublime of glancing,  
With erratic thought entrancing !  
Catching inspiration strong  
From our soul-enchancing song.

Oft we waft the pious whispers  
Of the saints low-breathing vespers—  
Sighs of love—and tears of sorrow,—  
For our sweetest strains we borrow,  
Blowing on our wings along  
All the ecstasy of song.

---

142. LOVE.

OH! not when hopes are brightest,  
Is all love's sweet enchantment known ;  
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,  
Is all fond woman's fervour shown.  
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,  
And the cold world is clothed in gloom :  
When summer friends forsake us  
The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,  
That lures astray with treacherous spark ;  
Love is no transient taper,  
That lives an hour and leaves us dark,  
But, like the lamp that lightens  
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,  
The bosom's home it brightens  
When all beside is chill below.

*Pringle.*

143. SONG.

'T WAS sweet to look upon thine eyes,  
As they looked answering to mine own ;  
'Twas sweet to listen to thy sighs,  
And hear my name on every tone.

'Twas sweet to meet in yon lone glen,  
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed ;  
'Twas sweet to part, and think again  
The gentle thing that each had said.

But all this sweetness was not worth  
The tears that dimmed its after light ;  
Love is a sweet star at its birth,  
But one that sets in deepest night.

*L. E. L.*

## 144. LOVE'S LAST WORDS.

LIGHT be around thee, hope be thy guide,  
Gay be thy bark and smooth be the tide,  
Soft be the wind that beareth thee on,  
Sweet be thy welcome, thy wanderings done.

Bright be the hearth, may the eyes you love best  
Greet the long-absent again to his rest ;  
Be thy life like glad music which floateth away,  
As the gale lingering over the rose-tree in May.

But yet while thy moments in melody roll,  
Be one dark remembrance left on thy soul,  
Be the song of the evening thrice sad on thine ear—  
Then think how your twilights were passed away here.

And yet let the shadow of sorrowing be  
Light as the dream of the morning to thee !  
One fond, faint recollection, one last sigh of thine,  
May be granted to love so devoted as mine.

*L. E. L.*

---

145. DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC love! not in proud palace halls  
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;  
Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls  
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,  
With hum of bees around, and from the side  
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring  
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed,  
And many a bird to warble on the wing,  
When moon her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling

---

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given  
Of earthly happiness the golden key!  
These are the joyous hours of winter even,  
When the babes cling around their father's knee.  
And thine the soul, that on the midnight sea,  
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,  
And on its altar closed, for ever closed, thy plume.  
*Dr. Croly.*

---

146. LOVE.

A WAKE, my harp, some joyful measure!  
No longer breathe a pensive strain;  
Be, like my soul, attuned to pleasure,  
And never mourn again.

Awake, my harp, some joyful measure!  
'Twas love that taught thy strings to move;  
And love now fills my soul with pleasure;  
Then hymn the charms of love!

O Love! some call thy musings folly,  
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;  
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,  
Exalted,—raised,—refined.

And some there are who can dissemble  
The raptures of thy ardent flame;  
And some poor maidens start and tremble,  
If they but hear thy name.

But though thy charms were all illusion,  
Such dear deceits I still would seek;  
Thy mantling blush, thy soft confusion,  
Thy looks that more than speak.

---



Thou know'st, O Love! how I have blest thee,  
How oft for thee my heart hath beat;  
How oft in sorrow I've caress'd thee,  
And thought my sorrow sweet.

O Love! some call thy musings folly,  
Some call thee cruel, base, and blind;  
But thou, methinks, art pure and holy,  
Exalted,—raised,—refined.



147. STANZAS TO A LADY.

**A**CROSS the waves—away and far,  
My spirit turns to thee;  
I love thee as men love a star,  
The brightest where a thousand be,  
Sadly and silently;  
With love unstained by hopes or fears,  
Too deep for words, too pure for tears!

My heart is tutored not to weep;  
Calm, like the calm of even,  
Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,  
Hallows the hours I love to keep  
For only thee and heaven;  
Too far and fair to aid the birth  
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth!

And yet the days for ever gone,  
When thou wert as a bird,  
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,  
And singing in so soft a tone  
As I never since have heard,  
Will make me grieve that birds and things  
So beautiful, have ever wings!

And there are hours in the lonely night  
When I seem to hear thy calls,  
Faint as the echoes of far delight,  
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight  
Of distant waterfalls;—  
And then my vow is hard to keep,  
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep.

For I feel as men feel, when moonlight falls  
Amid old cathedral aisles;  
Or the wind plays sadly along the walls  
Of lonely and forsaken halls  
That we knew in their day of smiles;  
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,  
A tune he had learned in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,  
Lest the vision pass away,  
And the vigils that I love to keep  
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep  
That leaves me with the day;  
Like one who has travelled far to the spot  
Where his home should be—and finds it not!

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,  
Rise pleasant thoughts to me;  
For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,  
That thy spirit has come in those silent hours  
To meet me over the sea;  
And I feel in my soul, the fadeless truth  
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams, whose quiet tone  
Is unheard in the garish day,  
That utter a music all their own,  
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon  
Looks out to hear them play,—  
I knew not half thy gentle worth,  
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again!—  
And I would have it so ;  
For they tell me that the cloud of pain  
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain  
And touched thy looks with woe ;  
And I have heard that storm and shower  
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower !

I would not look upon thy tears,  
For I have thee in my heart,  
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years  
When we were, both, too young, for fears  
That we should ever part ;  
And I would not aught should mar the spell,  
The picture nursed so long and well ;

I love to think on thee, as one  
With whom the strife is o'er ;  
And feel that I am journeying on,  
Wasted, and weary, and alone,  
To join thee on that shore,  
Where thou, I know, wilt look for me,  
And I, for ever, be with thee !

*T. K. Hervey.*



148. LOVE.

**I**N joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ;  
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye  
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh ?  
Who hath not vowed, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?  
There he, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow ;  
There he whose loveless wisdom never failed,  
In self-adorning pride securely mailed ;—

But triumph not, ye peace enamoured few!  
 Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you!  
 For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
 Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;  
 'Tis yours, unmoved to sever or to meet;  
 No pledge is sacred and no home is sweet!  
 Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed  
 The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?  
 No! the wild bliss of nature needs alloy!  
 And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy;  
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
 Without the home that blighted love endears,  
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
 Oh! What were man? a world without a sun!  
 Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy-tinted bower!  
 In vain the viewless seraph lingering there  
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air!  
 In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,  
 To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;  
 In vain to soothe the solitary shade,  
 Aërial notes in mingling measure played;  
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;  
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,  
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—  
 The world was sad! the garden was a wild!  
 And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

*Campbell.*

149. LOVE.

**H**AIL, holy love! thou word that sums all human bliss,  
 Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most  
 Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,  
 Deepest when most is drawn; emblem of God!  
 O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!  
 Essence that binds the uncreated Three,

Chain that unites creation to its head,  
 Centre to which all being gravitates,  
 Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!  
 Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;  
 Instead of law fulfilling every law  
 Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,  
 Hop'st not, nor fear'st, but in the present liv'st,  
 And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms.  
 Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!  
 On earth mysterious, and mysterious still  
 In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonises all  
 The harps of paradise, the spring, the well,  
 That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky.  
 Hail love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss,  
 The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness,  
 The silken down of happiness complete!  
 Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,  
 She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,  
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,  
 All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,  
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;  
 And brings the holy mixture home, and fills  
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss!  
 But who would that expound which words transcend,  
 Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene  
 Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

*Pollok.*

## 150. LOVE.

TO sigh, yet feel no pain;  
 To weep, yet scarce know why;  
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
 Then thrown it idly by:  
 To kneel at many a shrine,  
 Yet lay the heart on none,

To think all other charms divine  
 But those we just have seen ;  
 This is love, careless love,  
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one raised flame  
 Thro' life unchill'd, unmov'd ;  
 To love in wintry age the same  
 That first in youth we lov'd ;  
 To feel that we adore  
 To such refin'd excess,  
 That tho' the heart would break with more,  
 We could not live with less ;  
 This is love, faithful love,  
 Such as saints might feel above.

*T. Moore.*

151. CAROLINE.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,  
 I'll teach my grotto green to be ;  
 And sing my true love all below  
 The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild wood scents to bring,  
 The sweet south wind shall wander by ;  
 And with the music of his wing,  
 Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
 Thou spirit of a milder clime !  
 Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
 Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
 Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
 Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
 Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,  
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,  
Come to my blossom woven shade,  
Thou wandering wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
Where Heaven and love their sabbath keep,  
Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould.

From some green Eden of the deep,  
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heard,  
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From some sweet Paradise afar,  
Thy music wanders distant, lost ;  
Where nature lights her leading star,  
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
To revel with the cloudless hours,  
In nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,  
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
A fairer form than cherub loves,  
And let the name be Caroline.

*Campbell*

---

152. THE QUARREL OF LOVE AND HYMEN

WHEN Love and Hymen both were boys,  
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,  
To show each other all their toys,  
And pass an afternoon together.

To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,  
And each with each was quite delighted ;  
Love shot his dart of surest aim,  
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.

But Hymen, soon, capricious elf  
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow),  
Told Love, he wished the bow himself,  
And then began to pout and bellow.

Love gave his friend the weapon straight,  
(Young Love is such a cheerful giver !)  
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,  
Chose his best bow and fullest quiver.

While each his proper arms possess'd,  
Men neither could nor would resist them ;  
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,  
And Cupid's arrows seldom missed them.

But, changing thus their arms about,  
The boys became perplex'd and stupid ;  
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,  
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.

'Twas this dissolved their union sweet,  
And broke affection's firmest tether :  
So now if Love and Hymen meet,  
They seldom sojourn long together.



## 153. TO HELEN.

THOUGH my visions of life are soon to depart,  
Yet sigh not, dear Helen ! thus deeply for me :  
The lingering pulsations that throb in my heart  
Are only its fond apprehensions for thee.



Oh, sad are the perils that compass thy way,  
For a season of sorrow and darkness is nigh :  
When the glowworm appears, at the close of the day,  
Her lustre betrays her, and dooms her to die.

For me, love ! no sweet wasting odours shall burn,  
No marble invoke thee to deck it with flowers,  
My ashes shall rest in a crystalline urn,  
And that urn be abroad in the sun and the showers.  
It shall lightly be swept by the cool blowing gale,  
When the gay-coloured evening shines cheerfully through  
Around it the shadows of twilight shall sail,  
And the mists of the morning embalm it in dew.

Sweet girl ! may thy relics be laid in that shrine !  
For though death we are told is unconscious of love,  
Yet it soothes me to hope they may mingle with mine,  
As our spirits will mingle for ever above.  
And if, when the race of our being is run,  
Any records remain of the loves that we bore,  
Our story shall be, that in life we were one,  
And in dying we met to be parted no more.

*Horace Twiss.*



#### 154. LOVE AND BEAUTY.

**I**N courts, where revel reigns, and passionate song  
Floats like a triumph on the Bacchant's breath,  
Ah ! what hath Love to do, unless prolong  
Its rare existence to a lingering death ?  
And die it must in war, the soldier saith ;  
Its voice is shiver'd by the trumpet's tone ;  
It sees the fiery fight, and lo ! 'tis flown.

It hath no home upon the weltering seas,  
 Or if it bideth there, on bitter food,  
 It feeds alone, trembling at each idle breeze,  
 Until it's blasted by the battle rude;  
 A gentle thing with gentle strength endured;  
 By absence killed, by scorn, as often slain  
 By poisonous pleasure as the sting of pain.

Fair Love! Beside the fountains and bright fields,  
 By running waters and in mossy glades,  
 (Tasting whatever the green quiet yields),  
 He roams from morning till the evening shades  
 Fall, and the world like a phantasma fades.  
 There roams he like a Sylvan, whom the air  
 Wormsaps - unwing'd, and making all his care.

There, night and day are his. The radiant sky  
 Is doubly beautiful, and sun and shower,  
 And rainbows, which upon the mountains lie,  
 And twice its common odour, hath the flower,  
 And doubly filled with joy is every hour;  
 And music hangeth on the winds and floods,  
 And lingereth in the caves and desert woods.

And in the populous forests thick with life,  
 Which deep and cool as Faunus ever knew  
 Are haunted only by melodious strife  
 Of birds or insects, when the year is new,  
 Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew,  
 And there the untiring seasons, bring for aye,  
 To night rich slumber, and fresh life to day.

And beauty, in her own eternal form

The same that watch'd the Dardæan shepherd young)  
 Abideth. Art doth never these deform,  
 The amaranthine hues which life hath flung  
 On lips and cheeks to crimson blushes stung;  
 But free as is the elemental air,  
 Nature and Beauty live—and both are fair.

Barry Cornwall.

## 155. LOVE AND REASON.

'TWAS in the summer-time so sweet,  
When hearts and flowers are both in seaso  
That—who, of all the world should meet,  
One early dawn, but Love and Reason.

Love told his dream of yesternight,  
While Reason talk'd about the weather;  
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,  
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,  
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,  
And from her portly figure threw  
A lengthen'd shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,  
Should find that sunny morning chill,  
For still the shadow Reason cast  
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,  
Or find a pathway not so dim,  
For still the maid's gigantic form  
Would pass between the sun and him!

'This must not be,' said little Love,  
'The sun was made for more than you;'  
So, turning through a myrtle grove,  
He bade the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy  
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;  
In every breeze inhaling joy,  
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,  
He culled the many sweets that shaded,  
And all the fruits, and smelt the flowers,  
Till taste was gone, and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,  
Look'd blazing o'er the parch'd plains;  
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,  
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,  
No more with vivid bloom he smiled;  
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,  
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,  
His foot at length for shelter turning,  
He saw the nymph reclining calm,  
With brow as cool as his was burning.

'Oh! take me to that bosom cold,'  
In murmurs at her feet he said;  
And Reason oped her garment's fold,  
And flung it round his fever'd head

He felt her bosom's icy touch,  
And, soon it chill'd his pulse to rest;  
For ah! the chill was quite too much,  
And Love expired on Reason's breast.

*T. Moore.*

156. WHO'LL BUY A HEART?

FROM THE SPANISH.

POOR heart of mine, tormenting heart!  
Long hast thou teased me—thou and I:  
May just as well agree to part:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who'll buy?

110

Like mendicants from door to door.

Here's prompt possession I might tell  
A thousand merits; come and try,—  
I have a heart—a heart to sell:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who

How oft beneath its folds lay hid  
The gnawing viper's tooth of woe—  
Will no one buy? will no one bid?  
It's going now. Yes! it must go!

So littled offer'd—it were well  
To keep it yet; but no, not I;  
I have a heart—a heart to sell:  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who?

I would 'twere gone! for I confess  
I'm tired, and longing to be freed;  
Come bid, fair maiden, more or less:  
So good—and very cheap indeed.

Once more—but once—I cannot dwell  
So long; 'tis going, going, fie!  
No offer! I've a heart to sell.  
Who'll buy a heart? who'll buy? who?  
*Johs*

---

For, though the sea in cloud-high waves may rise,  
 Though the storm rage, and felon winds revel,  
 He knows that sweet star beameth in the skies,  
 Unchangeable.

Alas! for him, who life's rough sea would try,  
 Fixing his gaze on meteors blazing far,  
 Making the changeful beam of beauty's eye  
 His polar star.

The seaman trusts, indeed, nor trusts in vain,  
 For constant are the bright-eyed host of heaven,  
 While the swift changing of the fickle main  
 To beauty's given.

But thou! who in the pride of beauty brave,  
 Shonest brighter than the fairest star on high,  
 Take not thy pattern from the fickle wave,  
 But from the sky.

## 158. CUPID'S PUNISHMENT AND REVENGE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MENZINI.

LISTEN, sweet ladies, listen,  
 Listen while I say  
 How Love was put in prison,  
 And bound the other day :  
 You who jeer and scoff him,  
 Will joy to hear it of him.

Some damsels had concerted  
 To take him unespied,  
 And by their strength exerted,  
 His hands behind him tied :  
 His wings of down and feather,  
 They twisted both together.

Ah! how his grief transcended,  
May hardly be expressed,  
And how his tears descended  
Upon his ivory breast.  
I tremble while I name it,  
To think how they o'ercame it.

These cruel, fair murd'resses.  
Stript both his feathery wings,  
And cropt the golden tresses  
He o'er his shoulder flings :  
While he still writhed in anguish,  
And more and more did languish.

To a huge oak they took him,  
That spread its arms in air,  
And then they all forsook him.  
And left him hanging there.  
Oh! was not this inhuman,  
Inflicted, too, by woman?

What would not be the horror,  
If love, indeed, were dead!  
The world's whole soul were sorrow,  
And all its joyance fled :  
Air, sea, without his presence,  
Would lose their chiefest pleasance.

But his immortal mother  
Beheld his agony ;  
First this band, then the other,  
She loosed, and let him free ;  
And, now his state was changed,  
He vow'd to be revenged.

She fill'd his burnish'd quiver  
With gold and leaden darts,  
And being no forgiver,  
With gold he pierced the hearts  
Of lovers, hopeless, friendless,  
And made their torments endless.

With leaden shaft, not forceless,  
 'Gainst happy lovers' state,  
 He aim'd with hand remorseless,  
 And turn'd their love to hate ;  
 Their hopes, long-cherished, blasting  
 With hatred everlasting.

Ye fair ones, who so often  
 At Cupid's power have laughed,  
 Your haughty carriage soften,  
 Beware his vengeful shaft ;  
 There lies within his quiver  
 Or love or hate for ever.

#### 159. THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

LADY, one who loves thee well  
 Sent me here with thee to dwell ;  
 I bring with me thy lover's sigh,  
 I come with thee to live and die ;  
 To live with thee, belov'd, caress'd,  
 To die upon that gentle breast !  
 Sweeter than the myrtle wreath,  
 Of love and joy my blossoms breathe ;  
 Love ! whose name thy breast alarms,  
 Yet who heightens all thy charms ;  
 Who lends thy cheek its orient dyes,  
 Who triumphs in thy laughing eyes !  
 'Twas from him I borrow'd, too,  
 My sweet perfume, my purple hue ;  
 His fragrant breath my buds exhale,  
 My bloom—ah lady ! list my tale,  
 I was the Summer's fairest pride,  
 The nightingale's betrothed bride,

The loves of the rose and nightingale are a frequent theme among the oriental poets. 'You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.'—*Jami*.



In Shiraz' bowers I sprang to birth,  
When Love first lighted on the earth,  
And then my pure inodorous blossom,  
Blooming on its thornless tree,  
Was snowy on his mother's bosom,  
Rising from the emerald sea.  
Young Love, rambling through the wood,  
Found me in my solitude,  
Bright with dew, and freshly blown  
And trembling to the Zephyr's sighs !  
But, as he stoop'd to gaze upon  
The loving gem, with raptured eyes,  
It chanced a bee was busy there,  
Searching for its fragrant fare ;  
And Cupid stooping, too, to sip,  
The angry insect stung his lip,—  
And gushing from the ambrosial cell,  
One bright drop on my bosom fell !  
Weeping, to his mother, he  
Told the tale of treachery ;  
And she, her vengeful boy to please,  
Strung his bow with captive bees,  
But placed upon my slender stem  
The poison'd sting she pluck'd from them,  
And none since that eventful morn  
Has found the flower without a thorn.  
Yet even the sorrows Love doth send,  
But more divine enchantment lend.  
Still in Beauty's sweetest bowers  
Blooms the Rose, the Queen of flowers.  
Brightening with the sanguine stains,  
Borrow'd from celestial veins,—  
And breathing of the kiss she caught,  
From Love's own lips, with rapture fraught.

160. SIXTEEN.

**I**N Clementina's artless mien  
 Lucilla asks me what I see,  
 And are the roses of sixteen  
 Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,  
 Have I not cull'd as sweet before?  
 Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall  
 I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,  
 Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,  
 More pure, more constant, more serene,  
 And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,  
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,  
 And modesty, who, when she goes,  
 Is gone for ever.

*Walter Savage Landor..*

161. FORGET ME NOT.

**F**ORGET me not, when, friends and fortune smiling,  
 'Mid sweets and flowers thy careless footsteps stray;  
 When lovers' looks and tender words beguiling,  
 Would steal thy thoughts from him who wanders far away.  
 If e'er, thy changeful heart o'er plighted vows prevailing,  
 Thou bear'st a wretched soul deep in thy breast bewailing;  
 O think 'tis thine, my love, and dark despair my lot;—  
 Forget me not.

When care and pain, with phantoms dread surrounding,  
 Appal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppress'd,  
 An inward voice, in tender whisper sounding,  
 Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast ;  
 And round thy weary couch a gentle spirit flying,  
 Shall breathe these cheering notes in hollow murmurs sighing:  
 ' Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot ;—'  
 Forget me not.

When from her clay-built nest, my soul departing,  
 Prepares her blissful flight to realms on high,  
 O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,  
 To catch the falling drops I'd leave my native sky ;  
 Then round thy lovely form a watch incessant keeping,  
 And every sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,  
 I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in heaven my lot ;—  
 Forget me not !

## 162. THE VALE OF LOVES

I DREAMT that in the Paphian groves,  
 My nets by moonlight laying,  
 I caught a flight of wanton Loves,  
 Among the rose-sheds playing.  
 Some just had left their silvery shell,  
 While some were full in feather ;  
 So pretty a lot of loves to sell,  
 Were never yet strung together ;  
 Come buy my loves, come buy my loves,  
 Ye dames, and rose-lipp'd misses !  
 They're new and bright,  
 The cost is light,  
 For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Chloris came, with looks sedate,  
 The coin on her lips was ready ;  
 ' I buy,' quoth she, ' my love by weight,  
 Full grown, if you please, and steady.'

‘ Let mine be light’, said Fanny, ‘ pray ;  
Such lasting toy rends one :  
A light little love that will last a day—  
To-morrow I’ll sport a new one.’  
Come buy my loves, come buy my loves,  
Ye dames, and rose-lipp’d misses !  
There are some will keep,  
Some light and cheap,  
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned prue took a pert young thing,  
To divert her virgin muse with,  
And sometimes pluck a quill from his wing,  
To indite her billetdoux with.  
Poor Chloe would give for a well-fledged pair  
Her only eye, if you’d ask it ;  
And Tabitha begg’d, old toothless fair,  
For the youngest love in the basket.

But ONE was left when Susan came,  
One worth them all together ;  
At sight of her dear looks of shame,  
He smiled, and pruned his feather.  
She wish’d the boy, ’twas more than whim—  
Her looks, her sighs, betray’d it ;  
But kisses were not enough for him,  
I ask’d a heart, and—she paid it !  
Good-bye, my loves ; good-bye, my loves ;  
’Twould make you smile t’ve seen us,  
First trade for this  
Sweet child of bliss,  
And then nurse the boy between us.

*T. Moore.*

---

## 163. MATILDA.

**I**F chance some pensive stranger thither led,  
His bosom glowing from romantic views,  
The gorgeous palace or proud landscape's hues,  
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed?  
'Tis poor Matilda!—to the cloister'd scene  
A mourner beauteous, and unknown, she came,  
To shed her secret tears, and quench the flame  
Of hopeless love! Yet was her look serene  
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.  
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,  
Like that which spake of a departed friend;  
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!  
Ah! be the spot by passing pity blest  
Where hush'd to long repose the wretched rest.

*W. L. Bowles.*

## 164. TO A LADY IN ILLNESS.

**N**EW to the world when all was fairy ground,  
And shapes romantic stream'd before my sight,  
Thy beauty caught my soul, and tints as bright  
And fair as fancy's dreams on thee I found.  
In cold experience, when my hopes were drown'd,  
And life's dark clouds o'erveil'd in mists of night  
The forms that wont to fill me with delight,  
Thy view again dispell'd the darkness round.  
Shall I forget thee when thy pallid cheek,  
The sighing voice, wan looks, and plaintive air,  
No more the roseate hue of health bespeak?  
Shall I neglect thee as no longer fair?  
No, lovely maid? If in my heart I seek,  
Thy beauty deeply is engraven there.

*Sir Egerton Bridges.*

165. NORWEGIAN LOVE-SONG.

FROM THE DANISH OF HEIBERG.

**T**HE bright red sun in ocean slept ;  
Beneath a pine tree Gunild wept,  
And eyed the hills with silver crowns,  
And listened to each little sound  
That stirred on high.

'Thou stream,' she said, 'from heights above,  
Flow softly to a woman's love!  
As on thy azure current steering,  
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing,  
The sounds of love.'

Ere chased the moon the night-cloud pale,  
He sought the deer in distant dale ;  
'Farewell,' he said, 'when evening closes  
Expect me where the moon reposes,  
In yonder vale.'

• 'Return, return, my Harold dear !  
This wedded bosom pants with fear ;  
By woodland foe I deem thee dying ;  
O, come ! and hear the rocks replying  
To Gunild's joy.'

Then horns and hounds came beating wide ;  
'Tis he ! 'tis he !' fair Gunild cried ;  
'Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry !'  
And rocks and mountains answered high,  
'Tis he ! 'tis he !'

*Walker.*



LOVE! our being's waking blis  
L Spiritgarb of happiness;  
Heaven's halo sent to shine  
O'er a world no more divine!  
Nature's heart, whose choicest mea  
Beats in time to promised pleasure  
Drop to drop within the ocean;  
Star to star in heaven above,  
Moving with harmonious motion  
Round the sun they love;  
Brotherhood and sympathy  
Are the laws that flow from thee.  
Love! that art within the mind  
Of our erring, hapless kind,  
Even this—a recollection  
Of a holier affection.

Born in heaven; fairest then,  
With the silver chaplets round it,  
Of the singing stars that bound it,  
'Then nestled on its father's breast,  
With angel-wings to shade its rest,—  
Reflected last on men.

Ere then, as rich as thought, as fair  
As minstrel dreams, its speech was p  
Its kindred sweet, those forms that bl  
This world with their rare loveliness,  
And felt the sense, with music flung  
From harps unearthly, spirit-strung.  
What if it fell to mix with men,  
And none must feel it pure again?

The minstrel's magic melody.  
 In such soft numbers move ;  
 But liker still, for that they be  
 Themselves the brood of Memory,  
 Those recollected distant chants  
 Of homes for which the Switzer pants,  
 That raise beneath the tropics glow  
 His old familiar Alpine snow. *Latham.*

167. A LOVER.

**A**RABIAN fiction never filled the world,  
 With half the wonders that were wrought for him.  
 Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring ;  
 Life turn'd the meanest of her implements  
 Before his eyes to price, above all gold ;  
 The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ;  
 Her chamber window did surpass in glory  
 The portal of the dawn ; all paradise  
 Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
 Let itself in upon him ;—pathways, walks,  
 Swarm'd with enchantment, but his spirit sank,  
 Surcharg'd within him—overblest to move  
 Beneath a sun that walks a weary world  
 To its dull round of ordinary cares ;—  
 A man too happy for mortality. *Wordsworth.*

168. SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

**S**HE was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament ;  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;



But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
'To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature, not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food—  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

*Wordsworth.*

---

169. SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN  
WAYS.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid, whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet, by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me.

*W. Wordsworth.*

170. INCOGNITA.

**I**MAGE of one, who lived of yore!  
Hail to that lovely mien,  
Once quick and conscious;—now no more  
On land or ocean seen.  
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass  
Before me in Agrippa's glass,  
Many as fair as thou might be:  
But oh! not one,—not one like thee.

Thou art no child of fancy;—thou  
The very look dost wear,  
That gave enchantment to a brow  
Wreath'd with luxuriant hair.  
Lips of morn embathed in dew,  
And eyes of evening's starry blue;  
Of all who e'er enjoyed the sun,  
Thou art the image of but one.

And who was she in virgin prime,  
And May of womanhood,  
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,  
In shadowy tints have stood;  
While many a winter's withering blast  
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,  
In which her once-resplendent form  
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth  
Consenting planets smiled,  
And she had seen those days of mirth  
That frolic round the child.  
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung:  
Behold her beautiful and young!  
Lives there a record which hath told  
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her dates, 'twere vain to guess;  
The pencil's cunning art  
Can but a single glance express  
One motion of the heart;  
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace  
Of air, and attitude, and face—  
One passion's changing colour mix,  
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain,  
Would fancy here recall;  
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain  
Lull'd in oblivion all.  
With her, methinks, life's little hour  
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal mind  
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,  
Whose boughs embower the lawn,  
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy  
Awoke her here at dawn;  
Whether beneath its youthful shade,  
At noon, in infancy she play'd:  
If from the oak no answer come,  
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eye;  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky:

Spirits from bondage, thus set free,  
Vanish amidst immensity,  
Where human thoughts, like human sight,  
Fail to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,—  
Could I explore that round, —  
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,  
Where she might still be found,  
And oh! unless those eyes deceive.  
I may, I must, I will believe,  
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,  
Is what she only seem'd below.

An angel in that glorious realm,  
Where God himself is king;—  
But awe and fear, that overwhelm  
Presumption, check my wing;  
Nor dare imagination look  
Upon the symbols of that book  
Wherein eternity unrolls  
The judgment on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines  
A faint resemblance form,  
Far as the second rainbow shines  
Aloof amid the storm;  
Of her this 'shadow of a shade,'  
Like its original must fade,  
And she, forgotten when unseen,  
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then perchance, this dreaming strain  
Of all that e'er I sung,  
A torn memorial may remain,  
When silent lies my tongue.  
When that the meteor of my fame  
Lost the vain lips of my name  
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be  
The only trace of her and me.

With one who lived of old, my song  
 In lonely cadence rose ;  
 To one who is unborn, belong  
 The accents of its close :  
 Ages to come, with courteous ear,  
 Some youth my warning voice may hear ;  
 And voices from the dead should be  
 The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,  
 Reader ! if I am blest,  
 Again, as spirits, may we meet  
 In glory and in rest :  
 If not,—and I have lost my way—  
 There part we ; go not thou astray.  
 No tomb, no verse, my story tell !  
 Once, and for ever, fare thee well.

*James Montgomery.*

171. TO IANTHE.

WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room,  
 And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom ;  
 While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,  
 The ripening harvest of the hoary sands :  
 Alone and destitute of every page  
 That fires the poet, or informs the sage,  
 Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove,  
 Rest upon past, or cherish promised love ?  
 Alas ! the past I never can regain,  
 Wishes may rise, and tears may flow in vain.  
 Fancy, that shows her in her early bloom,  
 Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.  
 What then would passion, what would reason do ?  
 Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.  
 There will I sit, till heaven shall cease to lour,  
 And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour !  
 Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,  
 Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

172. THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and, yet now he is gone,  
 I feel I am alone.  
 I check'd him while he spoke; yet could not speak.  
 Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
 And wearied all my thought  
 To vex myself and him; I now would give  
 My love, could he but live  
 Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
 'Twas vain, in holy ground  
 He hid his face amid the shades of death!

I waste for him my breath  
 Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,  
 And this lorn bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart;—for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears!

'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer.  
 'These may she never share!'  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
 And, oh! pray, too, for me!

*Walter Savage Landor.*

## 173. WOMAN.

**F**AIREST and loveliest of created things,  
By our great Author in the image form'd  
Of his celestial glory, and design'd  
To be man's solace. Undefined by sin  
How much dost thou exceed all earthly shapes  
Of beautiful, to charm the wistful eye,  
Bland to the touch, or precious to the use!  
His treasure of delight, while the fresh prime  
Adorns his forehead with the joy of youth;  
His comfort in the winter of the soul!  
Chaste woman, thou art e'en a brighter gem  
To him who wears thee than e'er shone display'd  
Upon the monarch's diadem; a charm  
More sweet to lull all sorrow, than the tint  
Of spring's young verdure in the dewy morn,  
Or music's mellow tones, which floating come  
Over the water like a fairy dream!  
Thou hangest as a wreath, upon his neck,  
More fragrant the rose, in thy pure garb  
Of blushing gentleness: Thou art a joy  
More sprightly than the lark in vernal suns  
Raising his throat to heaven, or forest call  
By blithesome Dryads blown; a faithful stay;  
In all the world's mischances a helpmate  
For man in sickness, and decay, and death.  
Thou art more precious than an only child  
In weary age begotten, a clear spring  
Amid the desert, an unhoped-for land  
To baffled mariners, or dawn of day  
To who has press'd all night a fever'd couch.  
Oh, wherefore, best desired, and most beloved  
Of all heaven's works, oh, wherefore wert thou made  
To be our curse as well as blessing! lured  
From thy first shape of innocence to become  
A thing abased by guilt, and more deform'd  
As thine original glory was more bright!

*William Herbert.*

172. OH NO! NOT EVEN WHEN FIRST WE  
LOVED.

OH no! not e'en when first we loved,  
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
Thy beauty then my senses moved,  
But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
What was but passion's sigh before,  
Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;  
And though I then might love thee more,  
Trust me, I love thee better now!

Although my heart, in earlier youth,  
Might kindle with more wild desire;  
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire.  
The flame now warms my inmost core  
That then but sparkled on my brow,  
And though I seem'd to love thee more,  
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

*Thomas Moore.*

## 175. THE BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

I SOUGHT at morn the beechen bower,  
Thy verdant grot.  
It came—it went—the promised hour;  
I found thee not.  
Light Zephyrs from the quivering boughs  
Soon brush'd the transient dew,  
Then first, I fear'd that Love's own vows  
Were transient too!

At eve I sought the well-known stream  
Where, wont to rove,  
We breathed so oft, by twilight gleam,  
Our vows of love;



I stopp'd upon the pleasant brink  
And saw the wave glide past ;  
Ah me ! I could not help but think  
Love glides as fast.

Then, all along the moonlight glen,  
So soft, so fair,  
I sought thy truant steps again :  
Thou wert not there.  
The clouds held on their busy way  
Athwart the waning moon ;  
And such, I said, Love's fitful ray,  
And wanes as soon.

Oh ! I had cull'd for thee a wreath  
Of blossoms rare ;  
But now each floweret droops beneath  
The chill night-air.  
'Tis past, long past our latest hour,  
And yet thou art not nigh,  
Oh ! Love, thou art indeed a flower  
Born but to die.

*John Kenyon.*



176. OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me ;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken ;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful heart's now broken !  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone,  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garland's dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

*Thomas Moore.*

177. EPIGRAM.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,  
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive !  
Love is like a torch, which if secur'd from blasts,  
Will faintly or burn, but then it longer lasts.  
Exposed to storms of jealousy and doubt,  
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

*William Walsh*

178. TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM FONTENELLE

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,  
And panting for breath the coy virgin pursu'd,  
When his wisdom, in manner most ample express'd  
The long list of graces his godship possess'd :  
I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;  
Not for love, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays !

I'm the god of the harp,—stop, my fairest—in vain;  
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.  
 Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,  
 God of light I'm above, and of physic below.  
 At the dreadful word physic the nymph fled more fast;  
 At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.  
 Thou fond god of wisdom, there alter thy phrase,  
 Bid her win the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,  
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,  
 And my life for 't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

*Thomas Tickell.*

179. ON HIS MISTRESS DROWNED.

SWEET stream, that dost with equal pace  
 . Both thyself fly and thyself chase,  
 Forbear awhile to flow,  
 And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine  
 Is fresh, compar'd to mine;  
 Inform it that the gentler dame,  
 Who ~~was~~ the life of all my flame,  
 In the glory of her bud  
 Has pass'd the fatal flood.  
 Death by this only stroke triumphs above  
 The greatest power of Love;  
 Alas, alas! I must give o'er,  
 My sighs will let me add no more.  
 Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest  
 No more than does my troubled breast;  
 And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,  
 These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

*Sprat, Bishop of Rochester.*

180. TO A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY WHO  
TALKED TOO MUCH.

**W**HILE raptur'd on your charms I gaze,  
You talk so loud and long,  
I find you, angel in your face,  
But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes,  
What pains I might endure !  
But happily your tongue supplies  
To beauty's wounds a cure.

If lovers, then, you would pursue,  
Ah ! learn your power to prize,  
Nor by your idle tongue undo  
The conquests of your eyes.



181. THE RIGHTS OF MEN.

TO A LADY.

**W**HILE others, Delia, use their pen  
To vindicate the rights of men,  
Let us, more wise, to bliss attend :  
Be our's the Rights which they defend.  
Those eyes that glow with love's own fire,  
And what they speak so well inspire ;  
That melting hand, that heaving breast,  
That rises only to be prest ;  
That ivory neck, those lips of bliss  
Which half invites the offer'd kiss ;  
These, these—and Love approves the plan---  
I deem the dearest Rights of Man.

**H**OW clear the sky ! how soft the g:  
 Breathing along the dewy vale !  
 For lo ! the wintry winds are fled.  
 No more the stream at random strays,  
 But in its native channel plays,  
 And flowers enamel all the mead.  
 Even furious storms subside, but you  
 The plaintive measure still renew,  
 Of Helia's absence still complain.  
 Cease, tuneful boy ! nor feed your woe,  
 For absence may a cure bestow,  
 When sighs and tears and vows are va  
 Nay, heaven forbid your gentle heart  
 Should with the generous passion part,  
 Should cease to love and to admire.  
 The muse more liberal maxims knows,  
 And if she promises repose,  
 'Tis by fulfilling your desire.  
 If e'er your melting suit inclined  
 Her fearful, amiable mind,  
 Absence will wake the latent flames  
 More than your soft persuasive tales ;  
 Absence with magic power prevails,  
 And all her timid wildness tames.  
 Believe the muse ; even now she glows,  
 Feels and commiserates your woes ;  
 Her coyness gentle love disarms.  
 Surprise her with your amorous haste,  
 Go clasp her to your eager breast

## 183. TO A LADY,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,  
The champion sends his foe one glove;  
But I, who have a double share  
Of softer passion, send a pair.  
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel  
That I invite you to a duel;  
Ready to meet you, face to face,  
At any time, in any place;  
Nor will I leave you in the lurch  
Tho' you should dare to name the church.  
There come equipp'd with all your charms,  
The ring and licence are my arms;  
With these I mean your power to try,  
And meet my charmer tho' I die.

*Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

## 184. CUPID AND FOLLY.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH

CUPID, e'er deprived of sight  
Young and apt for all delight,  
Met with Folly on the way  
As idle, and as fond of play,  
In gay sports the time they pass;  
Now run, now wrestle on the grass;  
Their painted wings then nimbly ply,  
And every way for mastery try:  
Ere a combat does arise,  
Who has won th' appointed prize.  
Gentle Love refers the case  
To the next that comes in place,  
Trusting to his flatt'ring wiles,  
And softens the dispute with smiles.

But Folly, who no temper knows,  
 Words pursues with hotter blows :  
 Till the eyes of Love were lost,  
 Which has such pain to mortals cost.  
 Venus hears his mournful cries,  
 And repeats them in the skies,  
 So Jupiter in council set.  
 With peers for the occasion met.  
 In her arms the boy she bears,  
 Bathing him in falling tears ;  
 But whilst his want of eyes is shown,  
 Secures the judges by her own.  
 Folly to the board must come,  
 And hear the trial and the doom ;  
 Which Cytherea loudly prays  
 May be as heavy as the case,  
 Which, when all was justly weigh'd,  
 Cupid's wings now useless made,  
 That a staff his feet must guide,  
 Which would still be apt to slide ;  
 This decree at last was read—  
 That Love by Folly should be led.

*Anne, Countess of Winchils.*



#### 185. SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

**C**OME here, fond youth, whoc'er thou be,  
 That boasts to love as well as me,  
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,  
 Come hither and thy flame approve ;  
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,  
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,  
 To live upon a smile for years,  
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;  
 To kneel, to languish, to implore,  
 And still though she disdain, adore ;  
 It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes  
With eager joy and fond surprise,  
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear  
As wretches feel who wait their doom ;  
Nor must one ruder thought presume,  
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,  
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost ;  
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,  
And thou the least and meanest swain  
That folds his flock upon the plain :  
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,  
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears ;  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,  
Tho' she were fonder and more true  
That any nymph old poets drew,  
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,  
Thou dost not seek to be alone,  
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;  
And muse and fold thy languid arms,  
Feeding thy fancy on her charms :  
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
But those which love has planted there,  
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,  
Thou never yet his power hast known ;  
Love sits on a despotic throne,  
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,  
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,  
And prove whose patience longest can endure ;  
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost  
In dreams of fondest passion most :  
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh ! never hope a cure.

*Miss Aiken.*



## 186. I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground  
 Not panteth so for summer rain,  
 As I for one soft look of thine,  
 And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—  
 Each one, perhaps, surpassing me;  
 But who doth feel a thousandth part  
 Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look  
 Who round the wild world laugh and rove,  
 I only think—how sweet 'twould be  
 To *die* for thy sweet love.

*Barry Cornwa*

— ∞ —

## 187. BY A LOVER.

BY every sweet tradition of true hearts,  
 Graven by time, in love with his own lore;  
 By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,  
 Wherein love died, to be alive the more;  
 Yea, by the sad impression on the shore  
 Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear  
 That coast for ever, where the billow's roar  
 Moaneth for pity in the poet's ear;  
 By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear  
 That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;  
 By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear  
 That sigh'd around her flight, I swear by all.  
 The world shall find such pattern in my act,  
 As if love's great example still were lacked.

*Thomas Hoc*

188. VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S 'SHERLOCK  
UPON DEATH.'

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,  
His doctrine is deceiving ;  
For whilst he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon, without a master ;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest,  
With mutual inclination ;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,  
And that you deny,  
To me at least your Sherlock give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.



189. SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE  
COUNTRY.

'T WAS night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd,  
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd ;  
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,  
She meditates on the forsaken town ;  
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,  
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said :  
' Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,  
To move with negligence, to dress with care ;  
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,  
If all in envious solitude are lost ?

Where none admires 'tis useless to excel ;  
Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle.  
Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;  
Both most are valued when they best are known.  
With every grace of nature, as of art,  
We cannot break one stubborn country heart.  
The brutes, insensible, our power defy :  
To love exceeds a squire's capacity.  
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere :  
That is our heaven, and we are angels there.  
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove :  
The court of Britain is the court of love.  
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,  
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,  
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see  
The homage due to empire paid to me !  
When every eye was fixed on me alone,  
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown :  
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,  
Less jealous in their pow'r than in their love.  
Chang'd is the scene ; and all my glories die,  
Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky ;  
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,  
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.  
In stupid indolence my life is spent,  
Supinely calm and dully innocent.  
Unblest I wear my useless time away ;  
Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day ;  
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,  
For dulness ever must be regular.  
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;  
Now without scandal drink insipid tea ;  
Or in the garden breathe the country air,  
Secure from meeting any tempter there ;  
From books to work, from work to books, I rove,  
And am (alas !) at leisure to improve !  
Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?  
Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?  
These fingers, at whose touch even age would glow,  
Are these of use for nothing but to sew ?

Pure living nature never could design  
To form a housewife in a mould like mine!  
O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,  
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:  
Let me revisit the dear town again,  
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,  
All other wishes my own pow'r could gain.'

190. FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee! Oh the strife, the pain,  
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!  
I love thee; look—again, again!  
O stars! that thou could'st read my soul;  
I would thy bright, bright eye could pierce  
The crimson folds that hide my heart;  
Then would'st thou find the serpent fierce  
That stings me—and will *not* depart.

Look love upon me, with thine eyes;  
Yet no—men's evil tongues are nigh.  
Look pity, then, and with thy sighs  
Waste music on me—lest I die!  
Yet love not! sigh not! turn (thou *must*)  
Thy beauty, from me sweet and kind;  
'Tis fit that I should turn to dust—  
To death; because, I am not blind

I love thee—and I live! The moon  
Who sees me from her calm above,  
The wind who weaves her dim soft tune  
About me, know how *much* I love!  
Naught else, save night and the lonely hour,  
E'er heard my passion wild and strong:  
Even thou yet deem'st not of thy power,  
Unless—thou read'st aright my song.  
*Barry Cornwall.*

## 191. ARIADNE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moist and quiet moon was scarcely breaking,  
 When Ariadne in her bower was waking;  
 Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard  
 But indistinctly yet a little bird,  
 That in the leaves o'er head, waiting the sun,  
 Seem'd answering another distant one.  
 She waked, but stirr'd not, only just to please  
 Her pillow-nestling cheek; while the full seas  
 The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'ernight,  
 The happy thought of the returning light,  
 The sweet, self-will'd content, conspired to keep  
 Her senses lingering in the field of grief;  
 And with a little smile she seemed to say,  
 'I know my love is near me, and 'tis day.'

*Leigh Hunt.*

## 192. TO MARY.

IT is not alone while we live in the light  
 Of friendship's kindling glance,  
 That its beams so true, and so tenderly bright,  
 Our purest joys can enhance:  
 But that ray shines on through a night of tears,  
 And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear  
 The accents of friendship steal,  
 That we know the extent of the joy so dear,  
 Which its touching tones reveal:  
 'Tis in after moments of sorrow and pain  
 Their echo surpasses in music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we  
 Have look'd on each other's face,  
 Yet thy memory is fondly cherish'd by me,  
 For my heart is its dwelling-place;  
 And if on this earth we should meet no more,  
 It must linger there still until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day,  
 Through some enchanting vale,  
 Should he, when the mists of evening are gray,  
 Some neighbouring mountain scale,  
 Oh! will he not stop, and look back to review  
 The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toil'd up life's steep hill,  
 Some steps since we parted last,  
 Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still  
 On the few bright spots I have pass'd;  
 And some of the brightest, dear Mary, to me,  
 Were the lovely ones I enjoyed with thee.

I know not how soon dark hours may shade  
 The valley of years gone by,  
 Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade  
 In the mists of an evening sky;  
 But till quench'd in the lustre of life's setting sun,  
 I shall look back at times as now I have done.

*Bernard Barton.*

193. LOVE.

**T**HERE is a flower that never changeth hue;  
 In vain the angry winds its leaves assail,  
 Triumphant over time, in every vale  
 It lifts its hopeful head, glistening with dew.  
 The maiden rears it in her own sweet looks,  
 The youth conjures it in the summer shade,  
 Pictures its image as by murmuring brooks  
 He flies from scenes that his chaste dreams invade.

The very fields its presence own in spring ;  
The hills re-echo with a song of gladness ;  
The heavens themselves their store of tribute bring,  
And in this flower all things renounce their sadness.  
O Love ! where is the heart that knows not thee ?  
Thou only bloomest everlastingly.

*Edward Moxon.*

194. CANZONET.

MAIDEN ! wrap thy mantle round thee,  
Cold the rain beats on thy breast ;  
Why should horror's voice astound thee ?  
Death can bid the wretched rest !  
All under the tree  
Thy bed may be,  
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

Maiden ! once gay pleasure knew thee,  
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep ;  
Love has been a felon to thee,  
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.  
There's rest for thee  
All under the tree,  
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

*Henry Kirke White.*

195. TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what truth might well have said :  
By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah, wherefore art thou lonely laid ?

By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain ;  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no— ne'er again.  
Could this have been : a word, a look,  
That softly said, ' We part in peace,'  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs thy soul's release.  
And, didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held and holds thee in his heart ?  
Oh ! who like him had watch'd thee here ?  
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye  
In that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,  
Till all was past ! But when no more  
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.  
Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers,  
Ere call'd but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours ?  
Ours too the glance none saw beside ;  
The smile none else might understand ;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine ;  
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine ?—Ah ! where art thou ?  
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now !  
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.



If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again ;  
But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitting sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.  
Teach me—too early taught by thee !  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven :  
On earth thy love was such to me ;  
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

*Byron.*

---

196. TO MARY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too ;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's bless'd—and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot :  
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break ;  
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see ;  
But then it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away :  
While thou art blest I'll not repine ;  
But near thee I can never stay ;  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm I knew the time  
My breast would thrill before thy look,  
But now to tremble were a crime—  
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet meet with no confusion there;  
One only feeling couldst thou trace  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream  
Remembrance never must awake  
Oh where is Lethe's fabled stream?  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

*Byron.*

157 THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,  
That told youth's heartfelt revelry!  
And motion changeful as the wing  
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;  
With accents blithe as voice of May,  
Chanting glad nature's roundelay,  
Circled by joy, like planet bright  
That smiles mid wreaths of dewy light,  
Thy image such, in former time  
When thou, just entering on thy prime,  
And woman's sense in thee combined  
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,  
First taughtst my sighing soul to move  
With hope towards the heaven of love.  
Now years have given my Mary's face  
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;

Though happy still—yet chance distress  
Hath left a pensive loneliness.  
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,  
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams ;  
Thy smiles, slow kindling now and mild,  
Shower blessings on a darling child ;  
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,  
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed ;  
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone  
That tells thy heart is all my own,  
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,  
With the wife's love, the mother's fears !  
By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime  
Assured, I smile at hoary time !  
For thou art doom'd in age to know  
The calm that wisdom steals from woe ;  
The holy pride of high intent,  
The glory of a life well spent,  
When earth's affections nearly o'er,  
With peace behind, and faith before,  
Thou renderest up again to God,  
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,  
Thy lustrous soul : then harp and hymn,  
From bands of sister seraphim,  
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye  
Open in immortality !

*John Wilson.*

---

198. LOVE'S ARTIFICE.

I SAID it was a wilful, wayward thing,  
And so it is, fantastic and perverse,  
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,  
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.  
It is the bee that finds the honey out,  
Where least you dream 'twould seek the nectarous store :  
And 'tis an arrant masker, this same love,  
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears

To hide his own ! Looks a proud Spaniard now ;  
 Now a grave Turk ; hot Ethiopian next ;  
 And then phlegmatic Englishman ; and then  
 Gay Frenchman ; by and by Italian, at  
 All things a song ; and in another skip,  
 Gruff Dutchman ; still is love behind the mask !  
 It is a hypocrite ! looks every way  
 But that where lies its thoughts. 'Twill openly  
 Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on ;  
 Shows most like hate e'en when it most is love.  
 Would fain convince you it is very rock,  
 When it is water ; ice when it is fire,  
 Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat,  
 Persuades itself 'tis not the thing it is ;  
 Holds up its head, purses its brows and looks  
 Askant with scornful lip, hugging itself,  
 That it is high disdain—till suddenly  
 It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit  
 With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,  
 Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses  
 That it is love, true love,—nothing but love !

*James Sheridan Knowles.*

199. ARTIFICE DISOWNED BY LOVE.

I CANNOT think love thrives by artifice,  
 Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.  
 I would not hide one portion of my heart  
 Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right,  
 Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,  
 Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except  
 Myself would I be loved. What were 't to me  
 My lover valued me the more, the more  
 He saw me comely in another's eyes.  
 When his alone the vision I would show  
 Becoming to? I have sought the reason oft,

They paint love as a child, and still have thought  
 It was because, true love, like infancy,  
 Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,  
 Doth show its wish at once, and means no more!

*James Sheridan Knowles.*



200. LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY. #5 ✓

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean;  
 The winds of heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion;  
 Nothing in the world is single;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one another's being mingle,  
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another;  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdain'd its brother;  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*



201. OH, MY LOVE HAS AN EYE OF THE  
 SOFTEST BLUE.

OH, my love has an eye of the softest blue,  
 Yet it was not that that won me;  
 But a little bright drop from her soul was there,  
 'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,  
Nor perchance my heart have left me ;  
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,  
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip,  
Yet how from that thought to sever ?  
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,  
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,  
The elegant form that haunts me ;  
'Tis the gracefully elegant mind that moves  
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,  
Though I once in its notes delighted ;  
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth  
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that face,  
Ere my eye could twice explore her ;  
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,  
And her warm, warm heart, I adore her.  
*Charles Wolfe.*

202. IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULD'ST  
HAVE DIED.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,  
I might not weep for thee ;  
But I forgot when by thy side  
That thou could'st mortal be !  
It never through my mind had passed,  
The time would e'er be o'er—  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
 And think 'twill smile again,  
 And still the thought I will not brook  
 That I must look in vain!  
 But when I speak thou dost not say  
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
 And now I feel, as well I may,  
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay e'en as thou art,  
 All cold and all serene;  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been!  
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own;  
 But there I lay thee in thy grave,  
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me;  
 And I perhaps may soothe this heart  
 In thinking too of thee.  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore. *Charles Wolfe*

— ∞ —

203. LOVE.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all  
 We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,  
 Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,  
 Catch thee and feed from thine o'erflowing bowls,  
 Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew.  
 Thou art the radiance which when ocean rolls  
 Investeth it; and when the heavens are blue  
 Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair  
 The shadows of thy moving wings imbue  
 Its deserts and its mountains; all they wear.

Beauty like some bright robe thou ever soarest  
 Among the towers of men, and as soft air  
 In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,  
 Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,  
 Thou floatest among men ; and age implorest  
 That which from thee they should implore ; the weak  
 Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts  
 The strong have broken ; yet where shall any seek  
 A garment, whom thou clothest not.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*



204. TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

SHALL we roam, my love,  
 To the twilight grove,  
 Where the moon is rising bright?  
 Oh, I'll whisper then  
 In the cool night air,  
 What I dare not in the broad daylight.

I'll tell thee a part  
 Of the thoughts that start .  
 To being when thou art nigh ;  
 And the beauty more bright  
 Than the stars' soft light,  
 Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam  
 On tower and stream  
 Sheds a flood of silver sheen,  
 How I love to gaze  
 As the cold ray strays  
 O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen.

Wilt thou roam with me  
 To the restless sea,  
 And linger upon the steep,  
 And list to the flow  
 Of the waves below  
 How they toss and roar and leap?



Those boiling waves,  
And the storm that raves  
At night o'er their foaming crest,  
Resemble the strife  
That from earliest life  
The passions have waged in my breast.

Oh, come then and rove  
To the sea or the grove,  
When the moon's shining bright,  
And I'll whisper there  
In the cold night air.  
What I dare not in the broad daylight.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

---

205. LOVE AN EVIL

WHY, I could give you fact and argument,  
Brought from all earth, all life, all history,  
O'erwhelm you with sad tales, convictions strong,  
Till you could hate it, tell of gentle lives,  
Light as the lark's upon the morning cloud,  
Struck down at once by the keen shaft of love;  
Of maiden beauty, wasting all away  
Like a departing vision into air,  
Finding no occupation for her eyes  
But to bedew her couch with midnight tears,  
Till death upon its bosom pillow'd her;  
Of noble natures sour'd; rich minds obscur'd;  
High hopes turn'd blank, nay, of the kingly crown,  
Mouldering amid the embers of the throne;  
And all by love! We paint him as a child,  
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,  
The great disturbing spirit of the world.

*George Croly.*

---

## 206. SOVEREIGNTY OF LOVE.

**O** SOVEREIGN power of love! O grief! O balm!  
 All records, saving thine, come cool and calm,  
 And shadow through the mist of passed years;  
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears  
 Have become indolent, but touching thine,  
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,  
 One kiss brings honeydew from buried days.  
 The woes of Troy lowers smothering o'er their blaze,  
 And bolden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,  
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks all dimly fades  
 Into some backward corner of the brain;  
 Yet in our very souls, we feel amain  
 The case of Troilus and Cressid sweet.  
 Hence pageant history! hence gilded cheat!  
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds;  
 We see that one continuous murmur breeds  
 Along the pebbled shore of memory;  
 Many old rotten timber'd boats there be  
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified  
 To godly vessels, many a sail of pride  
 And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.  
 But wherefore this? What care though owl did fly  
 At the great Athenian admiral's mast?  
 What care though striding Alexander past  
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?  
 Though old Ulysses tortur'd from his slumbers  
 The glatted Cyclops, what care? Juliet leaning  
 Amid her window flowers, sighing, weaning  
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow  
 Doth more avail than these, the silver flow  
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,  
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,  
 Are things to brood on with more ardency  
 Than the death-day of empires.

*John Keats.*

## 207. SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses  
The night that first we met,  
Her lovely face was smiling  
Beneath her curls of jet ;  
Her footstep had the lightness,  
Her voice the joyous tone,  
The tokens of a youthful heart,  
Where sorrow is unknown ;  
I saw her but a moment—  
Yet methinks I see her now,  
With the wreath of summer flowers  
Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,  
When next we met, she wore ;  
The expression of her features  
Was more thoughtful than before ;  
And standing by her side was one  
Who strove, and not in vain,  
To soothe her, leaving that dear home  
She ne'er might view again.  
I saw her but a moment—  
Yet methinks I see her now,  
With the wreath of orange blossoms  
Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,  
No bridal wreath is there,  
The widow's sombre cap conceals  
The once luxuriant hair ;  
She weeps in silent solitude,  
And there is no one near  
To press her hand within his own,  
And wipe away the tear.  
I see her broken-hearted,  
Yet methinks I see her now—  
In the pride of youth and beauty,  
With a garland on her brow.

*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

## 208. LOVE.

**L**OVE, dearest lady, such as I would speak,  
Lives not within the humour of the eye;  
Not being but an outward phantasy,  
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,  
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,  
As if the rose made summer—and so be  
Amongst the perishable things that die.  
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:  
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay,  
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.  
Love is its own great loveliness always,  
And takes new lustre from the touch of time,  
Its boughs own no December, and no May,  
But bears its blossom into winter's clime.

*Thomas Hood.*

## 209. FAIR INES.

**O**H! saw ye not fair Ines?  
She's gone into the west,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest;  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivall'd bright;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whisper'd thee so near!—  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore;—  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
— If it had been no more!

Alas! alas! fair Ines!  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you lov'd so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before,—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!

*Thomas Hood.*

---

## 210. THE DEAREST.

O H' that from far away mountains  
Over the restless waves,  
Where tumbled enchanted fountains,  
Rising from jewell'd caves,  
I could call a fairy bird,  
Who, whenever thy voice was heard,  
Should come to thee, dearest !

He should have violet pin ons,  
And a beak of silver white,  
And should bring from the sun's dominions  
Eyes that would give thee light.  
Thou shouldst see that he was born  
In a laral of gold, and sworn  
To be thy servant, dearest !

On should he drop on thy tresses  
A pearl or diamond stone,  
And would yield to thy light caresses  
Blossoms on Eden grown ;  
Round thy path his wings would shower,  
Now a gem, and now a flower,  
And dewy odours, dearest !

He should fetch from his eastern island  
The songs that the Perss sing,  
And when evening is clear and silent,  
Spears to thy ear would bring,  
And with his mysterious strain  
Would entrance thy weary brain,  
Love's own music, dearest !

No Phoenix, alas ! will hover,  
Sent from the morning star,  
And thou must take of thy lover  
A gift not brought so far.  
Waiting bird, and gem, and song,  
Ah ! receive, and treasure long,  
A heart that loves thee, dearest ! *John Sterling.*

It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heights  
It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens  
Love is aspiring, yet is humble, too, -  
With sweet heart homage watch delight  
That which it worships; yet is fain to win  
The idol to its lone, and lowly home  
Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck  
When such hopes perish. From that moment  
Has in its depths a well of bitterness,  
For which there is no healing.

---

## 212. WEAKNESS ENDS WITH

**I** SAY not regret me;  
You will not regret;  
You will try to forget me,  
You cannot forget;  
We shall hear from each other,  
Ah, misery to hear  
Those names from another  
Which once were so dear!

But deep words shall sting thee,  
That breathe of the past;  
And many things bring thee  
Thoughts fated to last;  
The fond hopes that control

Of the chain that once bound me  
The memory is mine ;  
But my words are around thee,  
Their power is in thine :  
No hope, no repentance,  
My weakness is o'er,  
It died with the sentence,—  
I love thee no more !

*L. E. L.*



### 213. THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,  
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy.  
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star  
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?  
Tell me, beloved eyes !

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by  
The quiet moon, like Hope on Patience, hovers ;  
The star to which hath sped so many a sigh,  
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?  
Was that your fount, sweet eye ?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths foretold  
Inspire the heart, your dreaming priest, with gladness ;  
Bright alchemists, that turn to thoughts of gold  
The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,  
Teach only me, sweet eyes !

Hush ! when I ask ye how at length to gain  
The cell where love, the sleeper, yet lies hidden,  
Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain,  
Be every answer, save your own, forbidden—  
Feelings are words for eyes !

*Lord Lytton.*

---



Some droop while 'tis day.  
Others fade in their noon,  
And few linger till eve;  
Oh! there breaks not a heart  
But leaves some one to grieve,  
And the fondest, the purest,  
The truest that met,  
Have still found the need  
To forgive and forget!  
Then ah! though the hopes  
That we nourish'd decay,  
Let us love one another  
As long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy,  
Though *all* be decay'd,  
That it seem'd to clasp fondly  
In sunlight and shade;  
As leaves droop in sadness,  
Still gaily they thread,  
Undimm'd midst the blighted,  
The lonely, the dead.  
But the mistletoe clings  
To the oak, not in part,  
But with leaves closely round it—  
The root in its heart  
Exists but to twine it,—  
Imbibe the same dew,  
Or to fall with its loved oak,  
And perish there too.

Though the false wing of pleasure  
 May change and forsake,  
 And the bright urn of wealth  
 Into particles break,  
 There are some sweet affections  
 That wealth cannot buy,  
 That cling but still closer  
 When sorrow draws nigh,  
 And remain with us yet,  
 Though all else pass away;  
 Thus let's love one another  
 As long as we stay.

*Charles Swain.*

215. LOVED ONCE.

**I** CLASS'D and counted once  
 Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day.  
 The jarring yea and nay,  
 The fall of kisses upon senseless clay.

The sobb'd farewell, the greeting mournfuller,—  
 But all those accents were  
 Less bitter with the leaves of earth's despair  
 Than I thought these,—'Loved *once*.'

And who saith 'I loved once?'  
 Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee;  
 Love through eternity—  
 Who by 'to love,' do apprehend 'to be.'

Not God called love his noble crown-name, casting  
 A light too broad for blasting!  
 The great God, changing not for everlasting,  
 Saith never, 'I loved once.'

Nor ever 'I loved once'  
 Wilt thou say, O meek Christ, O victim-friend!  
 The nail and curse may rend,  
 But having loved, Thou lovest to the end.

This is *man's* saying! impotent to move  
One spheric star above.  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love,  
With his 'no more, and 'once.'

How say ye, 'We loved once,'  
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow.  
Mourners without that snow?  
Ah, sweetest friend and would ye wrong me so?

And would ye say of me whose heart is known,  
Whose prayers have met your own :  
Whose tears have fallen for you ; whose smiles have shown  
Your words—'We loved her once?'

Could ye 'We loved her once'  
Say cold of me, when dwelling out of sight?  
When happier friends aright  
(Not truer) stand between me and your light?

When like a flower kept too long in the shade,  
Ye find my colours fade,  
And all that is not love in me decay'd,  
Say ye, 'We loved her once?'

Will ye 'Who loved her once'  
Say after, when the bearers leave the door,  
When having murmur'd o'er  
My last 'Oh say it not,' I speak no more?

Not so—not then—*least* THEN! when life is shriven,  
And death's full joy is given,—  
Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,  
Say not, 'We loved them once.'

Say never, 'We loved once :'  
God is too near above, the grave below :  
And all our moments go  
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.

The mysteries of life and death avenge  
 Affections light of range—  
 There comes no charge to justify that change,  
 Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that word of 'once'  
 Is humanly acceptive—kings have said,  
 Shaking a discrown'd head,  
 'We ruled once;' idiot tongues, 'We once bested.'

Cripples once danced i' the vines, and warriors proved,  
 To nurse's rocking moved:  
 But Love strikes one hour—LOVE! Those never loved  
 Who dream that they loved once.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



216. THE JE NE SÇAIS QUOI.

A SONG.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And Celia has undone me!  
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how  
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face which love creates,  
 For there no graces revel;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her hair, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common  
 And all her sense is only that,  
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm:  
 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;  
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm  
 Of Celia altogether.

*W. Whithead.*

217. SONNET. ← #12 ✓

THERE'S not a fibre in my trembling frame  
 That does not vibrate when thy step draws near;  
 There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear  
 Thy voice, thy breathing, nay thy very name.  
 When thou art with me every sense seems dull,  
 And all I am, or know, or feel is thee.  
 My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,  
 And my bewilder'd spirit seems to swim  
 In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.  
 When thou art gone there creeps into my heart  
 A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:  
 The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,  
 And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again.  
 Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;  
 And suddenly I wake—and am alone.

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

## 218. TO A LADY,

WHO SENT COMPLIMENTS TO A CLERGYMAN UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear:  
 Old English services are more sincere;  
 Instead Ten Hearts, the tythe is only mine:  
 Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

## 219. STANZAS.

BECAUSE from all that round thee move,  
 Planets of beauty, strength, and grace,  
 I am elected to thy love,  
 And have my name in thy embrace,  
 I wonder all men do not see  
 The crown that thou hast set on me.

Because, when prostrate at thy feet,  
Thou didst emparadise my pain,—  
Because thy heart in mine has beat,  
Thy head within my hands has lain,  
I am transfigured by that sign,  
Into a being like to thine.

The mirror from its glossy plain  
Receiving, still returns the light,  
And being generous of its gain,  
Augments the very solar might :  
What unreflected light would be,  
Is just thy spirit without me.

Thou art the flame whose rising spire  
In the dark air sublimely sways,  
And I the tempest that swift fire  
Gathers at first, and then obeys :  
All that was thine ere we were met  
Have I by right inherited.

Is life a stream? Then from thy hair  
One rosebud in the current fell,  
And straight it turn'd to crystal there,  
As adamant immovable :  
Its steadfast place shall know no more  
The sense of after and before.

Is life a plant? The king of years  
Is mine, nor ill nor good can bring ;—  
Mine grows no more, no more it fears  
Even the brushing of his wing,  
With sheathed scythe I see him go,—  
I have no flowers that he can mow.

*Lord Houghton.*

## 220. ON A FAN

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy  
 Can with resistless art employ.  
 This fan in meaner hands would prove  
 An engine of small force in love :  
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,  
 Not to be told, or safely seen,  
 Diverts its wanton motion so,  
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow :  
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame :  
 To every other breast a flame.

*Bishop Atterbury.*

## 221. A ROUND OF DAYS.

I SANG to my heart in the sunshine of May,  
 And the garrulous bird on the sycamore spray  
     Sang to his mate in the nest ;  
 ' Sweetheart, the daffodil blooms on the lea,  
 The blossoms are thick upon bramble and tree ;  
 And all through the long, merry year we will be  
     Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest !'

I sang to my heart in the burning July,  
 And the golden-haired sun in a sapphire sky  
     Uplifted his fiery crest ;  
 And the thousand-tongued land was melodious with song—  
 ' Oh, the world shall be merry, the days shall be long,  
 And love in the sunshine is valiant and strong—  
     Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest !'

I sang to my heart in the wane of the year,  
 And the glare of the sunset hung lurid and drear  
     Far down in the sorrowful west ;  
 The nest was forsaken, the sparrow had fled,  
 The music was hushed and the blossoms were dead ;  
 But a voice through the silence and solitude said—  
     'Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest !'

And ~~still~~ sings that voice in the wind and the snow,  
 ' ~~There~~ is light after darkness, and joy after woe,  
 And the love that is tried is the best ;  
 I ~~care~~ not though tempest be black in the sky,  
 Though the bird may be fickle, and blossoms may die,  
 What matter? My darling shall find me for aye  
 Treu und Fest, Treu und Fest!'



222. A LOVE SONG.

DEAR Kate, I do not swear and rave,  
 Or sigh sweet things as many can ;  
 But tho' my lip ne'er plays the slave,  
 My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.  
 I prize thee, ay, my bonnie Kate,  
 So firmly fond this breast can be,  
 That I would brook the sternest fate  
 If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life  
 Shall know no shade on heart or brow :  
 For human lot, and mortal strife  
 Would mock the falsehood of such vow.  
 But when the clouds of pain and care  
 Shall teach us we are not divine,  
 My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,  
 And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance  
 The murmurs of dissent may rise ;  
 Fierce words may chase the tender glance,  
 And angry flashes light our eyes.  
 But we must learn to check the frown,  
 To reason rather than to blame :  
 The wisest have their faults to own,  
 And you and I, girl, have the same.



You must not like me less, my Kate,  
 For such an honest strain as this :  
 I love thee dearly, but I hate  
 The puling rhymes of 'kiss' and 'bliss.'  
 There's truth in all I've said or sung;  
 I woo thee as a man *should* woo;  
 And though I lack a honey'd tongue,  
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

*Eliza Cook.*

223. VOLTAIRE TO THE PRINCESS AMELIA  
 OF PRUSSIA.

SOME truth we may descry  
 Even in the greatest lie.  
 To-night I dreamt I sat  
 Enthron'd in regal state;  
 To love you then I dar'd,  
 Nay more, that love declar'd,  
 And when I woke, one half I still retain'd.  
 My kingdom vanish'd, but my love remain'd.

224. THE TRIUMPH OF INDIFFERENCE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

THANKS, dear coquet! indulgent cheat!  
 Kind heaven, and your more kind deccit,  
 At length have set me free;  
 No more I sigh and doat and pine,  
 All care without and calm within,  
 In peace and liberty.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,  
Time sure has robb'd him of his torch,  
    Ne'er was a cooler creature ;  
That name no more has such eclat,  
No more my heart goes pit-a-pat,  
    At sight of each dear feature.

I sleep at night and sometimes dream,  
Nor you the fond vexatious theme ;  
    I wake nor think about you ;  
I meet, I leave you, meet again,  
But feel no mighty joy or pain,  
    Or with you, or without you.

Leave then those little torturing arts.  
You practice on complying hearts,  
    They're all vain in, believe me ;  
Whether those eyes look kind or weep,  
The pouting or the smiling lip,  
    Will neither please nor grieve me.

From those despotic looks no more  
(Once tyrants of each fickle hour)  
    I date my grief and joy,  
May, though you frown, looks sweetly clad,  
And dull December's mighty sad,  
    Though you stand smiling by.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)  
You're mighty pretty,—true, my dear ;  
    But, like your pretty sex,  
You're here and there, and now and then  
A failing ; for, like other men,  
    I now can spy defects.

Yet once with coward fondness curs'd,  
My poor weak heart I fear'd would burst  
    At thought of separation :  
But now despise my feeble chain,  
And bless the salutary pain  
    That cur'd me of my passion.

Impatient of his iron cage,  
The bird thus spends his little rage,  
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings,  
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,  
And hast'ning to his native bowers,  
A joyful welcome sings.

Fond female vanity will say,  
These long harangues, they sure betray  
A heart that's hankering still :  
This passion so proclaim'd in song,  
This tale so pleasing to the tongue,  
Does it not touch the will?

Lovers, like soldiers, Fanny, dwell  
With pleasure on the horrid tale,  
When all the danger's o'er :  
Like other slaves from fetters free,  
We smile with anxious joy to see  
The chains which once we wore.

In kind indulgence to a heart  
Engag'd in so serene a part,  
This sweet revenge I write ;  
Rail, weep, be woman all, for I  
Lull'd in indifference, defy  
Your fondness or your spite.

A frail, false maid I lost ; but you  
A man, kind, generous, and true ;  
Which fortune is the worse ?  
Try all love's mighty empire round,  
A faithful lover's seldom found ;  
A jilt's a common curse.

---

## 225 ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNER OF EXPRESSION.

**S**URVEY, my fair! that lucid stream  
Adown the smiling valley stray;  
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,  
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair,  
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow,  
Not all thy art, nor all thy care  
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey, again, that verdant hill  
With native plants enamell'd o'er;  
Say, can the painter's utmost skill  
Construct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,  
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose.  
And oh! may Laura, ere she try,  
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the woodlark's tuneful throat,  
Can every study'd grace excel;  
Let art constrain the rambling note,  
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh! ever keep thy native ease.  
By no pedantic rules confin'd:  
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,  
So Laura's words be not unkind.

## 226. THE POET TO HIS FALSE MISTRESS.

WONDER not, faithless woman, if you see  
 Yourself so chang'd, so great a change in me ;  
 With shame I own it, I was once your slave,  
 Ador'd myself the beauties which I gave,  
 For know, deceiv'd, deceitful, that 'twas I  
 Gave thy form grace, and lustre to thine eye ;  
 Thy tongue, thy fingers, I their magic taught,  
 And spread the net in which myself was caught.  
 So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,  
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless god ;  
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear ;—  
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear,  
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes, undress,  
 And show thee in thy native ugliness.  
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin,  
 The seat of wanton cupids long has been.  
 Ye fires go out, ye wanton cupids, fly—  
 'Of every beam disarm her haggard eye,—  
 'Tis I recall ye ; my known voice obey,  
 And nought of beauty but the falsehood stay.

227. TO A LADY, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER  
 WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wondering eyes command  
 The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,  
 Throughout the finish'd piece we see displayed  
 The exactest image of the lovely maid ;  
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,  
 This pure, as flows the style through every line  
 That, like each letter exquisitely fine.  
 See, with what art the sable currents stain  
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain,

Thus o'er the meadows wrapp'd in silver snow,  
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow ;  
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck  
The ivory plain of Chloe's lovely neck.  
See, like some virgin whose unmeaning charms  
Receive new lustre from fond love's alarms,  
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,  
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,  
At every touch more animated grows,  
And with new life and new ideas glows ;  
Fresh beauties from the kind impressions gain,  
And shines each moment brighter from its stain.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,  
That strike unerring aim'd at mortal hearts :  
Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,  
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too.  
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,  
From pole to pole you send your great commands.  
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,  
Your pen o'ertakes him if he 'scapes your eyes ,  
So those who from the sword in battle run  
But perish victims to the distant gun.  
Beauty's a short lived blaze, a fading flow'r,  
But these are charms no ages can devour ;  
These, far superior to the brightest face,  
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space.  
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,  
By years decayed, shall tyrannise no more,  
These lovely lines shall future ages view,  
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.  
How oft do I admire with fond delight  
The curious piece, and wish like you to write?  
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire  
To copy Paulo's strokes, or Titian's fire ;  
Even now your splendid lines before me lie,  
And I in vain to imitate them try ;  
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,  
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

## 228. AN ELEGY WRITTEN ON VALENTINE MORNING.

**H**ARK, through the sacred silence of the night,  
Loud Chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill,  
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light  
That floats the dark brow of yon eastern hill.

Bright star of the morn, oh! leave not yet the wave  
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day,  
Nor thou, Aurora, quit Tithonus' cave,  
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away.

Ere these my rustic hands a garland twine,  
Ere yet my tongue indite a simple song,  
For her I mean to hail my valentine,  
Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng.

Sweet is the moon, and sweet the gentle breeze,  
That fans the fragrant bosom of the spring.  
Sweet chirps the lark, and sweeter far than these,  
The gentle love-song gurgling turtles sing.

Oh, let the flower be fragrant as the morn,  
And as the turtle's song my ditty sweet,  
Those flowers my woven chaplet must adorn,  
That ditty must my waking charmer greet.

And thou, blest saint, whom choral creatures join,  
In one enlivening symphony to hail,  
Oh! be propitious, gentle valentine,  
And let each holy, tender sigh prevail.

Oh! give me to approach my sleeping love,  
And strew her pillow with the freshest flowers:  
No sigh unhallow'd shall my bosom move,  
Nor step profane pollute my true love's bowers.

At sacred distance only will I gaze,  
Nor bid my unproved eye refrain;  
Meanwhile my tongue shall chaunt her beauty's praise,  
And hail her sleeping with the gentlest strain

Awake, my fair, awake! for it is time;  
Hark! thousand songsters rise from yonder grove,  
And rising carol this sweet hour of prime,  
Each to his mate a roundelay of love.

All nature sings the hymeneal song,  
All nature follows where the spring invites;  
Come forth, my love! to us these joys belong,  
Ours is the spring, and all her young delights.

For us she throws profusely forth her flowers,  
Which in fresh chaplets joyful I will twine,  
Come forth, my fair! oh do not lose these hours,  
But wake, and be my faithful valentine.

Full many an hour, all lonely have I sigh'd,  
Nor dared the secret of my love reveal,  
Full many a fond expedient have I tried,  
My warmest wish in silence to conceal.

And oft to far retired solitude,  
All mournfully my slow step have I bent,  
Luxurious there indulg'd my musing mood,  
And there alone have given my sorrows vent.

This day resolv'd I dare to plight my vow,  
This day, long since the feast of love decreed,  
Embolder'd will I speak my flame, nor thou,  
Refuse to hear how sore my heart does bleed.

Yet if I should behold my love awake,  
Ah! faint resolves, ah whither will ye fly?  
Full well I know I shall not silence break,  
But struck with awe almost for fear shall die.



Oh no. I will not trust a faltering speech,  
In broken phrase an awkward tale to tell :  
A tale whose tenderness no love can reach,  
Nor softest melody can utter well.

But my meek eye, best herald to my heart,  
I will compose to soft and downcast look,  
And at one humble glance it shall impart  
My love, nor fear the language he mistook.

For she shall read (apt scholar at this love)  
With what fond passion my true bosom glows,  
How hopeless of return I still adore,  
Nor dare the boldness of my wish disclose

Should she then smile, yet ah! she smiles on all,  
Her gentle temper pities all distress ;  
On every hill, each vale, the sunbeams fall,  
Each herb and flower, each tree and shrub, they bless.

Alike all nature grateful owns the boon,  
The universal ray to all is free ;  
Like fond Endymion, should I hope the moon,  
Because among the rest she shines on me.

Hope, vain presumer! keep, oh keep away :  
Ev'n if my woe her gentle bosom moves,  
Pity some look of kindness may display,  
But each soft glance is not a look of love.

Yet heavenly visitant, thou dost not quit  
Those bowers where angels sweet division sing,  
Nor deignest thou on mortal shrine to sit  
Alone, for round thee ever on the wing.

Glad choirs of loves attend, and hovering wait  
Thy mild command ; of these thy blooming train,  
Oh bid some sylph in morning dreams relate,  
Ere yet my love awake, my secret pain.

229. TO A LADY GOING TO BATHE IN THE  
SEA.

VENUS, most histories agree,  
Sprung from the ferment of the sea ;  
Yet I confess I'm always loth  
To think such beauty was but froth,  
Or that the ocean, which more odd is,  
Should from a bubble spawn a goddess.  
Tho' hence, my Laura, learned fellows  
Of such its wondrous power still tell us,  
That every mother brings her daughter  
To dip in this specific water,  
Expecting from the briny wave  
Charms which it once to Venus gave.  
These charms, my Laura, strive to gain,  
And that you may not bathe in vain,  
I'll here, as well as I am able,  
Give you a moral to this fable.  
Would you a goddess reign o'er all ?  
From the wide flood its virtues call,  
Free from each stain thy bosom keep,  
Clear be it as this azure deep,  
Which no capricious passion knows,  
But only ebbs, and only flows ;  
Tho' sometimes ruffled, calmed as soon,  
Still constant to its faithful moon,  
At whose approach with pride it swells,  
And to each shore its true love tells,  
Heedless of every change of weather  
That wafts a straw, or coxcomb feather,  
Which only on the surface play,  
And unobserv'd are wash'd away.  
Reflect that lodg'd within its breast  
The modest pearl delights to rest,  
While every gem to Neptune known,  
Is there with partial bounty sown.  
In years, thus ever may retrace  
Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace :

To these let judgment value give,  
 And in that seat of Beauty live!  
 This moral keep before your eyes;  
 Plunge—and a new-born Venus rise.

*George Keate.*

—••—

230. TO A LADY.

PRESENTED WITH A RING, BEARING A HEART WITH THIS MOTTO—'STOP THIEF.'

SOON as I saw those beauteous eyes,  
 You play'd a roguish part,  
 You first enthrall'd me by surprise,  
 Then robb'd me of my heart.  
 Since thus you now may boast of two,  
 Disputing is in vain;  
 Render to me your own in lieu,  
 Or give me mine again.  
 If not, then you're by all confest  
 The masterpiece of nature,  
 I'll paint you to the world at best  
 A double-hearted creature.

—••—

231. LOVE ELEGY.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave:  
 In vain they gave, their sons received in vain:  
 I saw Neæra, and her instant slave,  
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,  
 Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,  
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,  
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,  
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,  
Was laid a rock amidst the watery roar,  
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid.  
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?  
My humble voice would move one only maid,  
And she contemns the trifles which I sing

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,  
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:  
I only sing, one cruel maid to gain;  
Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in loveless innocence I'll pine,  
Since Jove presents win the greedy fair,  
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,  
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I loved a beauteous maid,  
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:  
Nor worth, nor passion can her heart persuade,  
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise, who first the charm of nature lost,  
With Tyrian purple soild the snowy sheep;  
Unwiser still, who seas and mountains crossed,  
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,  
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight:  
Their hearts secure in trifles, love despise:  
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind  
And earthly thought beneath a heavenly face?  
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,  
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,  
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,  
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,  
 The forward lover,—hence this angry song.

*Hammond.*

232. LOVE ELEGY.

WHEN young life's journey I began,  
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,  
 I saw along the extended plain  
 Joy after joy, successive rise.

And Fame her golden trumpet blew,  
 And Power display'd her gorgeous charms,  
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view,  
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms.

To each by turns my vows I paid,  
 As Folly led me to admire;  
 While Fancy magnified each shade,  
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream;  
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,  
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,  
 And thousands daily are undone.

And Fame I found was empty air,  
 And Wealth had terror for her guest,  
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with care,  
 And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chase, I gave it o'er,  
 And in a far sequester'd shade,  
 To Contemplation's sober power  
 My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene,  
And oft indulgent to my prayer,  
With mirthful eye and frolic mien  
The Muse would deign to visit there.

There would she oft delighted rove  
The flower enamell'd vale along,  
Or wander with me through the grove,  
And listen to the woodlark's song ;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,  
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,  
Recall past ages from the tomb,  
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,  
One wish alone my soul could frame,  
And Heaven bestowed, to crown the rest,  
A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,  
And worth, unconscious of a stain,  
He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,  
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew ;  
No cares did then my peace destroy ;  
Time brought new blessings as he flew,  
And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,  
Soon did the sad reverse appear ;  
Love came like an untimely frost,  
To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel form,  
(Fool that I was, I bless'd the smart,)  
And while I gar'd, nor thought of harm,  
The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was, at least in Damon's eyes,  
Made up of loveliness and grace,  
Her heart a stranger to disguise,  
Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move,  
(Unhappy I, alas! the while,)  
Her soul was joy, her look was love,  
And heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,  
She listened to the tender strain,  
She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,  
And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She said she loved, and I, poor youth!  
(How soon, alas, can Hope persuade!)  
Thought all she said no more than truth,  
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,  
With her I sate the livelong day,  
And said and look'd such tender things  
As none beside could look or say.

How soon can fortune shift the scene,  
And all our earthly bliss destroy?  
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train  
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,  
My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,  
In one sad moment all were lost,  
And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows erewhile,  
Could dream these vows were insincere?  
Or who could think that saw her smile,  
That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false — my heart will break !  
Her frauds, her perjuries were such ;  
Some other tongue than mine must speak,  
I have not power to say how much !

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,  
Oh shun her paths, the traitress shun !  
Her voice is death, her smile is fate,  
Who hears or sees her is undone.

And when Death's hand shall close mine eye,  
(For soon I know the day will come,)  
O cheer my spirit with a sigh,  
And grave these lines upon my tomb !

#### THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone,  
In manhood's prime is Damon laid :  
Joyless he lived, and died unknown,  
In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the muse, but lov'd in vain—  
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on ;  
He saw young Daphne on the plain :  
He loved, believed, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,  
(Sad meed of unexampled truth,)  
And sorrow, like an envious worm,  
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid ;  
O greet his ashes with a tear !  
May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,  
And grant that peace he wanted here.

*Michael Woodhull.*



## 233. A BIRTHDAY OFFERING TO A YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

**E**RE this short winter's day be gone,  
My MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.  
Of days still shorter just a Lent,  
Patch'd up from different years, is spent,  
Since her devoted fairly reckon'd  
The close of year the thirty-second.  
Bending beneath the weight of years,  
Full as infirm as he appears,  
What can a wornout lover do,  
With twenty-one at thirty-two?  
For such a phrenzy no defence is—  
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceived by some fond notion,  
Embraced in rapture of devotion,  
(I quote such fancies to expose them)  
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom :  
And chooses an antique—the rather  
With better grace to call him father !

Perhaps—but fiction be suppressed,  
While real joy expands my breast,  
My faithful flame her heart approves,  
And oh! transporting thought! she loves.

When souls by impulse sympathetic,  
By intuition most prophetic,  
By feelings which they cannot smother,  
Leap at first glance to meet each other,  
When each itself in th' other traces,  
What matter for their different cases?  
Of kin, perhaps in pre-existence,  
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,  
They recollect the happy union,  
And long to recommend communion.  
I must confess that such attraction  
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,

Were best, if on deliberation.  
It met with Reason's approbation :  
Not as of absolute dominion,  
To rule by dint of dark opinion ;  
Not as a lord of sovereign sway,  
Whom love must worship and obey ;  
But merely as the herd inferior  
May judge the arts of powers superior ;  
As my poor intellect, or thine,  
May scan authority divine—  
In short, I'd have our simple love,  
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,  
Hung in one room by chance together,  
To airs melodious tune their voices,  
While each the other's ear rejoices ;  
If, without half a note erroneous,  
The song be perfectly harmonious,  
What matter for the former ages  
Of bills, of feathers, and of cages ?

Dean Swift, whose talent lives no more,  
His Stella sung at forty-four,  
And breath'd an idle wish to split  
In twain her beauty, years, and wit.  
Of half her charms he made a proffer  
For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.  
Far happier I, who well could spare  
Of each accomplishment a share,  
Yet leave an ampler store of charms,  
To bring Elysium to my arms ;  
Am not reduced those charms to barter,  
And cry to heedless Time for quarter.  
Fly, sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,  
My charmer yields not All till spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,  
I bid thy cruel scythe defiance ;  
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,  
Thou canst but separate below ;  
Thy first can but for moments sever,  
Thy second reunites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage  
By silent sap diverting age,  
By subtile secret slow approaches,  
As mildew in the blade encroaches,  
Thou hop'st, malignant fiend! to tame  
The ardour of love's fiercest flame;  
Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,  
Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past;  
Can years, while sense remains, destroy  
The memory of transcendent joy?  
Can years bright innocence impair?  
Can years make virtue look less fair?

But beauty by thy influence curst,  
May sicken—tyrant, do thy worst!  
I know thy power, and am prepar'd  
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.  
Though body, mind, thou canst control,  
Own thy survivor in the soul;  
Whose perfect bliss is not enjoyed,  
Till thou art utterly destroyed.

E'en here, as health and beauty fail,  
White lilies o'er the rose prevail,  
Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm;  
Though every hour should steal a charm,  
Long ere, by twenty stars a day,  
The spangled heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,  
As years their empire slowly gain,  
While my ideas, in the race  
Observe a due-proportion'd pace,  
And limbs grow cold, and senses falter,  
I shan't perceive her senses alter.  
When age her dimpled cheek beguiles,  
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,  
Though every Cupid he should smother,  
I'll think her handsome as their mother.  
When steady to his barbarous plan  
To spoil my lovely MARY ANNE,  
The savage, unrelenting creature  
Has robb'd her face of every feature,

And, to conception's merely common,  
My charmer seems a plain old woman,  
Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,  
Still in my eyes be twenty-one.

*George Canning.*

#### 234. LOVE IN PLEASURE.

**W**HEN pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,  
And the gay hours on downy wings advance,  
Oh! then, 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth  
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance  
The raptur'd soul by intermingling glance  
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,  
Led by the hand of love, to weave the dance,  
Or unmolested crop Life's fairy flowers,  
Or bask in Joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

*Mrs. Tighe.*

#### 235. LOVE IN PAIN.

**W**HEN vex'd by cares and harass'd by distress,  
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
Let love, consoling love! still sweetly bless,  
And his assuasive balm benignly shed:  
This downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread,  
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose.  
To love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

*Mrs. Tighe.*

hence, every secret fear.  
With joy I see th' approaching day  
Which gives me all that's dear.

What though no jewels grace my br  
(She owes no charms to them,)  
Yet virtue in her bosom dwells—  
There glows the brightest gem.

There white rob'd innocence appears  
Fair Peace in smiles array'd,  
And sweet Content in humble guise,  
Adorn the lovely maid.

Oh! born to bless me with thy love,  
My dear, my joy, my life—  
Soon will those tender names unite  
In that dear name of wife.

Thee meek-eyed gentleness adorns,  
With modest virtue join'd,  
Thy decent form, and humble mien,  
Bespeak a spotless mind.

On these I build my hopes of peace,  
On these bright charms of thine:  
How shall I bless that happy hour  
That makes thee ever mine.

237. THE FORCE OF LOVE.

**T**HROW an apple up a hill,  
Down the apple tumbles still ;  
Roll it down, it never stops  
'Till within the vale it drops ;  
So are all things prone to love,  
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,  
Up ascends the lambent flame,  
Smoke and vapour mount the skies,  
All preserve their unities.  
Nought below and nought above,  
Seem averse, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,  
O the orient rays of light,  
Bid Dan Phoebus not to shine,  
Bid the planets not incline.  
'Tis as vain below, above,  
To impede the course of love.

Salamanders live in fire,  
Eagles to the skies aspire,  
Diamonds in their quarries lie,  
Rivers do the sea supply.  
Thus appears, below, above,  
A propensity to love.

Metals grow within the mine,  
Luscious grapes upon the vine.  
Still the needle marks the pole,  
Parts are equal to the whole.  
'Tis a truth as clear that love  
Quickens all below, above.

Man is born to live and die,  
 Snakes to creep and birds to fly,  
 Fishes in the waters swim,  
 Doves are mild, and lions grim.  
 Nature thus, below, above,  
 Pushes all things on to love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?  
 Or the thirsty deer the fountain?  
 Does the shepherd love his crook?  
 Or the miller court the brook?  
 Thus by nature all things move,  
 Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold?  
 Does the miser doat on gold?  
 Seek the birds in spring to pair?  
 Breathes the rosebud scented air?  
 Should you this deny, you'll prove  
 Nature is averse to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

When young maidens courtship shun,  
 When the moon outshines the sun,  
 When the tigers lambs beget,  
 When the snow is black as jet,  
 When the planets cease to move,  
 Then shall nature cease to love.

*Abraham Cowley.*



## 238. THE CAUSE OF INCONSTANCY.

**H**OW have I heard the fair lament  
 Man's falsehood, and their wretched fate;  
 How few are with their spouse content,  
 Or constant to their sighing mate.

How seldom souls below are join'd,  
For one another form'd above ;  
How seldom pairs of hearts we find,  
By heaven ordain'd for mutual love.

Thus man's inconstant soul we blame,  
In want of knowledge or of thought,  
When all the while 'tis in the frame  
Of both their bodies lies the fault.

When Jove had made this little ball  
For four-legg'd beasts, and creeping things,  
At length he form'd, to govern all,  
A two-legg'd creature without wings.

Millions of these he made at once,  
To save himself all farther trouble :  
And men and women, for the nonce,  
By pairs, like tallies, he made double.

Then from Olympus' dreadful top,  
Well shaken in a bag together,  
He toss'd them down, and let them drop  
Just as it pleas'd the wind or weather.

Some fell in Asia, some in Greece,  
In England some, and some in Spain :  
But seldom two of the same piece  
In the same climate met again.

Hence men who, grown to riper years,  
Remembering this their former making,  
Hunt up and down to find their peers,  
And women, too, in the same taking.

Some prove too short, and some too tall,  
This is too big, and that too little:  
A fault they're sure to find in all,  
Few ever tally to a tittle.



By chance a pair may meet and love,  
 And spend their lives in bliss together,  
 But when they're tumbled from above  
 It must be mighty temperate weather.

From hence the murmuring fair may see  
 Men's hearts are not to blame a bit,  
 Our souls would never disagree  
 If all our bodies did but fit.



### 239. A WOMAN'S LOVE.

. . . . . IT is a fearful thing  
 To love as I love thee; to feel the world—  
 The bright, the beautiful, the joy-giving world—  
 A blank without thee. Never more to me  
 Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now  
 I have no hope that does not dream for thee;  
 I have no joy that is not shar'd by thee;  
 I have no fear that does not dread for thee;  
 All that I once took pleasure in—my lute  
 Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;  
 My flowers, I only gather them for thee;  
 The book drops listless down, I cannot read,  
 Unless it is to thee; my lonely hours  
 Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,  
 After my own romantic fantasies.  
 He is the star round which my thoughts revolve  
 Like satellites. L. E. L.



### 240. LOVERS.

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,  
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;  
 And drizzling drops that often do rebound,  
 Firmest flint doth in continuance wear.

Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear  
 And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,  
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,  
 Or look with pity on my painful smart.  
 But when I plead, she bids me play my part ;  
 And when I weep, she says tears are but water ;  
 And when I sigh, she says I know the art ;  
 And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.  
 So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,  
 While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

*Spenser.*



241. LOVERS' QUARRELS.

THEY never lov'd as thou and I,  
 Who minister'd the moral,  
 That aught which deepens love can lie,  
 In true love's lightest quarrel.  
 They never knew in times of fear  
*The safety of affection,*  
 Nor sought when angry fate drew near  
 Love's altar for protection.  
 They never knew how kindness grows  
 A vigil and a care ;  
 Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose  
 In silence and in prayer.

*Lord Lytton.*



242. THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
 Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
 Its wondering half, when ripe to crown the whole.  
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
 To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,  
 And, leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,  
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant, and bleed.

And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,  
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,  
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;—

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,  
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,  
 Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing,  
 Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.  
*Mrs. Brooks.*

— \* —

### 243. LOVE.

**H**E stood beside a cottage lone,  
 And listened to a lute,  
 One summer eve, when the breeze was gone  
 And the nightingale was mute.  
 The moon was watching on the hill,  
 The stream was staid, and the maples still,  
 To hear a lover's suit,  
 That—half a vow and half a prayer—  
 Spoke less of hope than of despair:  
 And rose into the calm, soft air,  
 As sweet and low  
 As he had heard—O, woe! O, woe!  
 The flutes of angels, long ago!  
 'By every hope that earthward clings,  
 By faith that mounts on angel-wings,  
 By dreams that make night-shadows bright,  
 And truths that turn our day to night,  
 By childhood's smile and manhood's tear,  
 By pleasure's day and sorrow's year,

By all the strains that fancy sings,  
And pangs that time so surely brings,—  
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,  
For all hereafter as for here,  
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,  
My soul is wedded unto thine !'

And for its soft and sole reply,  
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,  
But not a spoken word ;  
And yet they made the waters start  
Into his eyes who heard,  
For they told of a most loving heart,  
In a voice like that of a bird ;—  
Of a heart that loved, though it loved in vain,  
A grieving, and yet not a pain,—  
A love that took an early root,  
And had an early doom :  
Like trees that never grow to fruit,  
And early shed their bloom,—  
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,  
All lost for evermore :  
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore !

—•—  
244. KISSES.

**M**Y heart is beating with all things that are,  
My blood is wild unrest ;  
With what a passion pants yon eager star  
Upon the water's breast !  
Clasp'd in the air's soft arms the world doth sleep :  
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands ;  
With what an hungry lip the ocean deep  
Lappeth for ever the white-breasted sands ;  
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,  
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight skies.

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon my brow,  
Filled with as tender light  
As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,  
This mellow autumn night !  
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet,  
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim;  
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—  
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim !  
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,  
Full-juiced and mellow, leaneth to the taker's reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,  
It floods my shoulders o'er ;  
Another yet ! Oh, as a weary wave  
Subsides upon the shore,  
My hungry being, with its hopes, its fears,  
My heart like moon-charmed waters, all unrest,  
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,  
Doth faint upon thy breast !  
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet  
With thy rich tears. One kiss, sweet, sweet. Another yet !  
*Alexander Smith.*

---

245. A PRUDENT CHOICE.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,  
Whose beauty was the ready penny,  
I choose her, says he, like old plate,  
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

---

246. A LOVER'S FANCY.

SWEET Heaven ! I do love a maiden,  
Radiant, rare, and beauty laden :  
When she's near me, heaven is round me,  
Her dear presence doth so bound me !

I could wring my heart of gladness,  
Might it free her lot of sadness;  
Give the world and all that's in it  
Just to press her hand a minute!  
Yet she weeteth not love her;  
Never dare I tell the sweet  
Tale but to the stars above her,  
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,  
And in tearful moments cheer her!  
I could be a bird to lighten  
Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten:  
Or in fragrance, like a blossom,  
Give my life up on her bosom!  
For my love's withouten measure,  
All its pangs are sweetest pleasure.  
Yet she weeteth not I love her,  
Never dare I tell the sweet  
Tale but to the stars above her,  
And the flowers that kiss her feet.

*Gerald Massey.*

— — —  
247. LOVE.

O LOVE! love! love!  
Its glory smites our gloom,  
And flower-like, flusht with life, the heart  
Doth burgeon into bloom.  
Sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss,  
That crowns the world anew:  
Sweet as in Roses' heart of bliss,  
Soft, summer-dark, drops dew.

O love! love! love!  
May make the brave heart ache:  
Pulse out its lavish life, and leave  
It mournfully to break!

But! O how exquisite it starts  
The thoughts that bee-like cling,  
To drain the honey from young hearts,  
And leave a bleeding sting!

O love! love! love!  
Its very pain endears;  
And every wail and weeping brings  
Some blessing on our tears!  
Love makes our darkest days. Sweet dove  
In golden suns go down,  
And still we'll clothe our hearts with love,  
And crown us with love's crown.  
*Gerald Massey.*

---

#### 248. FEMALE FAITH.

SHE loved you when the sunny light  
Of bliss was on your brow;  
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,  
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone  
Taught every heart to thrill;  
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,  
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stept  
The gayest of the gay;  
That pride the blight of time hath swept,  
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart  
Of fortune's smile could boast;  
She saw that smile decay—depart—  
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the generous faith that glows  
 In woman's gentle breast ;  
 'Tis like the star that stays and glows  
 Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray  
 Has left the lonely shore,  
 And that the wanderer on his way  
 Then wants her light the more.

*L. E. L.*



249. A LOVER DROPPING ASLEEP IN THE  
 MIDST OF HAPPY THOUGHTS.

'TIS sweeter than all else below,  
 The daylight and its duties done,  
 To fold the arms for rest and so  
 Relinquish all regards but one :  
 To see her features in the dark :  
 To lie and meditate once more  
 Some grace he did not fully mark,  
 Some tone he had not heard before :  
 Then from beneath his head to take  
 Her notes, her picture, and her glove,  
 Put there for joy when he shall wake,  
 And press them to the heart of love :  
 And then to whisper ' wife,' and pray  
 To live so long as not to miss  
 That unimaginable day  
 Which farther seems the nearer 'tis :  
 And still from joy's unfathom'd well  
 To drink in sleep, while on her brow  
 Of innocence ineffable  
 The laughing bridal roses blow.

*Coventry Patmore.*





## 250. CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
 At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid.  
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,  
 Loses them too ; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip, the rose  
 Growing on 's cheek, (but none know how)  
 With these the crystal of his brow,  
 And then the dimple of his chin,—  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes :  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love ! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall alas ! become of me?

*John Lylye.*



## 251. ON SILENCE IN LOVE.

SILENCE in love betrays more woe  
 Than words, though ne'er so witty ;  
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
 Deserves a double pity.

*Sir Henry Wotton.*



## 252. LOVE'S COMPLIMENTS.

HER stature like the tall straight cedar-trees,  
 Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves ;  
 A pace like princely Juno, when she braved  
 The Queen of Love 'fore Paris in the vale ;  
 A front beset with love and courtesy ;  
 A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd ;

A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge.  
 A lip, sweet ruby-red, graced with delight ;  
 A cheek wherein, for interchange of hue,  
 A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose ;  
 Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,  
 When chilling frost doth chill the azure sky ;  
 Her hair, of golden hue, doth dim the beams  
 That proud Apollo giveth from his coach ;  
 A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands  
 To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps ;  
 A piece, despite of beauty, framed  
 To show what Nature's lineage could afford.

*Robert Greene.*

253. MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,  
 And her cheek paleth,  
 When fades the beautiful,  
 Then man's love faileth ;  
 He sits not beside her chair,  
 Clasps not her fingers,  
 Twines not the damp hair  
 That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,  
 Though her eye lightens,  
 Though her cheek, pale and thin,  
 Feverishly brightens ;  
 He stays but a moment near,  
 When that flash fadeth,  
 Though true affection's tear  
 Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight  
 Into life's jostle,  
 He meets at the very gate  
 Business and bustle ;

He thinks not of her within,  
Silently sighing,  
He forgets in that noisy din  
That she is dying!

And when her young heart is still,  
What though he mourneth,  
Soon from his sorrow chill  
Wearied he turneth ;  
Soon o'er her buried head  
Memory's light sitteth,  
And the true-hearted dead  
Thus man forgetteth.

*Mary Anne Browne.*

---

254. WOMAN'S LOVE.

WHEN man is waxing frail,  
And his hand is thin and weak,  
And his lips are parched and pale,  
And wan and white his cheek,  
Oh, then doth woman prove  
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,  
And holds his feeble hand,  
She watcheth ever there  
His wants to understand ;  
His yet unspoken will  
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him where the moon  
Is bright o'er dale or hill,  
And all things, save the tune  
Of the honey bees, are still,  
Into the garden bowers  
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,  
To feast on breath and bloom,  
She brings the posy rare  
Into his darken'd room,  
And 'neath his weary head  
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death  
His lamp of life doth dim,  
She never wearieth—  
She never leaveth him ;  
Still near him night and day,  
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,  
And the turf is on his breast,  
Deep in her bosom's core  
Lie sorrows unexpressed ;  
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,  
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise  
Balm for her spirit's pain,  
And though her quiet eyes  
May sometimes smile again ;  
Still, still she must regret,—  
She never can forget.

*Mary Anne Browne.*

— 255 —  
255. EPITAPH.

**U**NDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die,  
Which, when alive, did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.

*Ben Jonson.*

## 256. THE CURE OF LOVE.

**W**HEN, Chloe, I confess my pain,  
 In gentle words you pity show;  
 But gentle words are all in vain:  
 Such gales my flame but higher blow.  
 Ah, Chloe! would you cure the smart,  
 Your conquering eyes have keenly made.  
 Yourself upon my bleeding heart,  
 Yourself, fair Chloe, must be laid.  
 Thus, for the viper's sting we know  
 No surer remedy is found,  
 Than to apply the torturing foe,  
 And squeeze his venom on the wound.  
*Dr. Kenrick.*

## 257. SONG.

**H**ARD is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves,  
 But to the lonely, listening plain.  
 Oh when she blesses next your shade,  
 Oh' when her footsteps next are seen,  
 In flowery tracts along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green.  
 The gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lilies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrow in her ear.  
 Oh tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
 Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.  
 Not her own guardian angel eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care,  
 Not purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear  
Should start at love's suspected name,  
With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
True love and friendship are the same.

*Thomson.*

---

258. ANACREONTIC.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,  
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,  
Had sought refreshment from the shade,  
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.  
A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found  
The subtle traitor fast asleep;  
And is it thine to snore profound,  
She said, yet leave the world to weep?  
But hush—from this auspicious hour.  
The world, I ween, may rest in peace,  
And robb'd of darts, and stripp'd of power,  
Thy peevish petulance decrease.  
Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,  
And this thy vile artillery hide—  
When the Castilian fount she saw,  
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.  
The magic fount—ill-judging maid!  
Shall cause you soon to curse the day  
You dar'd the shafts of love invade,  
And gave his arms redoubled sway.  
For in a stream so wondrous clear,  
When angry Cupid searches round,  
Will not the radiant points appear?  
Will not the furtive spoils be found?  
Too soon they were; and every dart  
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,  
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,  
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then fare ye well, ye Pierian quire;  
 For who will now your altars throng?  
 From love we learn to swell the lyre;  
 And echo asks no sweeter song.

*Skenstone.*

259. SONG.

**W**HEN thy beauty appears  
 With its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,  
 At a distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,  
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art  
 Your kind thoughts you impart,  
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein;  
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart.  
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's passion and pride  
 In our sex, she replied,  
 And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;  
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
 But still be a woman to you.

*Parnell.*

260. TO A LADY HALF-MASKING HERSELF,  
 WHEN SHE SMILED.

**S**O, when the sun with his meridian light  
 Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,  
 We thank the officious cloud, by whose kind aid  
 We view his glory soften'd by a shade.

## 261. LOVE LIKE AN APRIL DAY.

**T**HE lovely Delia smiles again!  
That killing frown has left her brow;  
Can she forgive my jealous pain,  
And give me back my angry vow?  
Love is an April's doubtful day:  
Awhile we see the tempest low'r,  
Anon the radiant heaven survey,  
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flowers that hang their languid heads,  
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;  
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,  
And double verdure gilds the plains.  
The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less  
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,  
In every raptur'd note express  
The joy I feel, when thou art kind.

*Shenstone.*

## 262. THE CONDITION OF A LOVER.

**F**ROM place to place forlorn I go,  
With downcast eyes in silent shade;  
Forbidden to declare my woe;  
To speak, till spoken too, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,  
My soft consenting looks betray.  
He loves, but gives me no relief;  
Why speaks he not who may?

*Sir Richard Steele.*



## 263. THE SELF-EXAMINATION BY A LADY.

WHY throbs my heart when he appears?  
From whence this tender sigh?  
Why are my eyes dissolv'd in tears,  
When he's no longer nigh?  
Where are my wonted pleasures fled?  
Nor books, nor lyre can please;—  
That lies untouch'd, and these unread,  
All occupations tease.  
One loved idea still employs  
All hopes. and all desires;  
Walks are insipid, music's noise  
And conversation tires.  
But when Philander speaks, 'tis then  
I all attention pay;  
And fondly wish the power to pen  
Whate'er he deigns to say.  
O with what skill I strive to hide  
The joy my bosom feels,  
When he, oft seated by my side,  
To me his thoughts reveals.  
Wit, sense, and genius, then conspire  
Each faculty to seize;  
And while I fondly thus admire,  
I lose the power to please.  
A pause ensues; his eyes still speak,  
As waiting a reply:  
My words in falt'ring accents break,  
Or on my lips they die.  
Oh, were Philander once to bear  
In all my wishes a part;  
And softly whisper in my ear  
The secrets of his heart,  
What pleasure thro' each sense would glide,  
What transport should I feel;  
Oh, say my heart, thus sweetly tried,  
Couldst thou thy joys conceal?

264. SONG.

COME, gentle God of soft desire!  
 Come and possess my happy breast :  
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,  
 Or frantic folly's madness drest ;  
 But come in friendship's angel guise :  
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art.  
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
 More sweet emotions at the heart.  
 O come with goodness in thy train,  
 With peace and pleasure void of storm,  
 And would'st thou me for ever gain,  
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

*Thomson.*

265. THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

LINES TO MRS. LLOYD.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat  
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,  
 Jove sent, and found far in a country scene,  
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene,  
 From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy  
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.  
 The graces from the court did next provide  
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride ;  
 These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain  
 Of vice, coquet, affected, pert and vain ;  
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd.  
 Then call'd the happy composition Lloyd.

*Swift.*

## 266. A REQUEST.

I DID but look and love a while,  
 'Twas but for half an hour,  
 Then to resist I had no will,  
 And now I have no power.  
 To sigh and wish is all my ease :  
 Sighs which do heat impart  
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
 But cannot warm your heart ;  
 Oh ! would you pity give my heart  
 One corner of your breast,  
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,  
 And quickly steal the rest.

*Thomas Otway.*

## 267. A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN SPRING.

ASK not the cause why sullen Spring  
 So long delays her flowers to bear ;  
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,  
 And winter-storms invert the year :  
 Chloris is gone, and Fate provides  
 To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair ;  
 She cast not back a pitying eye,  
 But left her lover in despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die.  
 Ah ! how can those fair eyes endure  
 To give the wounds they will not cure ?

Great God of love, why hast thou made  
 A face that can all hearts command,  
 That all religions can invade,  
 And change the laws of every land ?  
 Where hast thou plac'd such power before ?  
 Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,  
 Adoring crowds before her fall :  
 She can restore the dead from tombs,  
 And every life but mine recal.  
 I only am by love design'd  
 To be the victim of mankind.

*J. Dryden.*

268. MY LOVE.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,  
 More fragrant than the damask rose,  
 Soft as the downs of turtle dove,  
 Gentle as air, when Zephyr blows :  
 Refreshing as descending rains  
 To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,  
 Or as the dial to the sun ;  
 Constant as gliding waters roll,  
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon.  
 From every other charmer free,  
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,  
 The dam the tender kid pursues ;  
 Sweet Philomel in shady bowers  
 Of verdant spring her notes renews.  
 All follow what they most admire,  
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary, as the season's rise ;  
 As winter to the spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies.  
 No change in love the seasons bring.  
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time with stealing pace  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow :  
 Ev'n marble towers and walls of brass,  
 In his rude march he levels low ;  
 But time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 The gentle godhead can remove,  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart  
 To mingle with the blest above,  
 Where known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the soul,  
 Twin-born from heav'n together came :  
 Love will the universe control,  
 When dying seasons lose their name.  
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,  
 When time and death shall be no more.

*S. Booth.*

—••—  
 269. THE TRUE LOVER.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,  
 And plighted an eternal vow ;  
 So alter'd are thy face and mind,  
 'Twere perjury to love thee now.

*Nugent.*

—••—  
 270. CUPID'S PASTIME.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
 That went to seek his straying sheep,  
 Within a thicket in a plain  
 Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,  
Her careless arms abroad were cast;  
Her quiver had her pillow's place,  
Her heart lay bare to every blast.  
The shepherd stayed and gaz'd his fill:  
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.  
The crafty boy thus sees her sleep  
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her nap should ended be.  
There come he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place,  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.  
Scarce was he gone but she awakes,  
And spies the shepherd standing by;  
Her bended bow in haste she takes  
And at the simple swain lets fly.  
Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,  
That to the ground he fell with pain,  
Yet up again forthwith he starts  
And to the nymph he ran amain.  
Amazed to see so strange a sight,  
She shot a shot, but all in vain:  
The more his wounds the more his might,  
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.  
Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
She blames her hand, she blames her skill,  
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,  
And try them on herself she will.  
Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,  
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:  
Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,—  
Revenge is joy, the end is smart;  
Yet try she will, to pierce some bare;  
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare  
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

One seeks for what she shunn'd before,  
She thinks the shepherd's haste to  
Though mountains meet not, lovers meet,  
What other lovers do, did they ;  
The god of love sate on a tree,  
And laugh'd that pleasant sight to see  
*Reliques of Ancient 1*

— — —

271. A HUE AND CRY AFTER

*First Grace.*

**B**EAUTIES, have ye seen this  
Called love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind :  
Cruel now, and then as kind ?  
If he be amongst ye, say ;  
He is Venus' runaway.

*Second Grace.*

She that will but now discover  
Where that wingèd wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How or where herself would wish ;  
But who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss and another.

*Third Grace.*

He hath marks about him plenty,  
You shall know him among twenty

*First Grace.*

At his sight the sun hath turned,  
Neptune in the waters burned ;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat,  
Love himself forsook his seat.  
From the centre to the sky  
Are his trophies raised on high.

*Second Grace.*

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,  
He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part ;  
And if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself in kisses.

*Third Grace.*

He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrows that out-brave  
Dion's shafts, where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

*First Grace.*

Still the fairest are his fuel ;  
When his days are to be cruel,  
Lovers' hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest blood.  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to reason.

*Second Grace.*

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet,  
All his practice is deceit.  
Every gift it is a bait,  
Not a kiss but poison bears,  
And most treason in his tears.



*Third Grace.*

Idle minutes are his reign,  
 When the straggler makes his gain,  
 By presenting maids with toys,  
 And would have ye think them joys :  
 'Tis the ambition of the elf,  
 To have all childish as himself.

*First Grace.*

If by these ye please to know him,  
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

*Second Grace.*

Though ye had a will to hide him,  
 Now, we hope, you'll not abide him.

*Third Grace.*

Since you hear his falser play,  
 And that he's Venus' runaway.

*Ben Jonson.*



## 272. TO THE LASSES.

I HAVE seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,  
 That a wife makes a man either blessed or curst ;  
 I declare I will marry as soon as I find,  
 Mark me well, ye young lasses, a maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice will despise,  
 Nor the girl that's so foolish as to think herself wise,  
 Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind :  
 Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude who in public will never be free,  
 Yet in private for ever a toying will be,  
 Nor coquette that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind :  
 Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Nor she who for pleasure her husband will slight,  
Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right,  
Nor she who a dupe to the fashion's inclined :  
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good nature, and carriage genteel,  
Who her husband can love and no secrets reveal,  
In whose breast I may virtue with modesty find :  
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

*Thomson.*

—••—  
273. SONG.

COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled  
By cruel beauty's pride,  
Bring each a garland on his head,  
Let none his sorrows hide ;  
But hand in hand around me move,  
Singing the saddest tales of love ;  
And see, when your complaints ye join,  
If all your wrongs can equal mine.  
The happiest mortal once was I,  
My heart no sorrows knew ;  
Pity the pain with which I die,  
But ask not whence it grew.  
Yet if a tempting fair you find,  
That's very lovely, very kind,  
Tho' bright as heaven, whose stamp she bears,  
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

*Thomas Otway.*

—••—  
274. THE CHOICE.

A MAN that's neither high nor low  
In party, nor in stature ;  
No noisy fool, nor fickle beau,  
That's used to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learned fool .  
That nods o'er musty books ;  
Who eats, and drinks, and lives by rule,  
And weighs my words and looks.  
Let him be easy, frank, and gay,  
Of dancing never tir'd ;  
Always have something smart to say,  
But silent, if requir'd.

—•—

## 275. TO A LADY,

WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the fair : to you these flowers I bring,  
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.  
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you,  
Emblems of innocence and beauty too.  
With flowers the graces bind their yellow hair,  
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.  
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,  
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.  
To loftier forms are tougher tasks assigned,  
The shelt'ring oak resists the stormy wind,  
The tougher yew repels invading foes,  
And the tall pine for future navies grows :  
But this soft family, to cares unknown,  
Were born for pleasure and delight alone,  
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,  
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.  
Nor blush, my fair, to own your copy these :  
Your best, your sweetest empire, is to please.

*Aikin.*

—•—

276. ADIEU L'AMOUR.

**H**ERE end my chains, and thraldom cease,  
 If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace,  
 Since for the pleasures of an hour  
 We must endure an age of pain,  
 I'll be this bashful thing no more :  
 Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,  
 Now falsehood, a more cruel guest.  
 O! for the peace of human kind  
 Make women longer true, or sooner kind ;  
 With justice or with mercy reign,  
 Or Love! or give me back my heart again.  
*Granville, Lord Lansdowne.*



277. ON A YOUNG LADY'S REFUSAL TO SHOW  
 HER HAND.

**N**O argument could Fanny move :  
 With strong reluctance still she strove  
 Her lovely hand to hide.  
 The case was plain ; she was afraid,  
 That, plac'd in view, it might be said,  
 'Twas by her hand they died.



278. A DIRGE.

**B**OW the head, thou lily fair,  
 Bow the head in mournful guise :  
 Sickly turn thy shining white,  
 Bend thy stalk, and never rise!

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose,  
Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay!  
Spread them wide on the cold earth,  
Quickly let them fade away!

Fragrant woodbine, all untwine,  
All untwine from yonder bower,  
Drag thy branches on the ground,  
Stain with dust each tender flower!

For woe is me, the gentle knot  
That did in willing durance bind  
My Emma to her happy swain,—  
By cruel death is now untwined.

Her head with dim, half-closed eyes,  
Is bowed upon her breast of snow,  
And cold and faded are those cheeks  
That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,  
That wont to breathe the sounds of love,  
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,  
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all this bliss bereft,  
Lonely and sad must ever moan,  
Dead to each joy the world can give,  
Alive to memory alone.

*Albis.*

---

279. THE RECONCILEMENT.

A SONG.

COME, let us now resolve at last,  
To live and love in quiet:  
We'll tie the knot so very fast,  
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,  
Who free from quarrels live;  
'Tis the most tender part of love  
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took  
No pleasure nor no rest:  
And when I feign'd an angry look,  
Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find  
How blest will be our fate.  
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,  
Sure, never is too late.

*Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.*



280. FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,  
To whom my sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pairs  
Whose yielding heart and joining hands  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,  
That thoughtless fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way;  
If theirs be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,  
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
To chill embraces move;  
So too rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
With wanton flames; those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy.  
On Etna's top let furies wed,  
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,  
T' improve this burning joy.

Nor the dull pair, whose marble forms  
None of the melting passions warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands.  
Logs of greenwood, that quench the coals,  
Are married just like stoic souls,  
With osiers for their hands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless.  
As well may heavenly comforts spring  
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold  
To jarring souls of angry mould,  
The rugged and the keen.  
Samson's young foxes might as well  
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind:  
For love abhors the sight.  
Loose the fiery tiger from the deer;  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves.  
Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupids yoke the doves.

281. ON A LADY, STUNG BY A BEE.

**T**O heal the wound the bee had made  
Upon my Delia's face ;  
Its honey to the wound she laid,  
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound  
Suck'd both the sweet and smart ;  
The honey on my lips I found,  
The sting went through my heart.

---

282. ON A GENTLEMAN'S OMITTING TO  
SUBSCRIBE HIS NAME IN A  
LETTER TO A LADY.

**T**IS true, I did forget my name,  
But many a man hath done the same  
In circumstance like mine.  
Alas! my crazy head's too prone  
Not only to forget my own,  
But ev'ry name, but thine.

Howe'er, the means are in your power  
To make me bless it ev'ry hour :  
(Dear charmer, then abet it!)  
Do but unite your name with mine,  
I then shall think it half divine,  
And never more forget it.

---

283. LOVE'S DISPOSITION.

**L**OVE still has something of the sea.  
From whence his mother rose ;  
No time his slaves from doubt can free,  
Nor give his thoughts repose.



One while they seem to touch the  
 Then straight into the main  
 Some angry wind, in cruel sport,  
 The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear.  
 Which if they chance to 'scape  
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear  
 In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,  
 And are so long withstood ;  
 So slowly they receive the sum,  
 It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong pain,  
 And to defer a joy ;  
 Believe me, gentle Celemene  
 Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fear  
 Perhaps would not remove,  
 And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,  
 I could not deeper love. S



They freely can their thoughts explain,  
But ours must burn within ;  
We have got tongues and eyes in vain,  
And truth from us is sin.  
Then equal laws let justice find,  
Nor either sex oppress ;  
More freedom give to womankind,  
And give to mankind less.

—••—

285. THE FRANK LOVER.

NOT, Chloe, that I'm not sincere,  
Or am less apt to rove,  
That I a heart so constant bear,  
So faithful in its love.  
Indeed my Chloe like the rest,  
From fair to fair I'd range,  
But that it's more my interest,  
Still to love on than change.  
All charms which others recommend  
In thee alone I find ;  
Beauty and temper kindly blend  
The handsome and the kind.  
Then why should I inconstant prove?  
Why other nymphs pursue?  
When here I have all I could lose,  
'Tis prudence to be true.

—••—

286. TO STELLA,

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK  
NET-PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite  
To make thy curious net delight ;  
In vain the varied work would shine  
If wrought by any hand but thine.

Thy hand, that knows the subtler art  
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.  
 Spread not by me the loving coin,  
 Thy nets may catch but not confine;  
 Nor can I hope thy silken chain  
 The glittering vagrants shall restrain.  
 Ah, Stella! was it thus decreed,  
 The heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed?

*Johnson.*

—••—  
 287. TO A FAIR ONE.

**F**ORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,  
 Forgive a wand'ring youth's desire;  
 Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,  
 How can he see, and not admire?

While each the other still improves,  
 The fairest face, the fairest mind,  
 Not with the proverb he that loves,  
 But he that loves you not, is blind.

—••—  
 288. TO ARDELIA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1770.

**W**ELCOME to the new-born year!  
 Lo! it comes by hope attended;  
 Future seasons too appear,  
 And with future pleasures blended.

Mark, Ardelia, mark their brow,  
 With how sweet a smile they greet us!  
 O may ever time, as now,  
 With so kind an aspect meet us!

Doom'd with thee my course to bend,  
Every path of life's inviting;  
Thou my wife, companion, friend,  
All is sunshine, all delighting.

Unregarded seasons roll'd  
Ere my choice had thee selected;  
Now the happiness unfold,  
Not a moment flies neglected.

'Tis not fortune, 'tis not state,  
'Tis not what the world so prizes,  
In the mind can bliss create;  
Far above such toys it rises.

'Tis the joy exalted hearts  
Feel, while each to each a blessing,  
And by all endearing arts  
Ever still their love expressing.

Such the pleasure we partake,  
And if lengthen'd years be given,  
Virtue, join'd with peace, shall make  
Home a temporary heav'n.

*Kate.*

289. CANZONETTA.

SO slept the sea within its silver bed,  
To the scarce-breathing gale  
The silken sail  
With venturous hands I spread,  
And saw the rocks, and pass'd, yet felt no fear:  
All danger distant seem'd, which was, alas! too near.

Love, calm deceiver, seated by my side,  
His secret fraud enjoy'd,  
Too oft employ'd,  
In sport my bark to guide.  
We reach'd the port: the little pilot smil'd.  
Can love deceive, I said, and kiss'd the laughing child.

He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air  
 Flew from my longing eyes;  
 The storms arise,  
 And back my vessel bear.  
 Secure what port can hapless lovers meet?  
 We blame the winds and seas, yet clasp the dear deceit.  
*Marriott.*

—••—  
 290. SONG.

To the tune of the Spanish Song, 'Si tú, Señora, no dueles de mí.'

O FAIR! O sweet! when I do look on thee,  
 In whom all joys so well agree,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.  
 This you hear is not my tongue,  
 Which once said what I conceived;  
 For it was of one bereaved  
 With a cruel answer stung.  
 No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,  
 Fearing lest he chastised be,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,  
 In whom all joys so well agree,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.  
 Just accord all music makes,  
 In thee just accord exalteth,  
 Where each part in such peace dwelleth,  
 One of other beauty takes.  
 Since then truth to all minds telleth  
 That in thee lives harmony,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,  
 In whom all joys so well agree,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.  
 They, that heaven have known, do say

That who to that grace obtaineth,  
To see what fair sight there reigneth,  
Forced are to sing alway.  
So then, since that heaven remaineth  
In thy face, I plainly see,  
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! O sweet! when I do look on thee,  
In whom all joys so well agree,  
Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sweet! think not I am at ease  
For because my chief part singeth;  
This song from death's sorrow springeth,  
As do swans in last disease;  
For no dumbness us death bringeth.  
Stay, to true love's melody,  
Heart and soul do sing in me.

*Sidney.*

291. THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,  
Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee;  
But if they then have learn'd such ill,  
Such forc'd fashions  
And false passions,  
That they be  
Made by thee  
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
Which no unworthy thought could stain;  
But if it be taught by thine  
To make jestings  
Of protestings,  
And break both  
Word and oath,  
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
 That I may know and see thy lies,  
 And may laugh and joy, when thou  
     Art in anguish,  
     And dost languish  
     For some one  
     That wilt come,  
 Or prove as false as thou dost now.

*Donne.*

## 292. THE EFFECT OF COQUETRY.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,  
 And almost mad with wild despair,  
 My fleeting spirits rose,  
 One cordial glance restores her slave,  
 Redeems me from the gaping grave,  
 And soothes my soul to love.

Thus on a sea of doubt I'm tost,  
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast;  
     What wretch can long endure  
 Such odd perplexing pangs as these,  
 When neither mortal the disease  
     Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant, since to save or kill,  
 Depends on thy capricious will,  
     This milder sentence give!  
 Reverse my strange untoward fate!  
 Oh! let me perish by thy hate,  
     Or by thy kindness live!

*Somerville.*

293. TO CHLOE WEEPING.

**S**EE, whilst thou weepest, fair Chloe, see  
 The world in sympathy with thee ;  
 The cheerful birds no longer sing,  
 Each droops his head and hangs his wing.  
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,  
 And shed their sorrow in a shower.  
 The brooks beyond their limits flow,  
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.  
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares :  
 They hear thy sighs, and weep thy tears.  
 Fantastic nymph ! that grief should move  
 Thy heart, obdurate against love !  
 Strange tears, whose power can soften all,  
 But that dear breast, on which they fall.

*Prior.*

294. RIVALS.

**O**F all the torments, all the cares,  
 With which our lives are curst,  
 Of all the plagues the lover bears,  
 Sure, rivals are the worst.  
 By partners, in each other kind,  
 Afflictions easier grow ;  
 In love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia for all the pangs you see  
 Are lab'ring in my breast,  
 I beg not you would favour me,  
 Would you but slight the rest !  
 How great soe'er your rigours are,  
 With them alone I'll cope,  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

*Walsh.*



## 295. TO MISS LUCY F——.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes  
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy;  
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,  
And measure time by joy, succeeding joy.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss  
To me not always will thy sight allow,  
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,  
Then every minute count as I do now.



## 296. ODE, ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

FROM thy kindred early torn,  
And to thy grave untimely born,  
Vanished for ever from my view,  
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair! with my first ideas twined,  
Thine image oft will meet my mind,  
And while remembrance brings you near,  
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,  
Before we dwell among the dead!  
Scarce in the years of manly prime,  
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedim the eye!  
What deaths we suffer ere we die!  
Our broken friendships we deplore,  
And loves of youth that are no more.

No after-friendship e'er can raise  
The endearments of our early days,  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove  
As when it first began to love.

*Logan.*



297. THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

ONCE more, among those rich and golden strings,  
Wander with thy white arm, dear lady, pale!  
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs  
The ærial music,—Like the dreams that veil  
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,  
O, let the passion and the time prevail!  
O, bid thy spirit through the mazes run!  
For music is like love, and must be won.

*Barry Cornwall.*



298. ONLY TELL HER THAT I LOVE.

ONLY tell her that I love,  
Leave the rest to her and fate,  
Some kind planet from above  
May, perhaps, her pity move.  
Lover's on their stars must wait.  
Only tell her that I love.

Why, oh, why, should I despair?  
Mercy's pictured in her eye;  
If she once vouchsafe to hear,  
Welcome hope, and welcome fear;  
She's too good to let me die:  
Why, oh, why should I despair?

*Cutts.*

## 299. CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

**A**S Cupid in Cythera's grove  
Employ'd the lesser powers of love,  
Some shape the bow or fit the string,  
Some give the taper shaft its wing,  
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,  
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care  
Thus Hymen with assuming air  
Address the God. Thou purblind chit  
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,  
If matches are no better made,  
At once I must forswear my trade;  
You send me such ill-coupled folks,  
That 'tis a shame, to sell them jokes.  
They squabble for a pin, a feather,  
And wonder how they came together.  
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,  
The wife grows flippant in reply:  
He loves command, and due restriction,  
And she as well likes contradiction.  
He never slavishly submits,  
She'll have her will, or have her fits;  
He this way tugs, she t'other draws,  
The man grows jealous, and with cause;  
Nothing can save him but divorce,  
And here the wise complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do  
With either your affairs or you?  
I never idly spend my darts.  
You trade in mercenary hearts,  
For settlements the lawyer's feed:  
Is my hand witness to the deed?  
If they like cat and dog agree,  
Go, rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appeared, and said : 'Tis true  
In marriage, gold is all their view ;  
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,  
And love is seldom the pretence.  
All offer incense at my shrine,  
And I alone the bargain sign.  
How can Belinda blame her fate?  
She only ask'd a great estate.  
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,  
Her lord must give her title too,  
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,  
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,  
Must still be coupled with its cares.

*Gay.*

— ∞ —

300. DELIA.

A PASTORAL.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride  
Her glossy plumage laves,  
And sailing down the silver tide  
Divides the whispering waves.

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,  
Sweet to the bird must be,  
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows.  
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood  
On yonder fruit tree sung,  
And still the pendent nest she view'd,  
That held her callow young.

Dear to the mother's fluttering heart  
The genial brood must be,  
But not so dear, the thousandth part,  
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,  
 Were natives of the dale,  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,  
 Before their sweets grew pale.

My vital bloom would thus repose,  
 If luckless torn from thee ;  
 For what the root is to the rose  
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair.  
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,  
 They're like her bosom fair.

When in their chaste connubial love  
 My secret wish she'll see,  
 Such mutual bliss, as turtles prove,  
 May Delia share with me.

*Cunningham.*



### 301. LOVE'S DEITY.

**I** LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,  
 Who died before the god of love was born :  
 I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,  
 Sank so low as to love one which did scorn ;  
 But since this god produc'd a destiny,  
 And that vice-nature custom, lets it be,  
 I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so much,  
 Not he in his young godhead practis'd it :  
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,  
 His office was indulgently to fit  
 Actives to passives ; correspondency  
 Only his subject was : it cannot be  
 Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend  
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove ;  
 To rage, to lust, to write, and to commend,  
 All is the purlwe of the god of love.  
 Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny,  
 T' ungod this child again, it could not be  
 I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,  
 As tho' I felt the worst that love could do?  
 Love may make me leave loving, or might try  
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too ;  
 Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see ;  
 Falsehood is more than hate, and that must be  
 If she, whom I love, should love me.

*Donne.*

302. INWARD WORTH.

AND when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight  
 To fetch it from thee ; and do therefore wait  
 Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from thence,  
 Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.  
 Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,  
 Yet be not such for these respects alone,—  
 But as you are divine in outward view,  
 So be within as fair, as good, as true.

*Carw.*

303. TO A LADY SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

SO smooth and clear the fountain was,  
 In which his face Narcissus shy'd,  
 When, gazing in that liquid glass,  
 He for himself despair'd and died :  
 Nor, Chloris, can you safer see  
 Your own perfection here than he.

The lark before the mirror plays,  
 Which some deceitful swain has set :  
 Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays,  
 To die deluded in the net.  
 Love may such frauds for you prepare,  
 Yourself the captive and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review  
 Those graces, op'ning in their bloom,  
 Think how disease and age pursue  
 Your riper glories to consume :  
 Then, sighing, you will wish your glass  
 Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let pride no more give nature law,  
 But free, like youth, your power enslaves :  
 Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw  
 Reflected in the crystal waves,  
 Yet priz'd not all her charms above  
 The pleasure of Endymion's love.

No longer let your glass supply  
 Too just an emblem of your breast,  
 Where oft to my deluded eye  
 Love's image has appeared imprest,  
 But play'd so lightly in your mind,  
 It left no lasting print behind. *Fenton.*

—•—  
 304. I DIE, DEAR LIFE.

I DIE, dear life! unless to me be given  
 As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,  
 Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,  
 Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven ;  
 And if displeas'd ye of the match remain,  
 Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

305. LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

**N**O warning of th' approaching flame,  
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came :  
Like travellers, by lightning kill'd,  
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,  
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd,  
The case, so shining to behold,  
Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before  
I add a thousand graces more,  
And fancy blows into a flame  
The spark that from the beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought.  
By my own image I am caught :  
Pygmalion so with fatal art  
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

*Granville, Lord Lansdowne.*

306. SONG.

**H**IGH state and honours to others impart,  
But give me your heart!  
That treasure, that treasure alone,  
I beg for my own.  
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,  
My soul does inspire :  
That treasure, that treasure alone,  
I beg for my own.  
Your love let me wave!  
Girt me in possessing  
So matchless a blessing!  
That empire is all I would have.



Love's my petition,  
 All my ambition :  
 If e'er you discover  
 So faithful a lover,  
 So real a flame,  
 I'll die, I'll die.  
 So give up my game. *Dryden.*



307. O SACRED BLUSH.

O SACRED blush, empurpling cheeks, pure skies  
 With crimson wings, which spread there like the morn :  
 O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes ;  
 O tongue in which most luscious nectar lies,  
 That can at once both bless and make forlorn ;  
 Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,  
 That trembling stood before her words were born :  
 And you, her words—words! no, but golden strains,  
 Which did enslave my cars, ensnare my soul ;  
 Were image of her mind,—mind that contains  
 A power, all power of senses to control,  
 So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,  
 That I love more, if more my love can be.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*



308. YOU BID ME WRITE.

YOU bid me write : but how can I  
 Write if Pegasus won't fly?  
 You bid me write, my charming dove!  
 What can I write, if not of love?  
 My heart's all love, and all my care  
 Is how to please my charming fair.

I'll sing of war : what's war to me?  
 Or what, my fair! is war to thee?  
 I'll sing of plains where shepherds rove,  
 But then, alas! I'll sing of love.  
 My mind's all love, my care's repaid  
 If I but please my lovely maid.

Whene'er I wander thro' the shade,  
 Or hie across the sunny glade,  
 Whene'er I seek the pleasing grove,  
 My thoughts are all engaged by love;  
 Whate'er I say, whate'er I do,  
 My thoughts, dear maid, are love and you.

*Green.*



309. FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

I N vain I every art essay  
 To drive corroding cares away,  
 They still infest my mind :  
 Parted from you, whom I adore,  
 Each moment seems a heavy hour,  
 Thou best of womankind!

Full sixteen years are past and gone,  
 Since we by Hymen were made one,  
 In pleasing fetters join'd :  
 The god of love has since that time  
 Attended us from clime to clime  
 Most faithfully and kind.

How desert every place to me,  
 Where I cannot my angel see,  
 Sweet comforter divine :  
 In infancy <sup>1</sup> we both join'd hands,  
 The gods propitious bless'd the bands  
 With auspices benign.

<sup>1</sup> The gentleman, when married, was seventeen; the lady fifteen.

The censuring crowd may think it odd  
That I to you should write an ode,  
My own long-wedded mate :  
Though 'tis *outré*, I'll freely own,  
Nay, must confess, 'tis not the *ton*,  
No—nor the etiquette.

Yet will I this old track pursue :  
I'll ever doat and write on you,  
Thus daily growing fonder :  
Till my last gasp your praise I'll chant,  
Tho' all the world should laugh and tau  
And modern husbands wonder.



### 310. THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

**H**E woos me with those honied words:  
That women love to hear,  
Those gentle flatteries that fall  
So sweet on every ear.  
He tells me that my face is fair,  
Too fair for grief to shade :  
My cheek, he says, was never meant  
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing

And often in my eye he looks  
Some answering love to see,—  
In vain! he there can only read  
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake  
With every gentle word;  
How, by his looks and tones, the founts  
Of tenderness are stirred.  
The visions of my youth return,  
Joys far too bright to last;  
And while he speaks of future bliss,  
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,  
Amid my heart's deep gloom,  
Affection sheds its holiest light  
Upon my husband's tomb  
And, as those lamps, if brought once more  
To upper air, grow dim,  
So my soul's love is cold and dead,  
Unless it glow for him.

*Mrs. Embury.*

### 311. LOVELY THOU ART!

LOVELY thou art! ay, lovely  
In spirit and in form,  
A sunbeam gleaming o'er life's tears,  
A rainbow through the storm  
A snowdrop 'mid earth's darker hues  
Unwarm'd by flattery's breath  
A harp tone flung from cherub hands,  
Wringing out joy from death.

Lovely thou art! ay, lovely;  
And sorrow, changed with thee,  
As if magician changed, becomes  
A pleasure unto me.

Life's sky, though clothed with tempest clouds,  
Grows bright when thou art nigh ;  
And tears e'er turn to smiles beneath  
Thine angel-gifted eye.

*Julia H. Scott.*

312. WEDDED LOVE.

COME, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not w all  
To let thy spirit brood  
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell  
Life's current to a flood.  
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all  
Increase the gulf in which they fall,  
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills  
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,  
And with their gloomy shades conceal  
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now—I know thy mind,  
And would its strength awaken ;  
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—  
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!  
But rouse afresh each energy,  
And be what Heaven intended thee ;  
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,  
And prove thy spirit firmly great :  
I would not see thee bend below  
The angry storms of earthly woe.

Full well I know the generous soul  
Which warms thee into life,  
Each spring which can its powers control,  
Familiar to thy wife—  
For deemest thou she had stooped to bind  
Her fate unto a common mind?

The eagle-like ambition, 'nursed  
From childhood in her heart, had first  
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,  
The shrine—than sunk her soul to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream  
That fetters now thy powers :  
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam  
To gild each cloud which lowers ;  
And though at present seems so far  
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,  
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,  
Until its utmost bounds be won ;  
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove  
In fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE.

*Anna Peyre Dinnies.*

313. WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN.

AND say'st thou so? And canst thou lift  
That veil in mercy cast  
Between thy destiny and thee,  
The future and the past?

Say, is it passion's breathing vow?  
Or friendship's promise given?  
Or utterance of paternal love,  
The purest under heaven?

Oh! if thy other self be now  
Beside thee—if thy own  
That one loved hand may clasp ; thy ear  
Drink in that one loved tone ;

Enjoy the fleeting hour—forget  
That earth has change or pain —  
But dare not whisper in thy bliss,  
' We'll never part again.'

Love's roses droop ere morn hath fled ;  
The violet smiles through tears ;  
The tall tree scatters to the blast  
The brightest leaf it bears.

Each day, each hour, love's nearest ties  
The hand of death may sever ;  
And they who live and love the best  
Fate oft divides for ever.

The friend so closely link'd to thee,  
By faith so fondly plighted—  
The world's cold cautions intervene,  
And ye are disunited.

The most impassion'd love that warms  
The purest, truest heart,  
Or time, or grief, or wrong may change,  
And break the links apart.

Thy children, o'er their opening minds  
Watch, watch with heart untired ;  
The ceaseless vigil keep, by hope,  
By love, by heaven inspired.

Oh! beautiful the daily toil  
To work that priceless mine!  
But deemest thou its golden ore  
Refined shall still be thine?

Dreamer! those laughing boys that round  
Thy hearth unconscious play—  
The still small voices in their hearts  
Are whispering, 'Come away!'

Though warmly smile beam back to smile,  
And answering heart to heart,  
They meet in gladness who too oft  
Have only met to part.

Then bind not earthly ties too close,  
But Hope let Heaven sustain ;  
'There, and there only, mayst thou say,  
' We'll never part again.'

*Anna Maria Wells.*

314. I'LL SING TO HIM.

I SING to him ! I dream he hears  
The song he used to love,  
And oft that blessed fancy cheers  
And bears my thoughts above.  
Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream—  
But why believe it so?  
It is the spirit's meteor gleam,  
To sooth the pang of woe

Love gives to nature's voice a tone  
That true hearts understand,—  
The sky, the earth, the forest lone  
Are peopled by his hand ;  
Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill  
While gazing on a flower,  
And from the gently whispering rill  
Are heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherish'd name,  
And long-lost scenes arise ;  
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same ;  
The same hope's kindling skies ;—  
The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat  
Beneath the drooping tree,  
The clock that chimed the hour to meet,  
My buried love, with thee ;—

O, these are all before me, when  
In fancy's realms I rove ;  
Why urge me to the world again?  
Why say the ties of love,



That death's cold cruel grasp has riven,  
 Unite no more below?  
 I'll sing to him, for, though in heaven,  
 He surely heeds my wo!

*Sarah Joseph*

315. LOVE IN ABSENCE.

I MISS thee each lone hour,  
 Star of my heart!  
 No other voice hath power  
 Joy to impart.

I listen for thy hasty step,  
 Thy kind sweet tone;  
 But silence whispers me,  
*Thou art alone!*

Darkness is on the hearth—  
 Naught do I say;  
 Books are but little worth—  
 Thou art away!

Voices, the true and kind,  
 Strange are to me;  
 I have lost heart and mind,  
 Thinking of thee.

*Julia H. Scott*

316 HOW HAVE I THOUGHT OF THEE

HOW have I thought of thee? as flies  
 The dove to seek her mate,  
 Trembling lest some rude hand has made  
 Her sweet home desolate:  
 Thus timidly I seek in thine  
 The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee? as turns  
The flower to meet the sun,  
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,  
It be not shone upon :  
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see  
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee? as dreams  
The mariner of home,  
When doomed o'er many a weary waste  
Of waters yet to roam :  
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,  
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee? as kneels  
The Persian at the shrine  
Of his resplendent god, to watch  
His earliest glories shine  
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,  
My soul's own radiant deity.

*Emma C. Embury.*

317. LOVE ME STILL

WHEN 'mid the festive scene we met,  
To joyous bosoms dear,  
Though other voices fall more sweet  
Upon thy listening ear  
Yet scorn not thou my ruder tone,  
Oh! think my heart is all thine own,  
And love me still.

When o'er young beauty's cheek of rose  
Thine eye delighted strays,  
Half proud to watch the blush that glows  
Beneath thine ardent gaze,  
Oh! think that but for sorrow's blight  
My faded cheek had yet been bright,  
And love me still.

*Emma C. Embury.*

## 318. LOVE DEAD.

The lady sent him an image of Cupid, one wing veiling his face. He was pleased thereat, thinking it to be Love sleeping, and betokening the tenderness of the sentiment. He looked again, and saw it was Love dead and laid upon his bier.

THIS morn with trembling I awoke,  
Just as the dawn my slumber broke :  
Flapping came a heavy wing, sounding pinions o'er my head,  
Beating down the blessed air with a weight of chilling dread—  
Felt I then the presence of a doom  
That an evil occupied the room—  
And I dared not round the bower,  
Chilly in the grayish morning,  
Dared not face the evil power,  
With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter—  
Vainly may the fond heart falter,  
Came there upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight.  
Burning pang or pressing pang, which I know not, 'twas so  
great ;  
Life hath its moments black unnumbered,  
I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered,  
Yet I little thought such pain  
Ever to have known again—  
Love dies, too, when faith is dead,  
Yesternight faith perished.

I knew that love could never change—  
That love should die seems yet more strange—  
Lifting up the downy veil, screening love within my heart,  
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part--  
I had kept him cherished there so deep,  
Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,  
That till now I never knew  
How his fibres round me grew—  
Could not know how deep the sorrow  
Where hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part,  
 I grieved to lift him from my heart,  
 Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him  
 sorrowing,—  
 Drooping hung his fainting head—all adown his dainty wing.  
 Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise,  
 For I saw the marble in Love's eyes—  
 Yet I hoped his soul would wait  
 As he oft had waited there—  
 Hovering, though, at heaven's gate—  
 Could he leave me to despair?

Unfolded they the crystal door,  
 Where Love shall languish never more —  
 Weeping love, thy days are o'er, Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,  
 Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear!  
 Love has perished—hist, hist! how they tell,  
 Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell!  
 Love is dead, ay, dead and gone,  
 Why should I be living on;—  
 Why be in this chamber sitting,  
 With but phantoms round me flitting?

*Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

319. HOW SHALL I WOO THEE?

HOW shall I woo thee, tell me, how?  
 With looks and words of gladness?  
 Then gaze not on my pale, pale brow,  
 Nor note my tones of sadness.

How shall I woo thee? with a smile  
 That speaks the bosom dear?  
 Look not upon mine eyes the while,  
 Nor mark the starting tear.

How shall I woo thee? with the bright  
 And blessed words of joy?  
 Drive from my heart its long, long night,  
 Its early life's alloy.

How shall I woo thee, tell me, how?  
Will sorrow make thee mine?  
Can the sad heart I bring thee now  
Find favour at thy shrine.

How shall I woo thee? with a gleam  
That glitters but to die,  
Fleet as the summer's moonlight beam  
Upon an evening sky?

How shall I woo thee? as the night  
Woos with its silver dew  
The faithless flowers, that burst to light  
Beneath the sun's bright hue?

How shall I woo thee, tell me, how?  
If thou hast aught of care  
To dim the glory of thy brow,  
Let me thy sadness share.

How shall I woo thee? with a strain  
Like that of other times,  
And seek through memory's cares again  
Hope's sweet delusive chimes?

How shall I woo thee, tell me, how?  
Can sorrow make thee mine?  
For a sad heart hath come to bow,  
And worship at thy shrine.

*Catherine H. Esling*

320. BLESS THEE.

**I** MAY not break the holy spell  
Thy beauty wove around me,  
Till time shall loose the silver cord  
That long to earth hath bound me.  
I see thee smile on loftier ones,  
And mark the proud caress thee,  
Yet when my lips would ope to curse.  
They never fail to bless thee.

One memory round me everywhere;  
One task in silence set me—  
Thee ever, ever thinking on  
And striving to forget thee.  
And though the ever-goading thought  
To madness thus oppress me,  
I may not curse, I cannot hate—  
My heart still whispers, 'Bless thee!'  
*Mary E. Hewitt.*

## 321. THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.

**B**Y that mysterious sympathy which chaineth  
For evermore my spirit unto thine,  
And by the memory that alone remaineth,  
Of that sweet hope that now no more is mine;  
And by the love my trembling heart betrayeth,  
That born of thy soft gaze, within me lies  
As the lone desert bird, the Arab sayeth,  
Warms her young brood to life with her fond eyes.

Hear me, adored one! Though the world divide us,  
Though never more my hand in thine be prest,  
Though to commingle thought be here denied us,  
Till our high hearts shall beat themselves to rest;  
Forget me not forget me not oh, ever!  
This one, one prayer my spirit pours to thee.  
Till every memory from earth shall sever,  
Remember, oh, beloved! remember me!

And when the light within my eye is shaded,  
When I, o'erwearied, sleep the sleep profound,  
And, like that nymph of yore who droop'd and faded,  
And pined for love, till she became a sound;  
My song, perchance, awhile to earth remaining,  
Shall come in marnard melody to thee,  
Then let my lyre's deep, passionate complaining,  
Cry to thy heart, Beloved, remember me!

*Mary E. Hewitt.*

## 322. SILENT LOVE.

AH! let our love be still a folded flower,  
A pure moss rose-bud blushing to be seen,  
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour  
When souls may meet with not the day between.

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow  
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart!  
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,  
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart!

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,  
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within,  
To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,  
And guard its blush, its smiles, from shame and sin.

Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—  
Once the rose blooms—its balmy soul will fly,  
As fled of old, in sadness yet in scorn,  
Th' awaken'd God from Psyche's daring eye.

*Frances S. Osgood.*

## 323. THE WIFE.

She flung her white arms around him: 'Thou art all that  
this poor heart can cling to!'

I WOULD have stemm'd misfortune's tide,  
And borne the rich one's sneer,  
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear.  
I could have smiled on every blow  
From life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee and know  
I should not be 'alone.'

I could—I think I could—have brook'd  
 E'en for a time, that thou  
 Upon my fading face hadst look'd  
 With less of love than now;  
 For then I should at least have felt  
 The sweet hope still my own,  
 To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt  
 On earth, not been 'alone.'

But thus to see, from day to day,  
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,  
 And watch thy life-sands waste away  
 Unnumber'd, slowly, meek;  
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,  
 And catch the feeble tone  
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,  
 And feel, I'll be 'alone.'

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
 As, filled with heavenward trust, they say  
 'Earth may not claim thee longer;  
 Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart  
 Must break when thou art gone:  
 It must not be: we may not part;  
 I could not live 'alone.'

*Anna Peyre Dinnies.*

324. SONNET.

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile earth with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.



Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
 But let your love even with my life decay,  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.  
*Shakspeare.*

## 325. A SONG.

**Y**ES! 'lower to the level'  
 Of those who laud thee now!  
 Go! join the joyous revel,  
 And pledge the heartless vow!  
 Go! dim the soul-born beauty  
 That lights that lofty brow!  
 Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine  
 Drown, in thy soul, love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,  
 When wildest grew the jest,  
 When gleams the goblet brightest,  
 And proudest heaves thy breast;  
 And thou art madly pledging  
 Each gay and jovial guest,—  
 A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—  
 The shade of love's departed hours.

And thou shalt drink in sadness  
 From all the splendour there,  
 And curse the revel's gladness,  
 And hate the banquet's glare;  
 And pine, 'mid passion's madness,  
 For true love's purer air,  
 And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee,  
 For one unsullied sigh from me!

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,  
Ah, no! if I could keep  
Thy alter'd heart from care, love,  
And charm its griefs to sleep,  
Mine only should despair, love,  
I—I alone would weep!  
I—I alone would mourn the flowers,  
That fade in love's deserted bowers.

*Francis S. Osgood.*

326. MY WIFE.

MY life is a fairy's gay dream,  
And thou art the genie whose wand  
Tints all things around with the beam,  
The bloom of Titana's bright hand.

A wish to my lips never sprung,  
A hope in my eyes never shone,  
But ere it was breath'd by my tongue,  
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys they have ever been mine,  
Thy sorrows too often thine own,  
The sun that on me still would shine,  
O'er thee throw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,  
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,  
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—  
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear.

*Anna Cora Mowatt.*

## 327. SHE LOVES HIM YET.

A SONG.

SHE loves him yet!  
I know by the blush that rises  
Beneath the curls  
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;  
She loves him yet!  
Through all love's sweet disguises  
In timid girls,  
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs  
Than the radiant blush of beauty,  
The maiden finds,  
Wherever his name is heard;—  
Her young heart thrills,  
Forgetting herself—her duty,  
Her dark eye fills,  
And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet!  
The flower the false one gave her  
When last he came,  
Is still with her wild tears wet;  
She'll ne'er forget,  
How'er his faith may waver,  
Through grief and shame,  
Believe it—she loves him yet!

His favourite songs  
She will sing—she heeds no other;  
With all her wrongs,  
Her life on his love is set.  
Oh! doubt no more!  
She never can wed another:  
Till life be o'er,  
She loves—she will love him yet!

*Frances S. Osgood.*

## 328. LINES.

**I** MUST not grieve, my love! whose eyes should read  
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile,  
 The flowers have time before they come to seed,  
 And she is young, and now must sport the while,  
 And sport, sweet maid! in season of these years,  
 And learn to gather flowers before they wither;  
 And where the sweetest blossom first appears,  
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

*Daniel.*

## 329. LOVE.

**T**HOU conqueror's conqueror, mighty love! To thee  
 Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield!  
 Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,  
 Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!  
 From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,  
 And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword!  
 An Eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,  
 A nation's worshipp'd idol owns thee lord!<sup>1</sup>  
 And well for Noorjehan his throne became,  
 When erst she ruled his empire in thy name!

The sorcerer, Jarichas, could to age restore  
 Youth's faded bloom, or childhood's vanish'd glee;  
 Magician, Love! canst thou not yet do more?  
 Is not the faithful heart kept young by thee?  
 But ne'er that traitor bosom form'd to stray,  
 Those perjur'd lips which twice thy vows have breathed,  
 Can know the rapture of thy magic sway,  
 Or find the balsam on thy garland wreathed.  
 Fancy or folly may his heart have moved,  
 But he who wanders never truly *loved*.

*Lucy Hooper.*

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Jehangheer was so devotedly attached to his favourite sahana, Noorjehan, that at her solicitation he granted her absolute dominion over his empire for a day.

## 330. A CONFESSION.

THEY are not tears of sorrowing,  
Then, dearest, chide me not!  
I weep with very thankfulness,  
For this, my blessed lot.

I think me of the rose-hued past,  
And tears will fall like rain;  
I turn me to my present bliss,  
And forth they gush again.

The past, the sunny past, was like  
A glorious dream to me;  
The earth was as a fairy land,  
And fairy creatures we.

The hour went by as angels would  
When forced from heaven to roam;  
Each gave a blessing as it passed,  
And hasten'd to its home.

The memories of those vanish'd hours  
Throng round me like a spell,  
And charm these drops of tenderness  
Up from their secret cell.

Yet, love, I would not barter now  
The luxury of these tears,  
For all the joys that woo my thoughts  
Back to those bygone years!

For though my heart, blithe as a bird,  
From flower to flower would rove,  
It had not known thy tenderness,  
It had not felt thy love.

*Juliet H. Campbell.*

## 331. HAST THOU FORGOT ME?

Thou and I  
Have mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,  
Once flowering—never more!

**H**AST thou forgot me? Thou who hast departed  
Like a glad sunbeam from my yearning sight,  
Leaving the spirit worn and broken-hearted,  
Where once hope built a temple of delight.  
Hast thou forgot me? Thou, unto whose keeping  
I gave my every thought of perfect love,  
Till on my idol's shrine all treasure heaping,  
I scarcely dared to look to heaven above.

Hast thou forgot me? Unto outward seeming  
My quivering lip with ready smile is mask'd,  
And the warm crimson through my cheek is streaming  
Alas! 'tis from the fever'd heart o'ertask'd.  
But could they read, as in a faultless mirror,  
The truth my woman's pride would still repress,  
Soon would they own themselves to be in error,  
And mourn my lot of utter wretchedness.

Hast thou forgot me? Even in youth's glad hours  
I trembled 'neath the least glance of thine eye,  
And life's gay pathway was bedecked with flowers  
And light and fragrance if thou wast but nigh;  
Each music-note of bliss to thee was given,  
Each joy and grief were told thee, e'en in birth,  
Thy presence made my home another heaven—  
When thou wast absent 'twas but common earth.

Hast thou forgot me? With what fond endeavour  
I hurried on in learning's endless chase,  
While wasted health and strength seem'd nought, if ever  
I won the dear approval from thy face;  
The midnight toil, the strife, the weary vision,  
The pining after knowledge, vain and free  
I struggled against all, one hope elysian  
Sustained me—'twas that I might grow worthy thee.

Hast thou forgot me? Like yon flow'ret bending  
 On fragile stem, beneath the north wind's wrath,  
 So to the darksome tomb I am descending,  
 No more to cast a shadow o'er thy path :  
 A few more months, and then this careworn spirit  
 Shall gently hush its never-ceasing moan,  
 And find what long it yearneth to inherit,  
 The narrow churchyard plot, with weeds o'ergrown.

Hast thou forgot me? Ah! I would not waken  
 One goading thought, beloved friend! in thee;  
 Nor brook to have thy slightest feeling shaken  
 With knowledge of the harm thou brought'st to me.  
 But oh! forgive, if now, when I am dying,  
 I breathe this wish, and let it grieve thee not :  
 That thou wilt seek my grave, and murmur, sighing,  
 'Though wrong'd, neglected, she was not forgot!'

*Mary F. Lee.*

### 332. STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

**B**ELIEVE me 'tis nothing of jealous pride  
 That brings these tears I know not how to hide;  
 I only grieve because—because—I see  
 Thou find'st not *all* thy heart demands in me.

I only grieve that others, who care less  
 For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless;  
 That while to them thou'rt nothing—all to me—  
 They may a moment minister to thee.

Pliant as clouds, that hunt the sun-god still,  
 I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will;  
 I'd be a flower—a wild sweet flower I'd be,  
 And sigh my very life away for thee.

I'd be a gem, and drink light from the sun,  
 To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won;  
 Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee  
 Upon thy hand, and shut my wings for thee.

Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet,  
I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet;  
Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be  
The happiest star that ever look'd on thee.

If music lured thy spirit, I would take  
A tune's aerial hearing for thy sake,  
And float into thy soul, till I could see  
How to become all melody to thee.

The weed that by the garden-blossom grows  
Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose;  
It tries to bloom, its soul to light aspires;  
The love of beauty every fibre fires.

And I—no luminous cloud floats by above,  
But wins at once my envy and my love,  
So passionately wild this thirst in me,  
To be all beauty and all grace to thee!

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,  
With not even power my proud, pure love to speak;  
But oh! by all I fail in, love not me  
For what I *am*, but what I *wish to be*!

*Frances S. Osgood.*

---

333. LADIES, FLY.

LADIES, fly from love's smooth tale,  
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail,  
Grief is infectious, and the air  
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair.  
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,  
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye  
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay  
That pity which you cast away.

*Carew.*



## 334. ROSALIND.

**H**OW vainly then do idle wits invent,  
That beauty is nought else but mixture made  
Of colours fair, and goodly temperament,  
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade  
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;  
Or that it is but comely composition  
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous power,  
That it can pierce thro' th' eyes into the heart,  
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,  
As nought but death can stint his dolor's smart?  
Or can proportion of the outward part  
Move such affection in the inward mind,  
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,  
Which are array'd with much more orient hue,  
And to the sense most dainty honours yield,  
Work like impression in the looker's view?  
Or why do not fair pictures like power show  
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art,  
Excelled in perfect limning every part?

But ah! believe me, there is more than so,  
That works such wonders in the minds of men;  
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know;  
And whose list the like essays to ken  
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,  
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,  
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,  
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,  
And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread  
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away,  
To that they were, even to corrupted clay.  
That golden hue, those sparkling stars so bright,  
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray  
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,  
Shall never be extinguished nor decay ;  
But when the vital spirits do expire,  
Unto her native planet shall retire,  
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,  
Being a parcel of the purest sky. *Spenser.*

---

335. KNOW, CELIA, SINCE THOU ART SO  
PROUD.

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown ;  
Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd  
Of common beauties lived unknown,  
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,  
And with it glow'd the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
I gave it to thy voice and eyes ;  
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine :  
Thou art my star—shin'st in my skies ;  
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere,  
Light'ning on him who fixed thee there.

*Carew.*

---

336. TO CELIA.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose ;  
For in your beauties orient deep  
Those flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day ;  
For in pure love Heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The nightingale when May is past ;  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
That downwards fall in dead of night ;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fix'd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies,

*Carew.*

337. TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

WHEN love, with unconfined wings,  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;

When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye—  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free—  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Lovelace.*

338. OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

**O**F a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly love the west ;  
For there the bonnie lassie lives—the lass that I love  
best !

There wild woods grow, and rivers row, and mony a hill  
between ;

But day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair ;  
I hear her in the tuneful birds, wi' music charm the air ;  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs, by fountain, shaw,  
or green—

There's not a bonnie bird that sings, but 'minds me o' my  
Jean.

O blaw ye western winds, blaw soft among the leafy trees !  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden  
bees !

And bring the lassie back to me, that's aye sae sweet and  
clean,

At blink o' her nod banish care, sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes, hae past between  
us twa !

How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gaed awa !  
The powers above can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,  
That none can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

*Robert Burns.*

339. SONG.

**'T**IS not the languid brightness of thine eyes  
That swim with pleasure and delight,  
Not those fair heavenly arches which arise  
O'er each of them to shade their light :

'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,  
 And loves to wanton o'er thy face,  
 Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind,  
 Retiring with insidious grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis not the living colours over each,  
 By Nature's finest pencil wrought,  
 To shame the fresh-blown rose and blooming peach,  
 And mock the happiest painter's thought;  
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love  
 So kindly answering my desire,  
 That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,  
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

*Parnell.*

—\*—

### 340. TO STELLA.

**H**ER bearers are amazed from whence  
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense,  
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,  
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;  
 While gracefulness its art conceals,  
 And yet through every motion steals.  
 Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,  
 And forming you, mistook your kind?  
 No! 'twas for you alone he stole  
 The fire that forms a heavenly soul;  
 Then, to complete it every way,  
 He moulded it with female clay.  
 To *that* you owe the hotter flame,  
 To *this* the beauty of your frame!

*Swift.*

—\*—

## 341. AMANDA

• **A**ND thou, Amanda ; come, pride of my song !  
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself !  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart.  
 Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair.  
*Thomson.*

## 342. LINES IN LAURA'S ALBUM.

(These lines were written at the desire of a young lady who requested some verses on a cameo in her possession.)

**S**EE with what ease the childlike god  
 Assumes his reins, and shakes his rod,  
 How gaily, like a smiling boy,  
 He seems his triumphs to enjoy,  
 And looks as innocently mild  
 As if he were indeed a child !  
 But in that meekness who shall tell  
 What vengeance sleeps, what terrors dwell ?

By him are tamed the fierce, the bold,  
 And haughty are by him controll'd ;  
 The hero of th' ensanguined field  
 Finds there is neither sword nor shield  
 Availing here. Amid his books,  
 The student thinks how Laura looks ;  
 The miser's self, with heart of lead,  
 With all the nobler feelings fled,

Has thrown his darling treasures by,  
And sigh'd for something worth a sigh.  
Love over gentle natures reigns  
A gentle master; yet his pains  
Are felt by them, are felt by all;  
The bitter sweet, the honied gall,  
Soft pleasing tears, heart-soothing sighs,  
Sweet pain, and joys that agonise.  
Against a power like this, what arts,  
What virtues, can secure our hearts?  
In vain are both,—the good, the wise,  
Have tender thoughts and wandering eyes;  
And then, to banish virtue's fear,  
Like virtue's self will love appear,  
But every anxious feeling cease,  
And all be confidence and peace.

He such insidious method takes,  
He seems to heal the wound he makes,  
Till, master of the human breast,  
He shows himself the foe of rest,  
Pours in his doubts, his dread, his pains,  
And now a very tyrant reigns.

If, then, his power we cannot shun,  
And must endure, what can be done?  
To whom, thus bound, can we apply?  
To Prudence, as our best ally,  
For she, like Pallas for the fight,  
Can arm our eye with clearer sight;  
Can teach the happy art that gains  
A captive who will grace our chains,  
And, as we must the dart endure,  
To bear the wound we cannot cure.

*Crabbe.*

## 343. MIRA.

**A** WANTON chaos in my breast raged high,  
A wanton transport darted in mine eye;  
False pleasure urged, and every eager care,  
That swell the soul to guilt and to despair.  
My Mira came! be ever blest the hour  
That drew my thoughts half way from folly's power.  
She first my soul with loftier notions fir'd,  
I saw their truth, and as I saw admir'd;  
With greater force returning reason moved,  
And as returning reason urg'd, I loved,  
Till pain, reflection, hope, and love allied  
My bliss precarious to a surer guide—  
To Him who gives pain, reason, hope, and love,  
Each for that end that angels must approve.  
One beam of light He gave my mind to see,  
And gave that light, my heavenly fair, by thee;  
That beam shall raise my thoughts, and mend my strain,  
Nor shall my vows, nor prayers, nor verse be vain.

*Crabbe.*

## 344. A SONG.

**Y**E happy swains, whose hearts are free  
From Love's imperial chain,  
Take warning, and be taught by me,  
To avoid the enchanting pain.  
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,  
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,  
To careless seamen hidden rocks,  
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize:  
The snake's beneath the flow'r;  
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,  
That tasted quiet more?



How faithless is the lover's joy!  
 How constant is their care,  
 The kind with falsehood to destroy,  
 The cruel with despair!

*Sir George Etherege.*

345. ON LOVE.

**V**ICTORIOUS love, thou sacred mystery,  
 What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?  
 We feel the effect, and own thy force divine,  
 But vainly would the glorious cause define.  
 In part thy power in these cold realms is known;  
 But in the blest celestial seats alone,  
 Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown.  
 Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light,  
 And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.  
 Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,  
 With lasting beauty shine upon thy face.  
 By every tongue thy charms are there confest,  
 And kindle joys in every heavenly breast.  
 For thee they touch the soft, melodious string,  
 And love in glad triumphant accents sing.  
 Almighty love, whence all their raptures spring.

*Elizabeth Rowe.*

346. SONG.

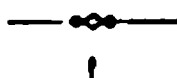
**A**SK not why sorrow shades my brow,  
 Nor why my sprightly looks decay;  
 Alas! what need I beauty now,  
 Since he that loved it died to-day.

Can ye have ears and yet not know  
 Mirtello, brave Mirtello's slain?  
 Can ye have eyes and they not flow,  
 Or hearts that do not share my pain.

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go:  
For in my breast such wars I have,  
And thoughts of him perplex me so,  
That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie  
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death:  
And under yon sad cypress tree  
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

*Charles Cotton.*



### 347. THE PROPOSAL

AY, they are Love's own words! his breath of flame  
Hath sighed upon the fair unconscious page,  
And thy cheek kindles at the one loved name  
Whose every thought doth thy young heart engage;  
Fondly as pilgrims greet some hallowed shrine  
Thy lips would greet the words, 'Thine, dearest, ever thine.'

Ay, it is Love's own tracing! every word  
Of eloquence is written by his pen!  
'Tis the heart's language—all thine ear hath heard  
(Like music from his tongue) is told again.  
Each fondly murmured sigh, each half-breathed vow  
From his soul's depths are drawn, unsealed, acknowledged now.

With all a lover's tenderness, he lays  
His heart, his hopes, his fortunes at thy feet,  
Implores thee by those well-remembered days  
That ye have passed so oft in 'converse sweet,'  
By many a whispered word in wood or grove,  
Not to reject his suit or scorn his proffered love.

What does thy young heart prompt thee to reply?  
By the carnation heightening on thy cheeks,

And the bright crystal in thy downcast eye—

More eloquent than words—'tis thus it speaks :  
' Beloved one! each sigh thy breast hath known,  
Found, though unheard by thee, an echo in my own.'

Thou fair and lovely creature! who may tell

All the fond thoughts that crowd upon thy soul?  
Who analyse the varied hopes that swell

The young untutored heart? or who control  
The brilliant visions floating o'er thy brain,  
That like spring flowers, once crushed, can never bloom again?

Ah! through life's chequered range but one such hour

Of cloudless radiance shines upon the breast,  
'Tis that when Love comes with a conqueror's power  
And reigns sole monarch of the heart confessed :  
When (like the Indian wood of sacred fame)  
The bosom's lord pours forth its sweetness to the flame.

In after years a thousand passions take

Possession of the soul; with cunning art  
They win its fond idolatry; and make  
Themselves a shrine to rest in! To the heart  
*Love comes but once*, like blossom to the rose,  
The deep soul-searching flame our first affection knows.

Ay, ye may smile, ye stoics! but 'tis true,

And not the fiction of a poet's brain,  
The heart's first bloom of love, like morning dew  
Once brushed, ne'er sparkles on the flower again,  
Till the long day is closed in evening skies,  
And on the drooping plant another morn arise.

*Mrs. C. B. Wilson.*



## 348. THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care  
For Phyllis the fair,  
Since nothing could move her,  
Poor Damon, her lover,  
Resolves in despair  
No longer to languish,  
Nor bear so much anguish ;  
But, mad with his love,  
To a precipice goes,  
Where a leap from above  
Would soon finish his woes.  
When in rage he came there,  
Beholding how steep  
The sides did appear,  
And the bottom how deep ;  
His torments forgetting,  
And sadly reflecting  
That a lover forsaken  
A new love may get,  
But a neck when once broken  
Can never be set ;  
And that he could die  
Whenever he would,  
But that he could live  
But as long as he could ;  
How generous soever  
The torment might grow,  
He scorn'd to endeavour  
To finish it so.  
But bold, unconcern'd,  
At thoughts of the pain  
He calmly return'd  
To his cottage again.

*William Walsh.*

## 349. A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

I OFTEN tried in vain to find  
A simile for womankind,  
A simile I mean to fit 'em,  
In every circumstance to hit 'em.  
Through every beast and bird I went,  
I ransacked every element,  
And after peeping through all nature  
To find so whimsical a creature,  
A cloud presented to my view,  
And straight this parallel I drew :  
Clouds turn with every wind about,  
They keep us in surprise and doubt,  
Yet oft perverse, like womankind,  
Are seen to scud against the wind ;  
And are not women just the same,  
For who can tell at what they aim ?  
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,  
When bellowing they discharge their thunder ;  
So when the alarum bell is rung,  
Of Xante's everlasting tongue ;  
The husband dreads its loudness more  
Than lightning's flash or thunder's roar ;  
Clouds weep as they do without pain,  
And what are tears but woman's rain ?  
The clouds about the welkin roam,  
And ladies never stay at home ;  
The clouds build castles in the air,  
A thing peculiar to the fair,  
For all the schemes of their forecasting  
Are not more solid nor more lasting.  
A cloud is bright by turns, and dark,  
Such is a lady with her spark :  
Now with a sullen, pouting gloom  
She seems to darken all the room ;  
Again she's pleased, her fears beguiled,  
And all is clear when she has smiled.

In this they're wondrously alike,  
(I hope the simile will strike,)       
Though in the darkest dumps you view 'em,  
Stay but a moment you'll see through 'em.  
The clouds are apt to make reflexion,  
And frequently produce infection,  
So Celia, with small provocation  
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.  
The clouds delight in gaudy show,  
For they like ladies have their beau;  
The gravest matron will confess  
That she herself is fond of dress.  
Observe the clouds her pomp array'd,  
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,  
In that great drawing-room, the sky;  
How do these differ from our graces  
In garden, silks, brocades, and laces?  
Are they not such another sight  
When met upon a birth-day night?  
The clouds delight to change their fashion;  
Dear ladies, be not in a passion,  
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,  
Who every hour delight to change.  
In them and you alike are seen  
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;  
The moment that your vapours rise,  
We see them dropping from your eyes.  
In evening fair you may behold  
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold:  
And this is many a lady's case  
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.  
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,  
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;  
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail  
Our ears on every side assail.  
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,  
Deprive us of celestial light:  
So when my Chloe I pursue,  
No heaven besides I have in view.  
Thus, on comparison you see  
In every instance they agree;

So like, so very much the same,  
That one may go by t'other's name.  
Let me proclaim it then aloud,  
That every woman is a cloud.

*Thomas Sheridan.*

---

350. TO CLOE.

**P**RITHEE, Cloe, not so fast,  
Let's not run and wed in haste ;  
We've a thousand things to do,  
You must fly, and I pursue ;  
You must frown, and I must sigh,  
I entreat and you deny !  
Stay—if I am never crost,  
Half the pleasure will be lost ;  
Be, or seem to be, severe,  
Give me reason to despair.  
Fondness will my wishes cloy,  
Make me careless of the joy.  
Lovers may of course complain  
Of their trouble and their pain,  
But if pain and trouble cease,  
Love without it will not please.

*John Oldmixon.*

---

351. ON A PERFUME TAKEN OUT OF A  
YOUNG LADY'S BOSOM.

**B**EGONE! bold rival, from my fair,  
Thou hast no plea for business there,  
'Twere needless where the lily grows  
To add perfumes, or to the rose ;  
Faint are the sweets which thou canst give  
To those which in her bosom live.

Thence tender wishes, amorous sighs  
Love's breath, the richest odours rise  
Not all the spices of the East,  
Nor India's grove, nor Phoenix' nest,  
Send forth an odour to compare  
With what we find to please us there.  
Where nature has been so profuse,  
Thy little arts are of no use;  
Thou canst not add a grace to her,  
She's all perfection everywhere.  
Speak, saucy thing, for I will know  
How much to her and me you owe.  
Whence comes this sweetness so divine?  
Speak, is it her's or is it thine?  
Ha' varlet, by the fragrant smell  
'Tis hers, all hers, I know it well;  
I know you robb'd Olivia's store;  
But hence! for you shall steal no more.  
Begone, she has no room for thee,  
Olivia's bosom must be free  
For nothing but for love and me.

*John Oldmixon.*

352. TO ELIZA,

INVITING ME TO HER WEDDING.

**H**AD you, your charms resign'd  
To him who loves you best,  
The summons had been kind,  
And I completely blest.

Those tender words, 'Prepare  
For bliss so long delay'd,'  
An age of black despair  
At once had overpaid.

But, doom'd to rival arms,  
You mock your lover's smart;  
A dance your blood alarms,  
A ribbon fires your heart.



Tho' clogg'd with fool and debt,  
 The dear estate you prize,  
 And view without regret,  
 The martyr of your eyes.

But I, can I behold  
 The heaven I must forego?  
 And grace, like slaves of old,  
 The triumph of my foe?

You will not give delight,  
 And would you add to pain?  
 Your hate improves to spite,  
 To malice your disdain.

Yet, tyrant, in your turn  
 The stroke of justice, due  
 To cruelty and scorn,  
 Perhaps, may humble you.

In honour's school untaught,  
 Your sot may go astray,  
 And you, like me, be brought  
 To curse your wedding day

*George Jeffreys.*

### 353. THE LOVER.

SINCE Stella's charms, divinely fair  
 First pour'd their lustre on my heart,  
 Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,  
 And every fibre feels the smart.  
 If such the mournful moments prove,  
 O, who would give his heart to love!

I meet my bosom friends with pain,  
 Though friendship used to warm my soul,  
 Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,  
 I find no cordial in the bowl.  
 If such the mournful moments prove,  
 O, who would give his heart to love!

Though nature's volume open lies,  
Which once with wonder I have read,  
No glories tremble from the skies,  
No beauties o'er the earth are spread.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O, who would give his heart to love!

E'en poetry's ambrosial dews,  
With joy no longer feed my mind,  
To beauty, music, and the muse,  
My soul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.  
Though such the mournful moments prove,  
Alas! I give my heart to love!

But should the yielding virgin smile,  
Drest in the spotless marriage robe,  
I'd look upon this world as vile,  
The master of a richer globe.  
If such the rapturous moments prove,  
O, let me give my heart to love!

The business of my future days,  
My every thought, my every prayer,  
Shall be employed to sing her praise,  
Or sent to bounteous heaven for her.  
If such the rapturous moments prove,  
O, let me give my heart to love!

Poets shall wonder at my love,  
Painters shall crowd, her face to see,  
And when they would the passions move,  
Shall copy her and think of me.  
If such the rapturous moments prove,  
O, let me give my heart to love!

Old age shall seem as bright as youth,  
No respite to our bliss be given :  
Then mingled in one flame of truth,  
We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heaven.  
Since such the rapturous moments prove,  
We both will give our hearts to love.

*William Thompson.*

## 354. THE DECAYED COQUETTE.

NEW beauties push her from the stage :  
She trembles at the approach of age,  
And starts to view the altered face  
That wrinkles at her in the glass :  
So Satan, in the Monk's tradition  
Fear'd when he met his apparition.  
At length her name each coxcomb cancels  
From standing lists and toast of angels ;  
And slighted where she shone before,  
A grace and goddess now no more,  
Despis'd by all and doomed to meet  
Her lovers at her rivals' feet,  
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball  
And cries out, vanity, on all ;  
Affects to scorn the tinsel shows  
Of glittering belles and of beaux ;  
No longer hopes to hide by dress  
The tracks of age upon her face :  
Now careless grown of airs polite,  
Her noon-day night all meets the sight ;  
Her hair uncomb'd collects together  
With ornaments of many a feather.  
Her stays for easiness thrown by,  
Her rumpled handkerchief away,  
A careless figure, half undress'd,  
(The reader's wits may guess the rest) ;  
All points of dress and neatness carried,  
As though she'd been a twelvemonth married,  
She spends her breath as years prevail,  
At this sad, wicked world to rail,  
To slander all her sex *impromptu*,  
And wonder what the times will come to.

*John Trumbull.*

355. ROSALIE.

**O** POUR upon my soul again  
That sad unearthly strain,  
That seems from other worlds to plain ;  
Thus falling, falling from afar  
As if some melancholy star  
Had mingled with her light her sighs,  
And dropped them from the skies.

No never came from aught below  
This melody of wo,  
That makes my heart to overflow  
As from a thousand gushing springs  
Unknown before that with it brings  
This nameless light—if light it be—  
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears  
The hue of other spheres  
And something blent of smiles and tears  
Comes from the very air I breathe.  
Oh ! nothing save the stars beneath  
Can mould a sadness like to this—  
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,  
When the last lingering ray  
Stops on the highest cloud to play —  
So thought the gentle ROSALIE,  
As in the maiden reverie  
First fell the strain of him who stole,  
In music to her soul.

## 356. A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife,  
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,  
Inspires my waking schemes,  
And when I sleep, with form so light,  
Dances before my ravish'd sight  
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,  
Nor yet the lily with them blend,  
To captivate my eyes.  
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,  
And, sweetly mutable, displays  
Its feelings as they rise.

Features, where, pensive, more than gay,  
Save when a rosy smile doth play,  
The sober thought you see;  
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,  
And kind affections round them beam,  
But most of all on me.

A form though not of finest mould,  
Where yet a something you behold  
Unconsciously doth please;  
Manners all graceful without art,  
That to each look and word impart  
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm  
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,  
And mind inform the whole;  
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,  
Her soul her beaming eye must show,  
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,  
And were her fate to mine but join'd  
By Hymen's silken tie,  
To her myself, my all I'd give,  
For her alone delighted live,  
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious care oppress'd,  
On the soft pillow of her breast  
My aching head I'd lay;  
At her sweet smile each care should cease,  
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace.  
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,  
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share.  
Should sickness ere invade,  
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,  
My hand the cordial should supply;  
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,  
My arms should shield her from the storm;  
And, were its fury hurl'd,  
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare.  
In her defence undaunted dare  
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,  
Together would we humbly bend,  
To praise the Almighty's name.  
And when I saw her kindling eye  
Beam upwards in her native sky,  
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,  
But on our years serenely glide,  
And all to love be given;  
And when life's little scene was o'er,  
We'd part to meet and part no more,  
But live and love in heaven.

*Professor L. Fritsbie*

## 357. THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

**S**EVEN long years has the desert rain  
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face;  
Seven long years of sorrow and pain  
I have thought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant west,  
Dying with none that loved thee near;  
They who flung the earth on thy breast  
Turn'd from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,  
Violets spring in the soft May shower;  
There in the summer breezes wave  
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there  
Feeds with her fawn the timid doe;  
There, when the winter woods are bare,  
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away;  
All my task upon earth is done;  
My poor father old and gray,  
Slumbers beneath the churchyard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,  
Ever thy form before me seems;  
All night long I talk with the dead,  
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,  
This long pain, a sleepless pain;  
When the Father my spirit takes  
I shall feel it no more again.

*William C. Bryant.*

## 358. EARLY LOVE.

THE fond caress of beauty, O that glow!  
The first warm glow that mantles round the heart  
Of boyhood! when all's new—the first dear vow  
We ever breathed—the tear-drops that first start  
Pure from thy unpractised eye—the overflow  
Of waken'd passions, that but now impart  
A hope, a wish, a feeling yet unfelt,  
That mould to madness, or in mildness melt.

Ah! where's the youth whose stone heart ne'er knew  
The fires of joy, that burst through every vein  
That burn for ever bright, for ever new,  
As passion rises o'er and o'er again,  
That like the phoenix die but to renew—  
Beat in the heart, and throb upon the brain—  
Self-kindling, quenchless as the eternal flame  
That sports in Etna's base. But I'm to blame.

Ignobly thus to yield to raptures past,  
To call my buried feelings from their shrouds,  
O'er which the deep funereal pall was cast—  
Like brightest skies entomb'd in darkest clouds,  
No matter these, the latest and the last  
That rise, like spectres of the past, in crowds,  
The ebullitions of a heart not lost,  
But weary, wandering, worn and tempest toss'd.

'Tis vain, and worse than vain, to think on joys  
Which like the hour that's gone, return no more;  
Bubbles of folly, blown by wanton boys—  
Billows that swell, to burst upon the shore—  
Playthings of passion, manhood's gilded toys,  
(Deceitful as the shell that seems to roar,  
But prove the mimic mockery of the age :)  
They sink in sorrow's sea, and ne'er emerge.

*Isaac Clason.*



## 359. ON A VERY OLD WEDDING-RING.

The device: Two hearts united.

The motto: 'Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.'

**I** LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,  
Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I likest—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love;  
How faithful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
Till, soften'd and subdu'd at last,  
He won his fair and blooming bride.  
How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers—  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows,  
Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells; the plighted troth—  
The gift of every earthly thing—  
The hand in hand—the heart in heart:  
For this I like that ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device;  
'Two blended hearts,' though time may wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
'Till death' shall ere in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
 Their hope in heaven, their trust in GOD,  
 In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
 These two the world's rough pathway trod.  
 Age might impair their youthful fires,  
 Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather;  
 Still hand in hand they travell'd on—  
 Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too:  
 'Thine own dear love, this heart is thine!'  
 Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
 As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
 'This heart is thine, mine own dear love!'  
 Thine, and thine only, and for ever;  
 Thine, till the spring of life shall fail;  
 Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,  
 Emblem of plighted truth unbroken,  
 Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
 Of heartfelt, holy love the token:  
 What varied feelings round it cling!—  
 For these I like that ancient ring.  
*Geo. W. Doane.*

—•••—

### 360 SERENADE.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,  
 And shame them with thine eyes,  
 On which, than on the lights above,  
 There hang more destinies.  
 Night's beauty is the harmony  
 Of blending shades and light;  
 Then, lady up—look out, and be  
 A sister to the night! —

Sleep not ! thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast ;  
Sleep not, from her soft sleep should fly  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay  
With looks, whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

*Edward C. Pinkney.*

361. TO EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes  
Were kindled in the upper skies  
At the same torch that lighted mine,  
For so I must interpret still  
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,  
A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon  
Features that seem at heart my own ;  
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
Who charm the more their glance forbids  
Chaste—glowing, underneath their lids,  
With fire that draws while it repels.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

362. LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

YES! still I love thee:—Time who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow;—  
Where, love that cannot perish, grows  
For one alas! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last ;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dewdrop hanging o'er the rose  
 Within its robe of light,  
 Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
 Though seeming to the sight;  
 And yet it still will linger there,  
 Like hopeless love without despair, —  
 A moment finely exquisite,  
 Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
 Think momentarily of me,—  
 Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
 That bind me so to thee;  
 No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,  
 Like dew upon the roses wild,  
 I would not have thee know,  
 The stream that seems to thee so still  
 Has such a tide below.

Enough! that in delicious dreams  
 I see thee and forget—  
 Enough, that when the morning beams  
 I feel my eyelids wet;  
 Yet, could I hope, when time shall fall  
 The darkness, for creations pall,  
 To meet thee,—and to love, —  
 I would not shrink from aught below  
 Nor ask for more above.

*Rufus Dawes.*

---

363. TO A LADY.

**I** THINK of thee when morning spring  
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And like a young bird lifts her wing  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love  
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
 And sent in music from the grove,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,  
 The evening spreads her robes of light,  
 And like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs,  
 In light, o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,  
 Those tresses, falling bright and free,  
 That brow, where 'Beauty writes her name,'  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

*George D. Prentice.*

### 364. LOVE'S MEMORIES.

TO-NIGHT! to night! what memories to-night  
 Came thronging o'er me as I stood near thee!  
 Thy form of loveliness, thy brow of light,  
 Thy voice's thrilling flow—  
 All, all were thine; to me—to me as bright  
 As when they claim'd my soul's idolatry  
 Years, long years ago.

That gulf of years! O God! hadst thou been mine,  
 Would all that's precious have been swallow'd there?  
 Youth's meteor hope, and manhood's high design,  
 Lost, lost, for ever lost—  
 Lost with the love that with them all would twine,  
 The love that left no harvest but despair,  
 Unwon at such a cost.

Was it ideal, that wild, wild love I bore thee?  
 Or thou thyself—didst thou my soul enthrall?  
 Such as thou art to-night did I adore thee,  
 Ay, I do live—in vain!  
 Such as thou art to-night—could time restore me  
 That wealth of loving—should thou love at all,  
 To waste perchance again?

No! thou didst break the coffers of my heart,  
 And set so lightly by the hoard within,  
 That I too learn'd at last the squanderer's art  
 But idly here and there,  
 Filling my soul and lavishing a part  
 On each, less cold than thou, who cared to win  
 And seem'd to prize a share.

No! thou didst wither up my flowering youth,  
 If blameless, still the bearer of a blight;  
 The unconscious agent of the deadliest ruth  
 That human heart hath riven;  
 Teaching me scorn of my own spirit's truth;  
 Holding, not me, but that fond worship light  
 Which link'd my soul to heaven.

No, no!—To me the weakest heart before  
 One, so untouched by tenderness as thine;  
 Angels have enter'd through the frail tent door  
 That pass the palace now—  
 And He who spake the words, 'Go, sin no more,'  
 'Mid human passions saw the spark divine,  
 But not in such as thou!

365 I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I WILL love her no more—'tis a waste of the heart,  
 This lavish of feeling a prodigal's part.  
 Who, heedless of treasure a life could not earn,  
 Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return

I will love her no more ; it is folly to give  
Our best years to one, when for many we live,  
And he who the world will thus barter for one,  
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more ; it is heathenish thus  
To bow to an idol which bends not to us ;  
Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks not for aught  
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more ; for no love is without  
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out ;  
She engrosseth it all, and, till some she restore,  
Than this moment I love her, how can I love her *more*?

*Charles F. Hofmann.*



### 366. ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

ASK me not why I should love her ;  
Look upon these soul-full eyes '  
Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
And see there how sweetly rise  
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,  
Which is innocence the nest,  
Which though each joy were from it shed,  
By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from these sweet windows peeping,  
Emotions tender, bright and pure,  
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping  
Every trial can endure!  
Wonder not that looks so winning  
Still for me new ties are spinning ;  
Wonder not that heart so true  
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

*Charles F. Hofmann.*

*Dictionary.*

367. TO ANN.

**T**HOU wert as a lake that lieth  
In a bright and sunny way ;  
I was a bird that flieth  
O'er it on a pleasant day ;  
When I look'd upon thy features  
Presence then some feeling lent ;  
But thou knowest, most false of creatures,  
With thy form thy image went.

With a kiss my vow was greeted,  
As I knelt before thy shrine,  
But I saw that kiss repeated  
On another lip than mine ;  
And a solemn vow was spoken  
That thy heart should not be changed,  
But that binding vow was broken,  
And thy spirit was estranged.

I could blame thee for awaking  
Thoughts the world will but deride,  
Calling out, and then forsaking,  
Flowers the winter wind will chide ;  
Guiling to the midway ocean  
Barks that tremble by the shore,  
But I hush the sad emotion,  
And will punish thee no more.

*J. O. Rockwell.*

368. THY HAND.

**T**HY hand! thy hand! thy lily hand,  
It flushes all my brow ;  
Thy voice! thy voice! thy silver tone,  
It thrills my spirit now.



... hath ruffled o'er my soul,  
And drawn forth all its powers,  
Like July winds upon the lips  
Of golden-hearted flowers

Bend o'er me with those starry eyes,  
Those eyelids milky white;  
Sink on my storm-impassion'd heart,  
Like a peace-giving night,  
Bend o'er me with thy sky-like brow,  
Which all the stars might seek;  
Bend o'er me, let thy golden hair  
Trail on my burning cheek.  
My heart leaps toward thee, as the sea  
Pants at the maiden moon;  
A swimming haze comes o'er my soul,  
Like a great sultry noon,  
And all my life is lined with music bars,  
Pack'd with sweet notes that tremble like th

*J. Stanyan*

---

369. HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

*L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois: c'est la première,  
Les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires!—La*

**H**OW shall I woo her? I will stand  
Beside her when she sings:  
And watch that

How shall I woo her? I will gaze,  
In sad and silent trance,  
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays  
Look love in every glance;  
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,  
Though bright her own may beam,  
Will fling a deeper spell to-night  
Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her? I will try  
The charms of olden time,  
And swear by earth, and sea, and sky,  
And rave in prose and rhyme;  
And I will tell her when I bent  
My knee in other years,  
I was not half so eloquent,  
I could not speak for tears!

How shall I woo her? I will bow  
Before the holy shrine;  
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
And press her lips to mine;  
And I will tell her, when she parts  
From passion's thrilling kiss,  
That memory to many hearts  
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away! away! the chords are mute,  
The bond is rent in twain,  
You cannot wake that silent lute,  
Nor clasp those links again;  
Love's toil I know is little cost,  
Love's perjury is light sin,  
But souls that lose what I have lost,  
What have they left to win?

*W. M. Praed.*

## 370. TO ERMENGARDE.

I KNOW not of the sunshine waste,  
The world is dark since thou art gone!  
The hours are, Oh! so leaden-paced!  
The birds sing, and the stars float on,  
But sing not well, and look not fair;  
A weight is in the summer air,  
And sadness in the light of flowers;  
And if I go where others smile,  
Their love but makes me think of ours,  
And Heaven gets my heart the while;  
Like one upon a desert isle,  
I languish of the dreary hours;  
I never thought that a life could be  
So flung upon one hope as mine, dear love, on thee.

I sit and watch the summer sky,  
There comes a cloud through heaven alone;  
A thousand stars are shining nigh,  
It feels no light, but darkles on!  
Yet now it nears the loneliest moon,  
And flashing through its fringe of snow,  
There steals a rosier dye, and soon  
Its bosom is one fiery glow!  
The queen of life within it lies;  
Yet mark how lovers meet to part.  
The cloud already onward flies,  
And shadows sink within its heart;  
And (dost thou see them where thou art?)  
Fade, fast fade all those glorious dyes!  
Its light, like mine, is seen no more,  
And like my own, its heart seems darker than before.

Where press, this hour, those fairy feet?  
Where look, this hour, those eyes of blue?  
What music in thine ear is sweet?  
What odour breathes thy lattice through?

---

*Dictionary.*

---

What word is on thy lip? what tone,  
What look, replying to thine own?  
Thy steps along the Danube stray.  
    Alas, it seeks an orient sea!  
Thou wouldst not seem so far away,  
    Flow'd but its waters back to me!  
I bless the slowly-coming moon,  
    Because its eye look'd late in thine;  
I envy the west wind of June,  
    Whose wings will bear it up in Rhine;  
The flower I press upon my brow  
Were sweeter if its like perfumed thy chamber now.  
  *N. P. Willis.*

---

371. TO A FACE BELOVED.

THE music of the waken'd lyre  
Dies not upon the quivering strings,  
Nor burns alone the minstrel's fire  
    Upon the lip that trembling sings:  
Nor shines the moon in heaven unseen,  
    Nor shuts the flower its fragrant cells,  
Nor sleeps the fountain's wealth, I ween,  
    For ever in its sparry wells;  
The spells of the enchanter lie  
Not on his lone heart, his own rapt ear and eye.

I look upon a face as fair  
    As ever made a lip of heaven  
Falter amid its music prayer!  
    The first lit star of summer even  
Springs not so softly on the eye,  
    Nor grows with watching half so bright,  
Nor, 'mid its sisters of the sky,  
    So seems of heaven the dearest light.  
Men murmur where that face is seen:  
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and mien.

Yet, though we deem the stars are blest,  
And envy in our grief the flower  
That bears but sweetness in its breast,  
And fear'd the enchanter for his power,  
And love the minstrel for his spell  
He winds out of his lyre so well ;  
The stars are almoners of light,  
The lyrist of melodious air,  
The fountain of its waters bright,  
And everything most sweet and fair  
Of that by which it charms the ear,  
The eye of him that passes near ;  
A lamp is lit in woman's eye,  
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.

*N. P. Willis.*



372. ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,  
She woke ENDYMION with a kiss,  
When, sleeping in the grove,  
She dream'd not of her love.

Like Diana's kiss, unask'd, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep-impassion'd gaze.

It comes, the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,  
In silence and alone,  
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the bows, whose shadows deep  
Are life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,  
And kisses the closed eyes  
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by Fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto its own.

Responds as if, with unseen wings,  
A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings,  
And whispers, in its song,  
'Where hast thou stay'd so long?'

*H. W. Longfellow.*

373. MAIDENHOOD.

**M**AIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose looks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, life hath snar  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bow where slumber  
Birds and blossoms many-number'd  
Age, that bow with snows encumber

Gather, then, each flower that grows  
When the young heart overflows

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine's dart  
Into many a sunless heart :  
For a smile of God thou art.

*H. W. Longfellow.*



374 THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

**D**EAREST, a lock is but a ray  
Reflected in a certain way ;  
A word, whatever tone it wear,  
Is but a trembling wave of air ;  
A youth, obedience to a clause  
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others grow more sweet ;  
The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
Increase their floating locks of light ;  
The rainbow, heaven's own forehead braid,  
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !  
How wide the world that girds them round !  
Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
Each living in the other's heart,  
Our course unknown, our hope to be  
Yet mingled in the distant sea.



But ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain;  
And love and hope do not obey  
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
Which lights and lends the tide its charms  
To death's dark cave and icy arms.

Alas! one narrow line is drawn,  
That links our sunset with our dawn;  
In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
And clouds are round it at its close;  
But ah! no twilight beam ascends  
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh! in the hour when I shall feel  
Those shadows round my senses steal,  
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
The clay that feels their tears no more,  
Then let thy spirit with me be,  
Or some sweet angel, likest me.

*Oliver W. Holmes.*

375. TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET.

FLOWERS are love's truest language; they betray,  
Like the divining rods of Maji old,  
Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold,  
But love—strong love, that never can decay!  
I send thee flowers, O dearest! and I deem  
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,  
Whose music clearer than the voice of birds,  
When breathed to thee alone, perchance may seem  
All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.  
Oh, wreath them in those tresses of dark hair!  
Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,  
And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd!  
Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal  
The love that maiden coyness would conceal!

*Benjamin Park.*

## 376. TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine;  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
Are wreath'd with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry hope! that didst arise  
But to be overcast  
A voice from out the future cries,  
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past,  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies,  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
The light of life is o'er!  
No more—no more—no more—  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore).

*Edgar A. Poe.*

## 377. A LOVER'S ADDRESS.

DEEM not, beloved, that the glow  
Of love with youth will know decay;  
For though the wing of time may throw  
A shadow o'er our way:  
The sunshine of a cloudless faith,  
The calmness of a holy trust,  
Shall linger in our hearts till death  
Consigns our 'dust to dust!'

The fervid passions of our youth,  
The fervour of affection's kiss :  
Love, born of purity and truth,  
All memories of bliss—  
These still are ours, while looking back  
Upon the past with dewy eyes ;  
O dearest ! upon life's vanished track  
How much of sunshine lies !

Men call us poor—it may be true,  
Amid the gay and glittering crowd ;  
We feel it, though our wants are few,  
Yet envy not the proud.  
The freshness of love is early flowers,  
Heart shelter'd through long years of want,  
Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,  
That wealth could never grant.

Something of beauty from thy brow,  
Something of lightness from thy tread,  
Hath passed—yet thou art dearer now  
Than when our vows were said :  
A softer beauty round thee gleams,  
Chasten'd by time, yet calmly bright ;  
And from thine eye of hazel beams  
A deeper, tenderer light !

An emblem of the love which lives  
Through every change as time departs ;  
Which binds our souls in one, and gives  
New gladness to our hearts !  
Flinging a halo over life,  
Like that which gilds the life beyond !  
Ah, well I know thy thoughts, dear wife !  
To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,  
Is dearer than the blushing bride  
Who stood, three happy years gone by,  
In beauty by my side !

Our Father, throned in light above,  
Hath bless'd us with a fairy child:  
A bright link in the chain of love—  
The pure and undefiled.

Rich in the hearts' best treasure, still  
With a calm trust we'll journey on,  
Link'd heart with heart, dear wife! until  
Life's pilgrimage be done!  
Youth, beauty, passion, these will pass,  
Like everything of earth, away—  
The breath-stains on the polish'd glass  
Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of GOD,  
The soother of life's many woes.  
She scatters fragrance round the sod  
Where buried hopes repose!  
She leads us with her radiant hand  
Earth's pleasant streams and pastures by,  
Still pointing to a better land  
Of bliss beyond the sky!

*William H. Burling.*

### 378. THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.

IS there but a single theme  
For the youthful poet's dream?  
Is there but a single wire  
To the youthful poet's lyre?  
Earth below and heaven above,  
Can he sing of aught but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!  
God of war! I follow thee!  
And, in thy martial numbers raise  
Worthy pæans to thy praise.  
Ah! she meets me on the field—  
If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!  
To thy arms I will escape!  
Quick the rosy nectar bring;  
'To Bacche' every sip  
But reminds me of her lip.

Pallas! give me wisdom's page,  
And awake my lyric rage;  
Love is fleeting, love is vain;  
I will try a nobler strain.  
O perplexity! my books  
But reflect her haunting looks.

Jupiter! on thee I cry!  
Take me and try my lyre on high!  
Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!  
Here, O poet! is a theme.  
Madness! she has come above!  
Every chord is whispering 'Love!'

*Epes Sargent.*

---

### 379. A VALENTINE.

SHE that is fair, though never vain or proud,  
More fond of home than fashion's changing crowd;  
Whose taste refined even female friends admire,  
Dress'd not for show, but rob'd in neat attire;  
She who has learn'd, with mild forgiving breast,  
To pardon frailties, hidden or confessed;  
True to herself, yet willing to submit,  
More sway'd by love than ruled by worldly wit:  
Though young, discreet—though ready, ne'er unkind,  
Blest with no pedants, but a woman's mind:  
She wins our hearts, toward her our thoughts incline,  
So at her door go leave my valentine.

*James T. Field.*

380. OUR LOVE IS NOT A FADING  
EARTHLY FLOWER.

OUR love is not a fading earthly flower,  
Its wing'd seed dropp'd down from Paradise,  
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,  
Doth momentarily to fresher beauty rise.  
To us the leafless autumn is not bare,  
Nor winter's rustling boughs lack lusty green,  
Our summer hearts make summer's fulness where  
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be seen.  
For nature's life in love's deep life doth lie,  
Love, whose forgetfulness is beauty's death,  
Whose mystic keys these cells of thou and I  
Into the infinite freedom openeth,  
And makes the body's dark and narrow grate,  
The wide-flung bearer of heaven's palace gate.

*James Russell Lowell*

## 381. THE LOVER STUDENT.

WITH a burning brow and weary limb,  
From the parting glance of day,  
The student sits in his study dim,  
Till the East with dawn is gray;  
But what are those musty tones to him?  
His spirit is far away.  
He seeks, in fancy, the hall of light  
Where his lady leads the dame,  
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,  
Lit up by her sunny glance;  
And he thinks of her the livelong night  
She thinketh of him perchance.  
Yet many a gallant knight is by  
To dwell on each gushing tone,  
To drink the smile of that loveliest eye,  
Which should beam upon him alone;  
To woo with the vow, the glance, and sigh,  
The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,  
And he grasps his well-worn pen,  
That he may write him a lesson sage,  
To read to the sons of men ;  
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,  
And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise  
At the vesper's solemn peal,  
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies,  
Which no angel forms reveal ;  
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes  
'Mid his whispered prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur  
To his little study dim,  
In vain the notes of the vesper stir  
In the cloister cold and grim ;  
Through the livelong night he thinks of her -  
Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear, cold moon,  
But no calm to him she brings ;  
His troubled spirit is out of tune,  
And loosen'd its countless strings ;  
Yet, in the quiet of nights, still moon,  
To his lady-love he sings:—

'Thou in thy bower,  
And I in my cell,  
Through each festal hour  
Divided must dwell ;  
Yet we're united,  
Though forms are apart,  
Since love's vows plighted  
Have bound us in heart.

'Proud sons of fashion  
Now murmur to thee  
Accents of passion,  
All treason to me ;

By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,  
By all that thrills the beating heart.  
The bright, black eye, the melting blue,  
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams  
I saw a row of twenty beams;  
From every beam a rope was hung,  
In every rope a lover swung.  
I ask'd the hue of every eye  
That bade each luckless lover die.  
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,  
And ten accused the darker hue.

I ask'd a matron which she deem'd  
With fairest light of beauty beam'd,  
She answer'd, some thought both were fair -  
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.  
I might have liked her judgment well,  
But as she spoke she rung the bell,  
And all her girls, nor small, nor few,  
Came marching in--their eyes were blue

I ask'd a maiden; back she flung  
The locks that round her forehead hung,  
And turn'd her eye, a glorious ore,  
Bright as a diamond in the sun,  
On me, until, beneath its rays,  
I felt as if my hair would blaze;  
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;  
She look'd at me--what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,  
Nor heeds the colouring of his screen;  
And when his random arrows fly,  
The victim falls, but knows not why.  
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,  
The shaft upon the string is set;  
Look not beneath his azure veil,  
Though every limb were cased in mail.



Well both might make a martyr break  
 The chain that bound him to the stake,  
 And both, with but a single ray,  
 Can melt our very hearts away ;  
 And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
 To stir the scales or rock the beam ;  
 But that is the dearest, all the while,  
 That wears for us the sweetest smile.

*Oliver W. Holmes.*



### 384. A RIME

WHICH IS YET REASON, AND TEACHETH IN A LIGHT MANNER  
 A GRAVE MATTER IN THE LERE OF LOVE.

AS Love sat idling beneath a tree,  
 A knight rode by on his charger free :  
 Stalwart and fair and tall was he,  
 With his plume and his mantle, a sight to see.  
 And proud of his scars, right loftily,  
 He cried—Young boy, will you go with me ?  
     But Love he pouted and shook his head,  
     And along fared the warrior, ill-bested :  
 Love is not won by chivalry.

Then came a minstrel bright of blee,  
 Blue were his eyes as the heavens be,  
 And sweet as a song bird's throat sang he,  
 Of smiles and tears and ladies e'e.  
 Soft love and glorious chivalry  
 Then cried—Sweet boy, will you go with me ?  
     Love wept and smiled, but shook his head,  
     And along fared the minstrel, ill-bested :  
 Love is not won by minstrelsy.

Then came a bookman, wise as three,  
 Darker a scholar you shall not see  
 In Jeuné, Rome, or Araby.  
 But list, fair dames, what I read to ye,

In love's sweet lere untaught was he,  
For when he cried—Come, Love, with me,  
Tired of the parle he was nodding his head,  
And along fared the scholar, ill-bested:  
Love is not won by pedantry.

Then came a courtier wearing the key  
Of councils and chambers high privy;  
He could dispute, yet seem to agree,  
And soft as dew was his flatterie.  
And with honied voice and low congee,  
Fair youth, he said, will you honour me?  
In courteous wise Love shook his head,  
And along fared the courtier, ill-bested:  
Love is not won by courtesy.

Then came a miser blinking his e'e  
To view the bright boy beneath the tree:  
His purse, which hung to his cringing knee,  
The ransom held of a king's countrie;  
And a handful of jewels and gold showed he,  
And cried—Sweet child, will you go with me?  
Then loud laugh'd Love, as he shook his head,  
And along fared the monger, ill-bested:  
Love is not won by merchandry.

O then to young Love, beneath the tree,  
Came one as young and as fair as he,  
And as like to him as like can be.  
And clapping his little wings for glee,  
With nods and smiles and kisses free,  
He whispered—Come, O come with me!  
Love pouted and flouted and shook his head,  
But along with that winsome youth he sped:  
And love wins love, loud shouted he!

*William W. Lord.*

## 385. AMANDA.

FROM THE DREAM OF SPENCER.

WHERE sun and flowers are beaming,  
Amanda's charms appear;  
Her beauty's rays are streaming  
Round all this earthly sphere.  
The breeze when gently blowing,  
The rose that scents the grove,  
The vine when brightly glowing,  
All tell of her I love.

I hear her song's sweet numbers  
When Zephyr's breezy wings  
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,  
And wake its tuneful strings.  
All—the charms of nature  
Amanda's beauty bear,  
And show in every feature  
Her glory imaged there.

The spirits of the dying  
Must quit this clay's control;  
But they to rest are dying  
In regions of the soul;  
The floods, now onward striding,  
Are foaming, fierce, and free;  
Yet soon, their waves subsiding,  
Will slumber in the sea.

But I must vainly languish  
For joys ne'er can know,  
And wear a careless anguish  
In loneliness and woe.  
Fair goddess! I shall ever  
Behold thy beauty shine,  
Like stars above—but never  
Can hope to call thee mine!

## 386. THE MODISH LOVER.

WITH downcast eyes and folded arms,  
Young Myrtle sauntered out one day,  
Reflecting on Florinda's charms:

The fair, the blooming, and the gay ;  
Deeply he sighed, his bosom all aflame,  
And in the dust he flourished out her name.

Next morn abroad he walk'd again,  
Much alter'd since the day before ;  
A good night's rest had cured his pain,  
Nor was Florinda thought of more ;  
But giddy's chance the fickle youth had brought  
Close by that spot where he her name had wrote.

The place recalls to mind his flame,  
When all in love he wander'd there,  
'Twas here, he cries, I left the name  
Of yesterday's commanding fair.  
Pensive awhile he stood, then look'd to find  
What beauteous image had possess'd his mind.

But vain, alas ! his searches prove,  
The rain had fallen, the wind had blown,  
And sympathising with his love,  
Away was every letter flown ;  
Nor could his faithless memory declare  
Whose name he yesterday had flourish'd there.

*Henry Baker.*

387. ON THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR  
PASSIONS.

SAY, Love, for what good end design'd  
Wert thou to mortals given ?  
Was it to fix on earth the mind ?  
Or raise the heart to heaven ?

Deluded oft, we still pursue  
The fleeting bliss we sought,  
As children chase the bird in view,  
That's never to be caught.

O! who shall teach me to sustain  
A more than manly part?  
To go through life, nor suffer pain:  
No joy to touch my heart.

Thou blest indifference be my guide,  
I court thy gentle reign,  
When passion turns or steps aside,  
Still call me back again.

Teach me to see through beauty's art,  
How oft its trappings hide  
A base, a vile, a treacherous heart,  
With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my generous soul give way,  
Too much to serve my friends;  
Let reason still control their sway,  
And show where duty ends.

If to my lot a wife should fall,  
May friendship be our love;  
The passion that is transport all,  
Does seldom lasting prove.

If lasting, 'tis too great for peace,  
The pleasure's so profuse;  
The heart can never be at ease  
Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,  
Which I must leave behind;  
Nor let fond passions raise a strife,  
To discompose my mind.

When nature calls, may I steal by  
 As rising from a feast;  
 I've had my fill of life, and why  
 Should I distrust the rest?

*John Free.*

### 388. THE LOVERS TO THEIR FAVORITE TREE.

#### *Argument.*

In the hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, Bart., at Kirk-leatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities is a very singular tree. It had been cut down, and divided into lengths, for the purpose of converting it into firewood; but upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out sound and entire, the outward part which enclosed it being about the thickness of four inches. Round the inner bole, or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner; but upon a closer observation are found to wind round the wood in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible:—

This tree long time did witness bear,  
 Two true lovers did walk here.

There are likewise other letters, which seem to be the initials of the lovers' names, who appear to have frequented the solitary spot where the tree has grown, to vent the effusions of their mutual passion, and to enjoy the pleasure of each other's conversation, sequestered and unobserved.

LONG the wintry tempest braving,  
 Still this short inscription keep;  
 Still preserve this rude engraving,  
 On thy bark imprinted deep:  
 'This tree long time did witness bear,  
 Two true lovers did walk here.'

By the softest ties united,  
 Love has bound our souls in one;  
 And by mutual promise plighted,  
 Waits the nuptial rite alone—  
 Now a faithful witness bear,  
 Of our plighted promise here.

Though our lives would gladly sever  
Those firm ties they disallow,  
Yet they cannot part us ever—  
We will keep our faithful vow,  
And in spite of threats severe,  
Still will meet each other here.

While the dusky shade concealing,  
Veils the faultless fraud of love,  
We from sleepless pillows stealing,  
Nightly seek the silent grove;  
And escaped from eye severe,  
Dare to meet each other here.

Wealth and titles disregarding,  
(Idols of their sordid mind,)  
Calm content true love rewarding,  
In the bliss we wish to find—  
Then tree, long time witness bear,  
Two such lovers did walk here.

To our faithful love consenting,  
(Love unchanged by time or tide,)  
Should our haughty sires relenting,  
Give the sanction yet denied—  
'Midst the scenes to memory dear,  
Still we oft will wander here.

Then our every wish completed,  
Crown'd by kinder fates at last,  
All beneath thy shadow seated,  
We will talk of seasons past—  
When by night, in silent fear,  
We did meet each other here.

On thy yielding bark engraving,  
Now in short our tender tale,  
Long time's roughest tempest braving,  
Spread thy branches to the gale;  
And for ages witness bear,  
Two true lovers did walk here.      *Thomas Browne.*

## 389. SONG.

A WOMAN'S face is full of wiles,  
Her tears are like the crocodil;  
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,  
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,  
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast,  
And as she talks she knows not what,  
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mask amiss,  
If thou think faith in them to find.  
The weathercock more constant is,  
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame  
Will term me fool, and saucy jack,  
That dare their credit to defame,  
And lay such slanders on their back.

What though on me they pour their spite,  
I may not use the glover's trade;  
I cannot say the crow is white,  
But needs must call a spade a spade.

*Humphrey Gifford.*

## 390. SONNET.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,  
Nor do not use such colours for to wear,  
Nor nourish special locks of rowed hair,  
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;  
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan  
Of them who in their lips love's standards bear,  
Where he? (say they of me) now dare swear.



He cannot love! No, no; let him alone.  
And think so still! So, Stella, know my mind:  
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art!  
But yon fair maids at length this true shall find,  
That his light badge is but worn in the heart;  
Dumb swans, not chirping pies, do lovers prove:  
They love, indeed, who quake to say they love.  
*Sir Philip Sidney.*

---

391. A SWEET CONTENTION BETWEEN LOVE,  
HIS MISTRESS, AND BEAUTY.

**L**OVE and my mistress were at strife,  
Who had the greatest power on me;  
Betwixt them both, oh, what a life!  
Nay, what a death is this to be!

She said she did it with her eye;  
He said he did it with his dart;  
Betwixt them both (a silly wretch!)  
'Tis I that have the wounded heart.

She said she only spake the word  
That did enchant my peering sense;  
He said he only gave the wound  
That enter'd heart without defence.

She said her beauty was the mark  
That did amaze the highest mind;  
He said he only made the mist  
Whereby the senses grew so blind.

She said that only for her sake  
The best would venture life and limb;  
He said she was too much deceiv'd;  
They honour'd her because of him.

Longwhile, alas' she would not yield,  
But it was she that rul'd the roast ;  
Until by proof she did confess,  
If he were gone her joy was lost.

And then she cried, ' Oh, dainty love,  
I now do find it is for thee  
That I am lov'd and honour'd both,  
And thou hast power to conquer me.'

But when I heard her yield to love,  
Oh, how my heart did leap for joy!  
That now I had some little hope  
To have an end of mine annoy!

But as too soon, before the field,  
The trumpets sound the overthrow,  
So all too soon I joy'd too much,  
For I awaked, and nothing so.

*Nicholas Breton.*

392. SONNET.

**I**F this be love to draw a weary breath,  
With downward looks still reading to the earth;  
The sad memorials of my love's despair;  
If this be love to war against my soul,  
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve,  
The never resting stone of care to roll,  
Fail to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve  
If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,  
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;  
My pleasure, horror, music, tragic notes,  
Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart,  
If this be love to live a living death,  
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

*Samuel Daniel*

## 393. SONNET.

**I** ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong,  
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire ;  
 And those bright eyes that kindle all this fire  
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.  
 Then beauty (now the burden of my song,)  
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,  
 Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire,  
 Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.  
 When if she grieve to gaze her in the glass,  
 Which then presents her winter wither'd hue,  
 Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was ;  
 For what she was she best shall find in you.  
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,  
 But (Phoenix-like) shall make her live anew.

*Samuel Daniel.*

## 364. THE LOVER,

DECEIVED BY HIS LADY'S INCONSTANCY, WRITETH AS FOLLOWETH.

**T**HE mist is gone that bleared mine eyes,  
 The low'ring clouds I see appear ;  
 Though that the blind eat many flies,  
 I would you knew my sight is dear.  
 Your sweet, deceiving, flattering face,  
 But make me think that you were white ;  
 I muse how you had such a grace  
 To seem a hawk, and be a kite.

Where precious ware is to be sold,  
 They shall it have that giveth most,  
 All things we see are not worth gold ;  
 Few things are had where is no cost ;

---

*Dictionary.*

---

And so it fareth now by me :  
Because I press to give no gifts,  
She takes my suit unthankfully,  
And drives me off with many drifts.

Is this the end of all my suit,  
For my good will to have a scorn?  
Is this of all my pains the fruit,  
To have the chaff instead of corn?  
Let them that list possess such dross,  
For I deserve a better gain ;  
Yet had I rather leave with loss,  
Than serve and sue, and all in vain.

---

395. SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

**S**HALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or my checks make pale with care,  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,  
'Cause I see a woman kind;  
Or a well-disposed nature  
Joined with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle dove's pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her merit's value known,  
Make me quite forget mine own?

---

Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of *best* ;  
If she seem not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
Who without them dare to woo ;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair ;  
If she love me, this believe :  
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn, and let her go !  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

*George Wither.*

396. HAIL ! THOU FAIREST OF ALL CREATURES.

**H**AIL ! thou fairest of all creatures,  
Upon whom the sun doth shine ;  
Model of all rarest features,  
And perfections most divine.  
Thrice, all hail ! and blessed be  
Those that love and honour thee.

Though a stranger to the muses,  
Young, obscur'd, and despis'd,  
Yet, such art thy love infuses,  
That I thus have pictur'd.  
Read, and be content to see  
Thy admired power in me.

On this glass of thy perfection  
If that any women pry,  
Let them thereby take direction  
To adorn themselves thereby ;  
And if aught amiss they view,  
Let them dress themselves anew.

This, thy picture, therefore show I,  
Naked unto every eye ;  
Yet no fear of rival know I,  
Neither touch of jealousy ;  
For the more make love to thee,  
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,  
That will view thee in a jail ;  
But thy beauty I discover,  
English-like, without a veil.  
If thou may'st be won away,  
Win and wear thee he that may.

Yet in this thou may'st believe me,  
(So indifferent though I seem,)  
Death with tortures would not grieve me  
More than loss of thy esteem ;  
For if VIRTUE me forsake,  
All a scorn of me will make.

Then as I, on thee relying,  
Do no changing fear in thee,  
So, by my defects supplying,  
From all changing keep thou me :  
That, unmatched we may prove,  
Thou for beauty ; I for love.

*George Wither.*



## 397. SONG.

**S**HALL I tell you whom I love?  
Hearken then awhile to me :  
And if such a woman move  
As I now shall versifie,  
Be assured, 'tis she or none,  
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,  
As she scorns the help of art ;  
In as many virtues dight  
As e'er yet embrac'd a heart ;  
So much good, so truly tried,  
Some for less were deified.

Art she hath, without desire  
To make known how much she hath ;  
And her anger flames no higher  
Than may fitly sweeten wrath ;  
Full of pity as may be,  
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,  
And her virtues grace her birth ;  
Lovely as all excellence,  
Modest in her most of mirth ;  
Likelihood enough to prove  
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know  
Such a one as I have sung,  
Be she brown, or fair, or—so,  
That she be but sometime young :  
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,  
That I love, and love alone.

*William Brown.*

398. LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
 For my pleasing eye or face,  
 Nor for any outward part,  
 No, nor for my constant heart :  
 For those may fail, or turn to ill,  
 So thou and I shall sever ;  
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
 And love me still, but know not why.  
 So hast thou the same reason still  
 To doat upon me even



399. THE INQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,  
 Love and my sighs thus interbalk'd :  
 'Tell me,' said I in deep distress,  
 'Where may I find my shepherdess?'

'Thou fool' said Love, 'know'st thou this,  
 In everything that's good she is?  
 In yonder tulip go and seek,  
 There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

In yon enamell'd pansy by,  
 There thou shalt have her curious eye ;  
 In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,  
 There wave the streamers of her blood !'

\* \* \* \*

'Tis true,' said I ; and thereupon  
 I went to pluck them one by one,  
 To make of parts a union ;  
 But on a sudden, all was gone.



With that I stopt. Said Love, 'There be,  
Fond man, seven plumes of thee;  
And as these flowers, thy joys shall die  
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:'

'And all thy hopes of her shall wither  
Like those short sweets thus knot together.'

*Carew.*



400. SONG.

WHILST I listen to thy voice,  
Chloris, I feel my life decay:  
That powerful voice  
Calls my flitting soul away.  
Oh! suppress that magic sound,  
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die,  
That together you and I  
To heaven may go;  
For all we know  
Of what the blessèd do above,  
Is that they sing and that they love.

*Waller.*



401. SONG.

HONEST lover, whosoever,  
If in all thy love there ere  
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame  
Were not still even, still the same;  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss:  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love renew.

If when she appears i' th' room,  
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,  
And in striving this to cover  
Dost not speak thy words twice over,  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss :  
And to love me,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,  
And all defects for graces take,  
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,  
When she hath little or nothing spoken ;  
Know this,  
Thou lovs't amiss :  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within  
Thou lett'st not men ask, and ask again,  
And when thou answer'st, if it be,  
To what was ask'd thee properly ;  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss :  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,  
Thou cutt'st not fingers instead of meat ;  
And with much gazing on her face,  
Dost not rise hungry from the place ;  
Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss :  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover  
That thou art no perfect lover ;  
And, desiring to love true,  
Thou dost begin to love anew ;

Know this,  
Thou lov'st amiss :  
And to love true,  
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

*Sir John Suckling.*

402. DO NOT CONCEAL THY RADIANT EYES

DO not conceal thy radiant eyes,  
The starlight of serenest skies ;  
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,  
They turn to chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,  
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;  
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,  
The curious silkworm work no more !

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,  
More snow-white than the Apennine ;  
Lest, if there be like cold or frost,  
The lily be for ever lost !

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,  
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent  
Perfumes ; lest it being supprest,  
No spices grow in all the east !

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,  
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice ;  
Lest, music having no such thing,  
The nightingale forget to sing !

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse,  
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;  
Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth  
Gems which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,  
That's either in thy mind or face ;  
Lest virtue, overcome by vice,  
Make men believe no paradise.

*Sir Francis Kinaston.*

403. TO A COY LADY.

**I** PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,  
Don't desire to be high priz'd,  
Love's a princely noble passion,  
And with scorn to be despised.  
Though we say you're fair, you know  
We your beauty do bestow,  
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,  
We do't only for our pleasure ;  
And those parts in which you glory  
We by fancy weigh and measure.  
When for deities you go,  
For angels or for queens, pray know  
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty  
By tyranny's best signified,  
And your angelic natures be  
Distinguished only by your pride.  
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,  
And pride makes angels devils below,  
And your pride may make you so.

*Alexander Brome.*

## 404. EARLY LOVE.

AH, I remember well (and how can I  
But evermore remember well) when first  
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
The flame we felt, when as we sat and sigh'd,  
And look'd upon each other and conceiv'd  
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,  
And what was our disease we could not tell.  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus  
In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood. But when years began  
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then  
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,  
Check my presumption and my forwardness!  
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show  
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

*Samuel Daniel.*

---

## 405. THE TRIUMPH OF HIS LOVE.

SEE the chariot at hand here of love,  
Wherein my lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car love guideth.  
As she goes all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty,  
And enamour'd do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.  
  
Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that love's world compriseth!  
Do but look on her, she is bright  
As love's star when it riseth!

---



But do mark her forehead's smother  
Than words that soothe her  
And from her arch'd brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touch'd it?  
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smell'd of the bud of the brier;  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!  
*Ben Jonson.*

---

406. SONG.

O PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine,  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
O love, where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolved,  
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

*Sir John Suckling.*

---

407. SONG.

HAST thou seen the dove in the air  
When wanton blasts have tost it?  
Or the ship on the sea  
When ruder winds have crost it?  
Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weeping  
Or the fox's sleeping?  
Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,  
Or the dove by his bride?  
Oh! so fickle; oh! so vain; oh! so false is she!

*Sir John Suckling.*

---

408. THE CARELESS LOVER.

NEVER believe me if I love,  
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;  
And yet in truth, I lie, I do,  
And she's extremely handsome too.  
She's fair, she's wondrous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love  
I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,  
My foolish heart could never bear;  
One sigh imprison'd ruins more  
Than earthquakes have done heretofore.

'She's fair, she's wondrous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love  
I fairly will forego it.

When I am hungry I do eat,  
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat,  
Nor with much gazing on her face  
Do e'er rise hungry from the place.

She's fair, she's wondrous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love  
I fairly will forego it.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,  
To this and t'other friend I drink;  
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,  
I never make it her's by stealth.

She's fair she's wondrous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love  
I fairly will forego it.

I visit, talk, do business, play,  
And for a need laugh out a day;  
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,  
He makes not love, but plays the fool.

She's fair, she's wondrous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love  
I fairly will forego it.

*Sir John Suckling.*



## 409. TO CUPID.

THOU, who didst never see the light,  
Nor know'st the pleasure of the sight,  
But always blinded, canst not say  
Now it is night, or now 'tis day:  
So captivate her sense, so blind her eye,  
That still she love me, yet she ne'er knew why.

Thou who dost wound us with such art,  
We see no blood drop from the heart,  
And, subtly cruel, leave no sign  
To tell the blow or hand was thine:  
O gently, gently wound my fair, that she  
May thence believe the wound did come from thee!

*Herrick.*

## 410. SONG.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,  
To see a wretch pursuing,  
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,  
His pleasing happy ruin;  
'Tis not for pity that I move,  
His fate is too aspiring  
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,  
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,  
Your slave from death removing,  
Let me your art of charming know,  
Or learn you mine of loving.  
But whether life or death betide,  
In love 'tis equal measure:  
The victor lives with empty pride,  
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

*Earl of Rochester.*

411. SONG.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind wish before we part,  
Drop, utter, and bid adieu ;  
Though we sever, my fond heart,  
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,  
Let me kiss that falling tear ;  
Though my body must remove,  
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,  
And every wish, shall pant for you ;  
One kind kiss then, ere we part,  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

*Robert Dodsley.*



412. ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flower,  
The gray sand dancing in its bed,  
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,  
Sent forth its waters near my head.

A rosy lass approached my view,  
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam ;  
The stranger nodded, ' How d'ye do ?'  
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away ;  
With me her glowing image stayed.  
I strove from that auspicious day  
To meet and bless the lovely maid.  
I met her where beneath our feet  
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew  
Nor more elastic flowers, though sweet,  
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,  
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;  
And when the pale moon rising gave  
New glories to her rising train.  
From her sweet cot upon the moor  
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;  
Truth made me welcome at her door,  
And rosy Hannah is my own.

*Robert Bloomfield.*

#### 413. FIRST LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST love will with the heart remain  
When its hopes are all gone by;  
As frail rose-blossoms still retain  
Their fragrance when they die;  
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind  
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,  
As summer leaves the stems behind  
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,  
I've lost that right so long;  
Yet once again I seek thine ear,  
With memory's idle song.  
I felt a pride to name thy name,  
But now that pride hath flown,  
And burning blushes speak my shame,  
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,  
Had we two used to be;  
At sunset with what eager feet  
I hastened unto thee!  
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met  
In spring, nay, wintry weather;  
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,  
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,  
Thyself so often nigh,  
A moment's memory when alone  
Would bring thee in mine eye.  
But now my very dreams forget  
That witching look to trace;  
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,  
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,  
And heard thee feign adieu,  
I little thought that seeming jest  
Would prove a word so true!  
A fate like this hath oft befel  
Even loftier hopes than ours:  
Spring bids full many buds to swell,  
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

*John Clare.*

#### 414. LOST FEELINGS.

OH! weep not that our beauty wears  
Beneath the wings of Time,  
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares  
That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye  
No dumb delight can speak;  
And fresh and fair no longer lie  
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin trace  
Of wasting time is seen  
Around the form and in the face  
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel  
As hoary years depart,  
And time's effacing fingers steal  
Young feelings from the heart.

*James Montgomery.*

## 415. SONNET.

**O**NE day as I unwarily did gaze  
 On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,  
 The while my 'stonish'd heart stood in amaze,  
 Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,  
 I mote perceive how in her glaring sight  
 Legions of loves with lusted wings did fly,  
 Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright  
 At every rash beholder passing by;  
 One of those archers closely I did spy  
 Aiming his arrow at my very heart,  
 When suddenly with twinkle of her eye,  
 The damsel broke his misintended dart.  
 Had she not done so sure I had been slain,  
 Yet as it was I hardly 'scaped with pain.

*Spenser.*

## 416. SONNET.

**I** KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,  
 And what by mortals in this world is brought  
 In Time's great periods shall return to nought;  
 That fairest states have fatal nights and days!  
 I know that all the muse's heavenly lays  
 With toil of spirit which are so dearly bought,  
 As idle sounds of few or more are sought,  
 That there is nothing brighter than vain praise.  
 I know frail beauty, like the purple flower,  
 To which one morn oft birth and death accords,  
 Where sense and will bring under reason's pow'r.  
 Know what I list, all this cannot me move,  
 But that alas! I both must write and love.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

## 417. SONNET.

SEE Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair  
On yonder leafy myrtle tree which groan,  
And waken with their kisses in the air  
Th' enamoured zephyrs murmuring one by one :  
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone,  
Or had'st not seen Medusa's snaky hair,  
Love's lessons thou might'st learn : and learn, sweet fair,  
To summer's heat, e'er that thy spring be grown ;  
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,  
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,  
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold,  
And courting sleep, o'ershadows all the place :  
Nay, seems to say—Dear tree, we shall not part ;  
In sign whereof, lo in each leaf a heart.

*Drummond of Hawthornden.*



## 418. SONNET.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Was blest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend successive love ; and if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now, timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hapless doom in some grove nigh ;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.  
Whether the muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

*Milton.*

## 419. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN FORMS OF MILTON.

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say,  
 This rebel heart that love hath held as naught,  
 Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,  
 Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;  
 This simple heart hath now become his prey;  
 Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,  
 No vermeil cheek that shames the rising day.  
 Oh, no! 'twas beauty's most celestial ray,  
 With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught!  
 The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,  
 The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,  
 The voice, that breathing melody so rare,  
 Might lead the toil'd morn from the middle sky!  
 Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign fair,  
 Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly.

*Langhorne.*

## 420. SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

IF faith in love, a heart that ne'er betrays,  
 Sweetly to languish, softly to desire;  
 If wishes pure, lit up with gentle fire;  
 If long to wander in a wild ring maze;  
 If every thought that thus the front displays,  
 As broken accents that can scarce transpire,  
 Too oft repress'd as fear or shame require;  
 If paleness, where love paints the violet's rays;  
 If holding others than one's self more dear;  
 If still to pour the tear, to heave the sigh;  
 With grief, with anger, or with care to pine;  
 If when afar to burn, to freeze when near;  
 If these the causes love sick that I lie,  
 Yours, lady, be the fault, the loss be mine.

421. SONNET.

FROM SAPPHO AND PHAON.

NOT to love, to fix the tender gaze,  
 To hide the timid blush, and steal away;  
 To shun the busy world, and waste the day  
 In some rude mountain's solitary maze;  
 Is it to chant *one* name in ceaseless lays,  
 To hear no words that other tongues can say,  
 To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,  
 To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?  
 Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,  
 To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove,  
 To talk in fancy with the speaking eye,  
 Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove?  
 Not to loathe the light, and wish to die,  
 For these I feel,—and feel that they are love!  
*Mary Robinson.*



422. SONNET.

LOVE steals unheeded o'er the tranquil mind,  
 As summer breezes fan the sleeping main,  
 Slow through each fibre creeps the subtle pain,  
 Till closely round the yielding bosom twined,  
 Vain is the hope the magic to unbind;  
 The potent mischief riots in the brain,  
 Grasps every thought and burns in every vein,  
 Till in the heart the tyrant lives enshrined.  
 Oh, victor strong! bending the vanquish'd frame,  
 Sweet is the thraldom that thou bidd'st us prove!  
 And sacred is the tear thy virtues claim:  
 For blest are those whom sighs of sorrow move.  
 Then nymphs beware how ye profane my name,  
 Nor blame my weakness till like me ye love.  
*Mary Robinson.*



## 423. SONNET.

**O**H, sigh! thou stealest, the herald of the breast,  
 The lover's fears, the lover's pangs to tell,  
 Thou bidd'st with timid grace the bosom swell,  
 Cheating the day of joy, the night of rest!  
 Oh! lucid tears, with eloquence confest,  
 Why on my fading cheek unheeded dwell,  
 Meek as the dewdrop on the flow'rets fell,  
 By ruthless tempests to the green sod prest.  
 Fond sigh, be hush'd! Congeal, O! slighted tear!  
 Thy feeble powers the busy fates control!  
 Or if thy crystal streams again appear,  
 Let them, like Lethe's, to oblivion roll;  
 For love the tyrant plays when hope is near,  
 And she who flies the lover chains the soul.

*Mary Robinson.*

## 424. SONNET.

TO LOVE.

**S**INCE first soft passion could this breast enflame,  
 Oh, love! I've owned the rigour of thy rule,  
 Still to thy shrine with bleeding heart I came,  
 And prudence pointed off the am'rous fool;  
 'Tis past:—and, ah! tho', with thy power are flown  
 Innum'rous pangs, that wrung my tortur'd soul,  
 Joy too is fled, sweet raptures all my own,  
 That gild the chains of such severe control.  
 Where, now, the fond concern? the blissful dream,  
 The glad surprise that purpled o'er my cheek?  
 The sprightly hope that from my eye would gleam?  
 The throbbing wish that language could not speak?  
 In liberty I pine, condemned to see  
 A barren waste, so wretched, tho' so free!

*Dermody.*

425. THE TIMID LOVER.

**Y**ES, it is true, I uttered not my tale ;  
 But did'st thou never hear the bitter sighs  
 That swell'd my breast, ne'er see what deadly pale  
 Stole o'er my cheek, how often to mine eyes,  
 Spite of myself, the gulf-wrung tears would rise,  
 When by thy side some youth than me more bold,  
 More blest in all those charms that wealth supplies,  
 With ready tongue his artful story told?  
 Hast thou not seen my passion, ill-controlled,  
 For thee in thousand nameless actions shown?  
 Seen that in others nought would I behold?  
 That still I spoke, moved, breathed for thee alone?  
 And might not those have bought thee, far above  
 The feeble power of words, my matchless love?

*Davenport.*

426. THE WISHES.

**I**T was of old in the elfin day,  
 When charm and spell had power,  
 Four sisters stood at the noon of May,  
 In a haunted woodland bower.

‘Now drink and wish,’ said the fairy queen,  
 With a winecup in her hand,  
 For the wish that is o’er our goblet breathed  
 Will the years and fates command.’

The first she drank a swift, deep draught,  
 And she spake forth loud and free,  
 ‘A broad domain, and a vassal train,  
 And a store of gold for me.’

‘Thou art keen to reckon,’ the elf queen said,  
 ‘And wise in thine early day,  
 For gold, and lands, and the vassal bands,  
 They have long on earth held sway.’

Slowly the second drank, and spake  
With a proud but earnest gaze :  
' My heritage be the pen and page,  
And my dower their fame and praise.'

' Bethink thee, maiden,' the fairy said,  
' That the path is steep and bare ;  
Yet go if thou must, in strength and trust,  
There are heights of promise there.'

The third ; oh ! her's was a silvery tone,  
As she sipped the elfin wine :  
' No cumbrous store of gold or lore  
But the fairest face be mine.'

' Well hast thou wished,' said the fairy queen,  
' And ne'er to thy wish befall,  
For gold hath power, and praise hath lore,  
But the fair face winneth all.'

The last drank deep, but with many a pause,  
And the words came faint between :  
' Oh ! still to me that one heart might be  
As mine own hath wished and been.'

' Not for the gold that is bought and sold,  
Nor the glance that will grow dim,  
But for all he knew of the good and true,  
And the dear love borne to him.'

' And comest thou in thy youth to work  
The strong ones of the wild,  
With that gentle mien,' said the fairy queen,  
' And thou but a mortal's child ?'

' In vain for thee was our goblet filled,  
For to us are only given  
The power and promise of this earth,  
But thou asketh those of heaven !'

*Frances Brown.*

427. SONNET: MY LOVE SHE IS A LONELY FLOWER.

MY love she is a lonely but sweet flower,  
 And I would wear her in my breast, for she  
 Is full of fragrance, and such modesty  
 That I e'en sanctify that precious hour  
 When first my eyes her worshippers became.  
 He who hath mark'd the opening love in spring  
 Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.  
 For Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame,  
 'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be  
 Of her, the maiden with the dark, black hair,  
 And darker eyes. My only wish to share  
 The sunless scenes low sunk beneath the sea,  
 Is that with it I might my true love greet,  
 And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

*Edward Moxon.*

428. SONNET: METHOUGHT MY LOVE WAS DEAD.

METHOUGHT my love was dead ; O, 'twas a night  
 Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe !  
 Methought I saw her lovely spirit go,  
 With lingering looks into yon star so bright,  
 Which then assumed such a beauteous light,  
 That all the fires in heaven compared with this  
 Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.  
 There seemed henceforth the heaven of my bliss ;  
 To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,  
 And pray'd that morn might ne'er break in,  
 But o'er me that pure planet still remain.  
 Alas ! o'er it my vows had no control.  
 The lone star set : I woke full glad, I deem,  
 To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

*Edward Moxon.*

## 429. SONNET: FAIR ART THOU.

FAIR art thou as the morning, my young bride!  
Her freshness is about thee; like a river  
To the sea gliding, with sweet murmur ever  
Thou sportest; and, wherever thou dost glide,  
Humanity a lovelier aspect wears.

Fair art thou as the morning of that land  
Where Tuscan breezes in his youth have fann'd  
Thy grandsire oft. Thou hast not many tears,  
Save such as pity from the heart will wring;  
And then there is a smile in thy distress!  
Meeker thou art than lily of the spring,  
Yet is thy nature full of nobleness,  
And gentle ways, that sooth and raise me so,  
That henceforth I no worldly sorrow know!

*Edward Moxon.*

---

430. SONNET: I CANNOT LOOK IN THY  
SWEET FACE.

I CANNOT look in thy sweet face, dear maid,  
And give assent unto the sceptic's creed,  
Annihilating hope, leaving a reed  
To lean on, unsubstantial as the shade  
Of passing clouds. No, in the hour of need  
High Heaven its own will claim: the form may fade!  
But the ethereal mind, the soul sublimed,  
And purified with sorrow and with love,  
Shall rise, as virtuous metals rise, above  
The dross of earth. As upwards thou hast climbed  
From infancy, so shalt thou shining soar  
Triumphant over death, and fate, and chance,  
And every mortal strife: *life* is the *trance*  
From which thou shalt wake to sleep no more.

*Edward Moxon.*

431. DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS ESTATE  
OF A LOVER.

**W**HEN youth had led me half the race  
That Cupid's scourge had made me runne,  
I looked back to mete the place  
From whence my weary course begunne.

And then I saw how my desyre  
Misguiding me had led the waye:  
Mine eyne, too greedy of their hyre,  
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,  
And could not cloak my grief with gain,  
The boiling smoke did still bewray  
The present heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears have bayned<sup>1</sup> my breast,  
Where Love his pleasant trayzes hath sowne,  
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,  
Ere that the buddes were spronge and blowne.

And when myne eyne dyd still pursue  
The flying chase of their request;  
Their greedy looks dyd oft renew  
The hydden wound within my brest.

When every loke these cheeks might stayne,  
From dedly pale to glowing red,  
By outward signs appeared playne  
To her for help my hart was fled.

But all too late Love learneth me  
To paynt all kind of colours new,  
To blynd their eyes that else should see  
My speckled chekes with Cupid's hew.

<sup>1</sup> Bathed.

And now the covert brest I clame  
That worshipt Cupid secretly;  
And nourished his secret flame  
From whence no blaising sparkes do flie.  
*Earl of Surrey.*

— — —

## 432. SYBILLA.

**S**YBILLA! Dost thou love?  
Oh, swear! Oh, swear!  
By those steadfast stars above!  
By this pure sweet air!  
By all things true, and deep, and fair!  
By hearts made rich with love,  
Made wise by care!

Sybilla! I love *thee*:  
I swear, I swear,—  
By all bright things that be!  
By thyself, my fair!  
By thine eyes, and motions free!  
By thy *sting*, thou honey-bee!  
By thy angel thoughts that flee  
Singing through the golden air,  
I swear, I swear!

Sybilla! dost thou frown?  
Beware, beware!  
If scorn thy beauty crown,  
I fly,—yet where?  
Why are thine eyes withdrawn?  
Why dost thou turn, thou fawn?  
Look on me, like the dawn  
On weeping air!  
She smiles—Oh, Beauty bless'd,  
Take,—take me to thy breast,  
And cure all care!

*Barry Cornwall.*

433. I LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

**M**AN, man loves his steed,  
 For its blood or its breed,  
 For its odour the rose, for its honey the bee ;  
 His own haughty beauty  
 From pride or from duty ;  
 But *I* love my love, because—*he* loves *me*.

Oh, my love has an eye,  
 Like a star in the sky,  
 And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree ;  
 And his heart is a treasure,  
 Whose worth is past measure ;  
 And yet he hath given all—*all* to me!

It crowns me with light,  
 In the dead of the night,  
 It brightens my journey by land and sea ;  
 And thus, while I wander,  
 I sigh and grow fonder,  
 For *my* love ever grows with *his* love for me.

Why didst thou depart,  
 Thou sweet bird of my heart?  
 Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee :  
 I never will grieve thee,  
 I'll never deceive thee,  
 But love thee for ever,—as *thou* lov'st *me*.

*Barry Cornwall.*

434. JOHN HARYNGTON TO ISABELLA  
 MARKHAME, 1549.

*Question.*

**A**LAS! I love you overwell  
 Mine owne sweet deare delygte!  
 Yet for respects I feare to tell  
 What moves my troubled spryghte;



What workes my woe, what breeds my smarte,  
What woundes myn harte and mynde;  
Reason restrayns me to emparte,  
Such perylls as I fynde.

*Answer.*

If present peryll reason fynde,  
And hope for helpe do haste,  
Unfolde the secretts of your mynde  
Whylls hope of helpe may take;  
And I will ease your payne and smarte,  
As yf yt weare myn owne;  
Respects and perylls put aparte,  
And let the truthe be known.

*Question.*

The woodes be sounde, the sounde ys sweete,  
The sweete yeeldes bounty free;  
Noe myghte hath worthe to yeeld meed meete,  
For grace of such degree.  
Now syth my playnte doth pitie move,  
Graunt grace that I may taste  
Such joys as angells feel above  
That lovingly may last.

*Answer.*

I yield with haste and willing mynde  
To doe all you desyre,  
Doubtinge no deale such faythe to fynde  
As such trust doth requier.  
Now you have wealth at your owne will,  
And law at your owne lust  
To make or mar, to save or spill:—  
Then be a conqueror juste.

*Rejoinder.*

Fyrste shall the sun in darkness dwell,  
 The moone and stars lacke lyghte,  
 Before in thoughte I doe rebell  
 Agaynste my love's delyghte :  
 Tryed is my truste, knowne is my truthe :  
 In tyme, my sweet, provyde,  
 Whilst bewtie florishe in thine youthe,  
 And breathe in me abyde.

*John Harrington.*

435. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasure prove,  
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,  
 Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
 Fur-lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight, each May morning;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

*Christopher Marlow.*

436. THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE  
SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

**I**F all the world and love were young,  
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might we move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flock from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could faith last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

*Sir Walter Ralegh.*

437. NOW I FIND THY LOOKS WERE FEIGNED.

NOW I find thy looks were feigned,  
 Quickly lost and quickly gained;  
 Soft thy skin like wool of wethers,  
 Heart unstable, light as feathers;  
 Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,  
 Wanton will with charge delighted.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for this treason!

Of thine eyes I made my mirror;  
 From thy beauty came mine error;  
 All thy words I counted witty,  
 All thy smiles I deemed pity;  
 Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,  
 First of all my heart deceived.  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for this treason.

Feign'd acceptance when I asked;  
 Lovely words with cunning masked;  
 Holy vows, but heart unholy;  
 Wretched man! my trust was folly!  
 Wit shall guide me in this durance,  
 Time in love is no insurance,  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for this treason.

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,  
 And make white those tresses yellow.  
 Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,  
 Shall acquaint thee, dame despightful!  
 And when time shall date thy glory,  
 Then too late thou wilt be sorry,  
     Siren pleasant, foe to reason,  
     Cupid plague thee for this treason.

*Thomas Lodge.*

## . 438. HOPELESS LOVE.

**I** WILL not wish, I cannot vow  
My part. Thy grief, then, oh then, disdain :  
Though thou refuse, I know not how,  
So quite my love with love again :  
Since I have sworn to be thy friend,  
As I began so will I end.

Swear then my death, work thou my woe,  
Conspire with grief to stop my breath,  
Yet still thy friend, and not thy foe,  
I will remain until my death :  
Choose whom thou wilt, I will resign  
If love or faith be like to mine.

But while I, wretch, too long have lent  
My wandering eyes to gaze on thee,  
I have both time and travail spent  
In vain, in vain ; and now I see  
They do but fruitless pain procure  
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

When I am dead, yet thou mayest boast  
Thou hadst a friend, a faithful friend,  
That living, liv'd to love thee most,  
And lov'd thee still unto his end :  
Tho' thou unworthy, with disdain,  
Did'st force him live and die in pain.

Now may I sing, now sigh, now say,  
Farewell my life ! farewell my joy !  
Now mourn by night, now weep by day ;  
Love, too much love, breeds mine annoy :  
What can I wish, what should I crave,  
Sith that is gone which I should have.

Though hope be turned to despair,  
Yet give my tongue leave to lament ;  
Believe me now, my heart doth swear  
My luckless love was truly meant :  
Thou art too proud—I say no more,  
Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

*Nicholas Breton.*



439. A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

**D**OTH love live in beauty's eyes?  
Why then are they so unloving?  
Patience in her passion proving  
There his sorrow chiefly lies.

Lives belief in lovers' hearts—  
Why then are they unbelieving?  
Hourly so the spirit grieving  
With a thousand jealous smarts.

Is there pleasure in love's passion?  
Why then is it so unpleasing?  
Heart and spirit both diseasing,  
Where the wits are out of fashion.

No, love sees in beauty's eyes,  
He hath only lost his seeing,  
Where in sorrow's only being  
All his comfort wholly dies.

Fain within the heart of love,  
Fearful of the sting it hath,  
Treading of a trembling path,  
Doth but jealousy approve.

In love's passion, then, what pleasure,  
Which is but a lunacy,  
Where grief, fear, and jealousy  
Plague the senses out of measure?

Farewell, then, unkindly fancy,  
 In thy courses all too cruel,  
 Woe the price of such a jewel  
 As turns reason to a frenzy!

*Nicholas Breton.*

440. OF LINGERING LOVE.

**I**N lingering love mislikinge growes,  
 Whereby our fancies ebbs and flows,  
 We love to day, and hate to morne,  
 And daily when we list the scorne.  
 Take heed, therefore,  
 If she mislike, then love no more.  
 Quick speed makes waste,  
 Love is not gotten in such haste.

The suite is colde that soone is done;  
 The fort is feeble, eas'ly wonne;  
 The hawk that soon comes by her prey,  
 May take a toy and soar away.  
 Mark what meanes this;  
 Some think to hit, and yet they miss:  
 First creepe, then goe,  
 Methinkes on lovers handled soe.

For lacke of bellows the fire goes out,  
 Some say the nighest way is about:  
 Few things are had without some suit;  
 The tree at first will bear no fruit.  
 Serve long, hope well,  
 Soe here is all that I can tell:  
 Time tires out troth,  
 And troth is liked where'er it go'th.

Some thinke all theirs that they do seeke;  
 Some wantons woo but for a weeke;  
 Some woo to show their subtle wits,  
 Such palfreys play upon their bits.

Fine heads, God knows,  
That pluck a nettle for a rose!  
They meet their match,  
And fare the worse because they snatch.

We silly women cannot rest  
For men that love to woo in jest;  
Some lay their bait in every nook,  
And every fish doth spie their hook.  
Ill ware, good cheape,<sup>1</sup>  
Which makes us look before we leap;  
Craft can cloke much;  
God save all simple souls from such.

Though lingeringe love be lost some while,  
Yet lingeringe lovers laugh and smile;  
Who will not linger for a day,  
To banish hope, and hop away.  
Love must be plied;  
Who thinks to sayle must wait the tide.  
Thus ends his dance:  
God send all lingerers happie chance!



441. SONG: LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that with most cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.  
Why so?  
More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,  
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And Jove hath made it of a kind,  
Nor well, nor full, nor fasting.

<sup>1</sup> Bargain.



Why so?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
 Heigh-ho!

*Samuel Daniel.*

---

442. SONG: SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in the sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into hey! nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
 The fraud of men was ever so  
 Since summer first was leafy:  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into hey! bonny, bonny.

*Shakspeare.*

---

443. LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR, leave thy home and come with me,  
 That scorn the world for love of thee;  
 Here we will live, within this park,  
 A court of joy and pleasure's ark.

Here we will hunt, here we will range,  
Constant in love, our sports will change;  
Of hearts, in any change we make,  
I will have thine, thou mine shalt take.

Here we will walk upon the lawns,  
And see the tripping of the fawns;  
And all the deer shall wait on thee—  
Thou shalt command both them and me.

The leaves a whispering noise shall make,  
Their music-notes the birds shall wake;  
And while thou art in quiet sleep,  
Through the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed,  
Love's lesson in thy face I'll read,  
And feed upon thy lovely look,  
For beauty hath no fairer book.

It's not the weather nor the air,  
It is thyself that is so fair,  
Nor doth it rain when heaven lowers,  
But when you frown, then fall the showers.

One sun alone moves in the sky—  
Two suns thou hast, one in each eye;  
Only by day that sun gives light—  
Where thou doth rise there is no night.

Fair starry twins, scorn not to shine  
Upon my lambs, upon my kine;  
My grass doth grow, my corn and wheat,  
My fruit, my vines thrive by their heat.

Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk,  
Thou shalt have honey, wine and milk;  
Thou shalt have all, for all is due  
Where thoughts are free and love is true.

*Earl of Pembroke.*

## 444. LOVE HATH NO PHYSICIAN.

A RESTLESS lover I espied,  
That went from place to place,  
Lay down and turned from side to side,  
And sometimes on his face;  
And when that med'cines were applied,  
In hope of intermission,  
As one that felt no ease, he cried,  
'Has Cupid no physician?'

What do the ladies with their looks,  
Their kisses and their smiles?  
Can no receipts in those fair books  
Repair their former spoils?  
But they complain as well as we,  
Their pains have no remission,  
And when both sexes wounded be,  
'Hath Cupid no physician.'

---

445. TO B. R. IN RETURN FOR HER  
BRACELET.

'TIS not, dear love, that amber twist,  
Which circles round my captive wrist,  
Can have the power to make me more  
Your pris'ner than I was before;  
Though I that bracelet dearer hold  
Than misers would a chain of gold;  
Yet this but ties my outward part,  
Heartstrings alone can tie my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath,  
Your hands did unto mine bequeath,  
Can bind with half so powerful charms  
As the embraces of your arms.

Although not iron bands, my fair,  
Can bind more fiercely than your hair,  
Yet what will chain me most will be  
Your heart in true-love's knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your hairs, nor all  
Your flowers outside doth me enthrall,  
Although your looks have force enow  
To make the stateliest tyrants bow,  
Nor any angel could deny  
Your person his idolatry,  
Yet I do not so much adore  
The temple, but the goddess more.

If then my soul you would confine  
To prison, tie your heart to mine :  
Your noble virtues, constant love,  
The only powerful chains will prove  
To bind me ever, such as those  
The hands of death shall ne'er unloose.  
Until I such a pris'ner be,  
No liberty can make me free.

*Waller.*

446. SONG: PRITHEE WHY SO PALE AND  
WAN, FOND LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?—  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee, why so mute?—  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do 't?  
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her—  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The devil take her!

*Sir John Suckling.*

447. THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;  
 Love does on both her lips for ever stay,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.  
 In all her outward parts Love's always seen;  
 But, oh! he never went within.

Within Love's foes his greatest foes abide:  
 Malice, inconstancy, and pride;  
 So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress,  
 With other beauties numberless;  
 But at the centre darkness is, and hell;  
 There wicked spirits and the damned dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;  
 Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,  
 Despair and paleness in my face appears,  
 Only grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;  
 But like the Persian tyrant, love within  
 Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means I will prove  
 Within too stored enough of love;  
 Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive  
 That love in all my parts shall live.  
 So powerful is this change, it render can  
 My outside woman and your inside man.

*Abraham Cowley.*

## 448. THE RESOLVE.

I PRAY thee let my heart alone,  
Since now 'tis raised above thee,  
Not all the beauty thou didst own  
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwrecked once before  
By such a syren's call,  
And yet neglects to shun that shore,  
Deserves his second fall.

Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile  
Which thou in vain bestows,  
Some other lover might beguile,  
Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art :  
No vows shall e'er persuade me  
Twice to present a wounded heart  
To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love  
Thy form, though more divine,  
I might thy scorn as justly move  
As now thou sufferest mine.

Thomas Stanley.

## 449. THE RELAPSE.

TURN away those cruel eyes,  
The stars of my undoing !  
Or death in such a bright disguise  
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride,  
Who dare condemn thy glory ;  
It was my fall that deified  
Thy name, and sealed thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare  
 A higher praise to crown thee,  
 Though my first death proclaim thee fair,  
 My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice  
 No other for thy fuel ;  
 And if thou burn one victim twice,  
 Both think thee poor and cruel.

*Thomas Stanley.*



450. SONG: FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a praise  
 Reserved for your virtuous eyes ;  
 From crowds, whom at your feet you see,  
 O pity and distinguish me !  
 As I, from thousand beauties more,  
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,  
 Your every motion charms my mind,  
 Angels when you your silence break,  
 Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;  
 But when, at once, they hear and view,  
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,  
 But all are lost unless you love ;  
 While that sweet passion you disdain,  
 Your veil and beauty are in vain :  
 In pity then prevent my fate,  
 For after dying all reprieve's too late.

*John Dryden.*



451. THE DISSEMBLERS.

THE merchant to secure his treasure  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name;  
 Euphelia seems to grace my measure,  
 But Chloe is my real flame.  
 My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,  
 When Chloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mixing sighs;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul in Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd:  
 I sang and gazed, I played and trembled,  
 And Venus, to the Loves around,  
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

*Matthew Prior.*

452. SONG: THE SHAPE ALONE LET  
 OTHERS PRIZE.

THE shape alone let others prize,  
 The features of the fair,  
 I look for spirit in her eyes,  
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, an ivory arm,  
 Shall ne'er my wishes win:  
 Give me an animated form  
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,  
 Where sense and sweetness move,  
 And angel innocence refines  
 The tenderness of love.



These are the soul of beauty's frame,  
Without whose vital aid,  
Unfinish'd all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both these charms unite,  
How perfect is the view;  
With every image of delight,  
With graces ever new.

Of power to charm the greatest woe,  
The wildest rage control,  
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,  
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express  
All language must despair,  
But to behold Aspasia's face,  
And read it perfect there.

*Mark Akenside.*

453. TO MISS CRACROFT.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer!  
Source of my joy! and solace of my care!  
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give  
As makes me wish and tells me how to live!  
To thee the muse with grateful hand would bring  
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.  
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,  
Bloom in thy breast and smile beneath thine eye!  
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,  
And sweeter breathe their little lives away.

*John Langhorne.*

454. THE KISS.

ONE kiss, dear maid, I said and sigh'd;  
 Your scorn the little boon denied.  
 Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss?  
 Can danger lurk within a kiss?  
 Yon viewless wanderer of the vale,  
 The spirit of the western gale,  
 At morning's break, at evening's close,  
 Inhales the sweetness of the rose,  
 And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom,  
 Sighing back the soft perfume.  
 Her nectar-breathing kisses fling  
 Vigour to the zephyr's wing,  
 And she the glitter of the dew  
 Scatters on the rose's huc.  
 Bashful, lo! she bends her head,  
 And darts a blush of deeper red.  
 Too well those lovely lips disclose  
 The triumphs of the opening rose;  
 O fair! O graceful! bid them prove  
 As passive to the breath of love!  
 In tender accents, faint and low,  
 Well pleased I hear the whisper'd 'No!'  
 The whispered 'No!' how little meant,  
 Sweet falsehood that endears consent!  
 For on those lovely lips the while  
 Dawns the soft relenting smile,  
 And tempts, with feign'd dissuasive coy,  
 The gentle violence of the joy.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

455. THE ROSE.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows,  
 I pluck'd, the garden's pride,  
 Within the petals of a rose  
 A sleeping love I spied.

Around his brow a beaming wreath  
Of many a lucent hue,  
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,  
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded rover,  
Nor scared his balmy rest,  
And placed him, caged within the flower,  
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,  
Awoke the prisoner sweet,  
He struggled to escape a while,  
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
Subdued the impatient boy;  
He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,  
Then clapp'd his wings with joy.

And 'Oh!' he cried, 'Of magic kind,  
What charms this throne endear!  
Some other love let Venus find,  
I'll fix my empire here.

*S. T. Coleridge*



456. SONG: GO, FORGET ME.

GO, forget me—why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling?  
Go, forget me—and to-morrow  
Brightly smile, and sweetly sing.  
Smile, though I shall not be near thee:  
Sing, though I shall never hear thee:  
May thy soul with pleasure shine,  
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,  
Clothes the meanest things in light;  
And when thou, like him, art going,  
Loveliest objects fade in night.  
All things looked so bright about thee,  
That they nothing seem without thee;  
By that pure and lucid mind  
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,  
Softly on thy soul that fell;  
Go, for me no longer beaming —  
Hope and beauty! fare ye well!  
Go, and all that once delighted  
Take, and leave me all benighted—  
Glory's burning, generous swell  
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

*Rev. Charles Wolfe.*

457. THE QUESTION.

I DREAM'D that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
Mix'd with the sound of waters murmuring,  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew, 'mid wind, flowers and violets,  
Daisies, those pearl'd arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets,  
Faint ox-lips, tender blue bells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets  
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cowbind, and the moonlight-colour'd may,  
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;  
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;  
And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold,  
Fairer than any waken'd eye behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple brankt with white.  
And starry river-buds among the sedge;  
And floating water lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the ledge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;  
And bullrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled, or opposed, the like array  
Kept the imprisoned children of the hours  
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

---

458. LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright:  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The champak odours fade,  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must on thine,  
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass !  
I die, I faint, I fail !  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
My heart beats loud and fast.  
Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

459. LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

SEE the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother :  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :  
What are all those kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

460. SONG: DRINK YE TO HER THAT EACH  
LOVES BEST.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,  
And if you nurse a flame  
That's told but to her mutual breast,  
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad,  
Paints silently the fair,  
That each should dream of joys he's had,  
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence, be jest or boast,  
From hallowed thoughts so dear;  
But drink to them that we love most,  
As they would love to hear.

*Campbell.*

—••—  
461. O NIGHTINGALE!

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
A creature of a fiery heart:  
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
Thou singst as if the god of wine  
Had helped thee to a valentine;  
A song in mockery, and despite  
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,  
And steady bliss, and all the loves  
Now sleeping in those peaceful groves.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale this very day;  
His voice was buried among the trees,  
Yet to be come at by the breeze.  
He did not cease; but cooed, and cooed;  
And somewhat pensively he wooed:—  
He sang of love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending;  
Of serious faith, and inward glee;  
That was the song—the song for me!

*Wordsworth.*

462. ON A LADY ASLEEP.

**S**LEEP on, and dream of heaven awhile ;  
 Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
 And move and breathe delicious sighs !

Ah ! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,  
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow.  
 Ah ! now she murmurs, now she speaks  
 What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !  
 Her fair hands folded on her breast ;—  
 And now, how like a saint she sleeps,  
 A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure. Above control,  
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee !  
 And may the secret of thy soul  
 Remain within its sanctuary.

*Samuel Rogers.*

463. SONNET: GO, VALENTINE, AND TELL  
 THAT LOVELY MAID.

**G**O, valentine, and tell that lovely maid  
 Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,  
 How here I linger in this sullen shade,  
 This dreary gloom of dull, monastic night.  
 Say that, from ev'ry joy of life remote,  
 At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,  
 Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,  
 Who pours like me her solitary song.  
 Say that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh,  
 Say that of all her charms I love to speak,  
 In fancy feel the magic of her eye,  
 In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,  
 Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,  
 And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

*Southey.*



## 464. OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles  
That short but brilliant ray  
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles,  
Through April's earliest day.  
No, no,—all life before us,  
Howe'er its lights may play,  
Can shed no lustre o'er us  
Like that first April day.

Our summer sun may squander  
A blaze serener, grander ;  
Our autumn beam may, like a dream  
Of heaven, die calm away ;  
But no—let life before us  
Bring all the light it may,  
'Twill shed no lustre o'er us  
Like that first trembling ray.

*T. Moore.*

## 465. INVITATION.

COME, thou lover, in whose eyes  
Dreams of absent beauty rise,  
In my little page thou'lt find  
Balmy medicine for the mind :  
Love still living in its prime,  
Tried by sorrows, tried by time,  
O'er the clouds of human ill  
Soaring angel, pinioned still.

Come, thou maiden, sweet and young,  
Like a lyre with silver strung ;  
Like the breathing violet,  
Still with morning's kisses wet ;  
Like a sweet bird in its nest,  
Stranger to the world's unrest ;

Ere upon the breeze it flings  
The rich painting of its wings ;  
Thou shalt find a wondrous spell  
In my little oracle,  
Visions bright of happy youth,  
Thoughts of tenderness and truth,  
Blooms that, borrowed from the skies,  
Fell on earth from Paradise.

---

## 466. MARGARET.

THERE was no beauty of the wood or field  
But she its fragrant bosom-secret knew,  
Nor any but to her would freely yield  
Some grace that in her soul took root and grew:  
Nature to her glow'd ever new, reveal'd,  
All rosy fresh with innocent morning dew,  
And look'd into her heart with dim, sweet eyes  
That left it full of sylvan memories.

O, what a face was hers to brighten light,  
And give back sunshine with an added glow,  
To wile each moment with a fresh delight.  
And part of memory's best contentment grow!  
O, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,  
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,  
And make it sweet, and ready to become  
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

None look'd upon her but he straightway thought  
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,  
And into each one's heart was freshly brought  
What was to him the sweetest time of year,  
So was her every look and motion fraught  
With out-of-door delights and forest lere;  
Not the first violet on a woodland lea  
Seem'd a more visible gift of spring than she.

---

467. LOVE! I WILL TELL THEE WHAT IT  
IS TO LOVE.

LOVE! I will tell thee what it is to love.  
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
 Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;  
 Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine,  
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.  
 Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine;  
 Around, the streams their flowery margin kiss;  
 And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love, the steadfast and the true;  
 The immortal glory which hath never set;  
 The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew;  
 Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!  
 Oh! who but can recall the eve they met  
 To breathe in some green walk their first young vow.  
 While summer flowers with moonlight dew were wet,  
 And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,  
 And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

*Charles Swain.*

## 468. LOVE IS LIKE THE GLASS.

LOVE is like the glass  
 That throws its own rich colours over all,  
 And makes all beautiful. The morning looks  
 Its very loveliest when the fresh air  
 Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;  
 And the hot noon flits by most rapidly  
 When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page  
 Bearing the poet's words of love; and then  
 The twilight walk when the linked arms can feel  
 The beating of the heart; upon the air  
 There is a music never heard but once,  
 A light the eyes can never see again;  
 Each star has its own prophecy of hope,  
 And every song and tale that breathe of love.  
 Seem echoes of the heart.

*L. E. L.*

## 469. THE FIRST AVOWAL.

**I**T was no fancy, he had named the name  
Of love, and at the thought her cheek grew flame :  
It was the first time her young ear had heard  
A lover's burning sigh or silver word.  
Her thoughts were all confusion, but most sweet,  
Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its beat.  
She murmured over many a snatch of song  
That might to her own feelings now belong ;  
She thought upon old histories she had read,  
And placed herself in each high heroine's stead ,  
Then woke her lute Oh' there is little known  
Of music's power, till aided by love's own.  
And this is happiness. Oh! love will last  
When all that made it happiness is past,  
When all its hopes are as the glittering toys.  
Time present offers, time to come destroys,  
When they have been too often crushed to earth.  
For farther blindness to their little worth,  
When fond illusions have dropt one by one,  
Like pearls from a rich cascanet, till none  
Are left upon life's soiled and naked string,  
And this is all what time will ever bring'

L. E. L.

## 470. WOMAN'S LOVE.

Ere the tongue  
Can utter, or the eye a wo reveal,  
Her smile is round us like a guardian spell  
Which nothing scatters, save the tyrant's gloom  
Of death, and then, whose unforsaken glance  
Till the last hue of being fade, from dawn  
To midnight keeps angelic watch beside  
The ebbing spirit ; lighting it to heaven,

'Tis action makes the world of man; but life  
 Is feeling, such as gentle woman bears;  
 The fairy people of her inward world  
 Are *true affections* when the blight hath touched  
 Or wronged their beauty, darkly cold, this earth  
 Becomes the elements of being fade,  
 And silence is the sepulchre of thought,  
 Whereto the anguish of her spirit dwells.

*R. Montgomery.*

471. SONNET: PERHAPS THE LADY OF THY LOVE.

PERHAPS the lady of thy love is now  
 Looking upon the skies. A single star  
 Is rising in the east, and from afar  
 Sheds a most tremulous lustre; silent night  
 Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow.  
 But see! it motions with a lovely light  
 Onward and onward through those depths of blue  
 To its appointed course, steadfast and true.  
 So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee  
 Steadfast for ever, like yon planet fair;  
 And yet more like art thou a jewel rare,  
 Oh! brighter than the brightest star to me.  
 Come hither, my young love, and I will wear  
 Thy beauty on my heart delightedly.

*Barry Cornwall.*

472. THE DIFFIDENCE OF LOVE.

WHY should I blush to own I love?  
 'Tis love that rules the realms above.  
 Why should I blush to say to all  
 That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,  
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?  
Why the stern brow deceitful move,  
When I am languishing with love?

Is it a weakness thus to dwell  
On passion that I dare not tell?  
Such weakness I would ever prove.  
'Tis painful, but 'tis sweet to love!

*Henry Kirke White.*

---

#### 473. THE PRIDE OF LOVE.

**T**IS strange with how much power and pride  
The softness is of love allied;  
How much of power to force the breast,  
To be in outward show at rest.  
How much of pride that never eye  
May look upon its agony?  
Ah! little will the lip reveal  
Of all the burning heart can feel.  
Oh! why should woman ever love,  
Trusting to one sole star above,  
And fling her little chance away  
Of sunshine, for its doubtful ray.

*L. E. L.*

---

#### 474. UNREQUITED LOVE.

**S**ISTER! since I met thee last,  
O'er thy brow a change hath passed;  
In the softness of thine eyes  
Deep and still a shadow lies;

From thy voice there thrills a tone,  
 Never to thy childhood known;  
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,—  
 Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught  
 Hues too bright from troubled thought;  
 Far along the wandering stream  
 Thou art followed by a dream;  
 In the woods and valleys lone  
 Music haunts thee not thine own;  
 Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?  
 Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!  
 On my bosom pour that shower!  
 Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;  
 Tell me not of young hopes blasted;  
 Wring not forth one burning word,  
 Let thy heart no more be stirred!  
 Home alone can give thee rest,  
 Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

*Mrs. Hemans.*



#### 475. LOVE SYMPATHIES.

THERE are ten thousand tones and signs  
 We hear and see, but none defines—  
 Involuntary sparks of thought  
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,  
 And form a strange intelligence  
 Alike mysterious and intense;  
 Which link the burning chain that binds  
 Without their will, young hearts and minds,  
 Conveying, as the electric wire,  
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.

*Byron.*

## 476. SLIGHTED LOVE.

                    May slighted woman turn,  
And as a vine the oak hath shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her tenderness again?  
Oh no! by all her loveliness, by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!  
Make her a slave, steal from her rosy cheek  
By needless jealousies; let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion – all  
That makes her cup a bitterness – yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.  
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how,  
By wrong or silence, anything that tells  
A change has come upon your tenderness,  
And there is not a high thing out of heaven  
Her pride o'er-mastereth not!

*N. P. Willis.*

## 477. THE LOVE BORN OF SORROW.

OUR love has been no summer flower,  
For joys bright chaplet braided;  
Drooping when tempests darkly lower,  
By grief's bleak winter faded.

We have not loved as those who plight  
Their troth in sunny weather,  
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,  
To tread life's path together

But we have loved as those who tread  
The thorny path of sorrow,  
With clouds o'er-cast, and cause to dread  
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.



That thorny path, those cloudy skies,  
Have drawn our spirits nearer,  
And rendered us, by holier ties,  
Each to the other dearer.

Love born in hours of joy and mirth,  
With mirth and joy may perish;  
That to which darker days gave birth  
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
Through death's dim shadowy portal;  
Made by adversity sublime,  
By faith and hope immortal.

*B. Barton.*



478. PERHAPS I LOVE.

. . . . . Perhaps I love  
To visit my heart's treasure by that light  
When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal  
Upon the loved one, like a mermaid's song,  
Unseen and floating between sea and sky;  
To creep upon her in love's loneliest hour,  
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare  
Of the bright sun around her; but thus pure  
And white, and delicate, under the cool moon,  
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love  
To think of thee, thou dear one! thus with flowers  
About thee, and fresh air, and such a light,  
And such a stillness; thus I dream of thee.

*Miss Milford.*



## 479. THE PRAYER OF EARTHLY LOVE.

Unseen she prayed  
With all the still, small whispers of the night,  
And with the searching glances of the stars,  
And with her God alone. She lifted up  
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head  
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful prayer  
Of woman's quenchless yet repentant love.

'Father of spirits, hear!

Look on the inmost soul to thee revealed,  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,  
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

'Hear, Father! hear and aid!

If I have loved too well, if I have shed  
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head  
Gifts, in thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;

'If I have sought to live

But in one light, and made a mortal eye  
The lonely star of my idolatry;  
Thou, that art love, oh! pity and forgive!

'Chastened and schooled at last,

No more my struggling spirit burns;  
But fixed on thee, from that vain worship turns!  
What have I said? the deep dream is not past.

'Yet hear! If still I love,

Oh still too fondly—if for ever seen  
An earthly image comes my soul between,  
And thy calm glory, Father, throned above;

'If still a voice is near,

(Even while I strive these wanderings to control)  
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

'O, Father, draw to thee  
 My lost affections back; the dreaming eye  
 Clear from the mist, sustain the heart that dies;  
 Give the worn soul once more its pinions free.

'I must love on, O God!  
 This bosom must love on! but let thy breath  
 Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death.  
 Bearing it up to heaven—Love's own abode.'

*Mrs. Hemans.*



480. HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewish reverence as yet  
 Do I the sacred name conceal.  
 When, ye kind stars, ah! when will it be fit  
 This gentle mystery to reveal?  
 When will our love be named, and we possess  
 That christening as a badge of happiness?

So bold as yet no verse of mine hath been,  
 To wear that gem in any line;  
 Nor, till the happy nuptial muse be seen,  
 Shall any stanza with it shine.  
 Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be  
 Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;  
 Then echo's burden it shall be;  
 Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,  
 And all the rivers murmur—*thee*;  
 Then every wind the sound shall upward bear,  
 And softly whisper it to some angel's ear.

*Cowley.*



## 481. THE CONFESSION.

THERE is a language by the Virgin made,  
Not read, but felt; not uttered, but betrayed;  
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,  
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.  
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,  
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;  
In one short moment tells of many days;  
In one short speaking silence all conveys.  
Joy, sorrow, love, recounts,—hope, pity, fear;  
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear.  
Oh! 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,  
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind!  
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower  
From orient rays ne'er striking on a flower,  
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,  
And angels own the music of the skies.

*E. Barrett Browning*

## 482. WAKE, OH WAKE!

WAKE, oh wake! the morning star  
Hath ceased to grace his glittering car;  
Slowly the redd'ning clouds unfold,  
And frequent streaks of luring gold  
Announce the lord of day.  
The light breeze wafts perfume on high,  
Less sweet alone than thy sweet sigh!  
The flower with fresher tints is glowing,  
The fount with clearer crystal flowing.  
O come! O come!  
Hours like this a charm impart,  
That wins the eye, but not the heart,  
While love is still away!

Wake, oh wake! through every grove  
Is heard the master sound of love;  
And shall a dearer love be vain  
To bid thee burst dull slumbers chain,  
And spurn at slow delay?  
Though morning glow with tints divine,  
I'd change her brightest blush for thine,  
And deem thine eye from sleep awaking,  
Outshone the sun through darkness breaking.  
O come! O come!  
Hours like this are quickly fled,  
But thy fond smile a joy can shed  
Which melts not thus away.

*T. Dale.*

---

483. THE ABSENT LOVER TO HIS  
BETROTHED.

SUMMER was in the hills when last we parted,  
Flowers in the vale, and beauty in the sky;  
Our hearts were true, although our hopes were thwarted.  
Forward, with wistful eye,  
Scarce half resigned, we looked, yet thought how sweet  
'Twould be again in after months to meet.  
And months have passed: now the bright moon is shining  
O'er the gray mountains and the still sea,  
As by the streamlets willowy bend reclining  
I pause, remembering thee,  
Who to the moonlight lent a softer charm,  
As through these wilds we wandered arm in arm!

Yes! as we round the silver earth seemed glowing,  
With many a beauty unremarked before.  
The soul was like a deep urn overflowing  
With thoughts or treasured store.  
The very flowers seemed born but to exhale,  
As breathed the west, their fragrance to the gale.

Methinks I see thee yet—thy form of lightness,  
An angel phantom gliding through the trees,  
Thine alabaster brow, thy cheek of brightness,  
Thy tresses in the breeze  
Floating their auburn, and thine eyes that made,  
So rich their blue, heaven's azure like a shade.

Methinks even yet I feel thy timid fingers,  
With their bland pressure thrilling bliss to mine;  
Methinks yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers,  
As fondly leant to thine  
I told how life all pleasureless would be,  
Green palm tree of earth's desert, wanting thee  
Not yet, not yet, had disappointment shrouded  
Youth's summer calms with storms of wintry strife;  
The star of hope shone o'er our path unclouded,  
And fancy coloured life  
With those Elysian rainbow hues which truth  
Melts with his rod when disenchanting youth.

Where art thou now? I look around, but see not  
The features and the form that haunt my dreams?  
Where art thou now? I listen, but for me not  
The deep, rich music streams  
Of that entrancing voice, which could bestow  
A rest to pleasure, and a balm to woe;  
I miss thy smile when morn's first light is bursting  
Through the green branches of the casement tree;  
To list thy voice my lonely ear is thirsting  
Beside the moonlight sea.  
Vain are my longings, my repining's vain:  
Sleep only gives thee to my arms again.

Yet should it cheer me, that nor woe hath shattered  
The ties that link our hearts; nor hate, nor wrath.  
And soon the day may dawn when shall be scattered  
All shadows from our path,  
And visions be fulfilled, by Hope adored,  
In thee the long-lost, to mine arms restored.

Ah! could I see thee!—see thee, were it only  
But for a moment, looking bliss to me!  
Ah! could I hear thee! desolate and lonely  
Is life deprived of thee.  
I start from out my reverie to know  
That hills between us rise, and rivers flow!

Let fortune change—be fickle Fate preparing  
To shower her arrows or to shed her balm,  
All that I ask for, pray for, is the sharing  
With thee life's storm or calm:  
For ah! with others wealth and mirth would be;  
Less sweet by far than sorrow shared with thee!  
Yes! vainly, foolishly, the vulgar reckon  
That happiness resides in outward shows:  
Contentment from the lowliest cot may beckon  
True love to sweet repose:  
For genuine bliss can ne'er be far apart,  
When soul meets soul and heart responds to heart.

Farewell! let tyrannous time roll on, estranging  
The eyes and heart from each familiar spot:  
Be fickle friendship with the seasons changing,  
So that thou changest not!  
I would not that the love which owes its birth  
To Heaven, should perish like the things of earth!  
Adieu! as falls the flooding moonlight round me,  
Fall Heaven's best joys on thy beloved head!  
May cares that harass, and may griefs that wound me,  
Flee from thy path and bed!  
Be every thought that stirs, and hour that flies  
Sweet as thy smile and radiant as thine eyes.

*Delta (D. M. Moir)*

## 484. THE TRANCE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LOVE in a drowsy mood one day  
Reclin'd with all his nymphs around him,  
His feathered darts neglected lay,  
And faded were the flowers that crowned him.  
Young Hope, with eye of light, in vain  
Led smiling Beauty to implore him,  
While Genius poured his sweetest strain,  
And Pleasure shook his roses o'er him.

At length a stranger sought the grove,  
And fiery vengeance seemed to guide him;  
He rudely tore the wreaths of Love,  
And broke the darts that lay beside him.  
The little god now wakeful grew,  
And, angry at the bold endeavour,  
He rose and wove his wreaths anew,  
And strung his bow more firm than ever.

When, lo! the invader cried, 'Farewell!  
My skill, bright nymphs, this lesson teaches—  
When Love is sprightly bind him well  
With smiles, and songs, and honeyed speeches;  
But should dull languor seize the god,  
Recall me on my friendly mission,  
For know when Love begins to nod,  
His surest spur is opposition.'

## 485. THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars,  
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.



To mount to this realm is a toil to be pure,  
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks,  
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-back'd;  
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;  
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,  
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;  
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,  
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;  
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia  
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!  
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;  
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,  
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,  
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.



486. LOVE: I'LL SING OF HEROES.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,  
In mighty numbers, mighty things.  
Begin, my muse! but, lo! the strings  
To my great song rebellious prove:  
The strings will sound of naught but love.  
I broke them all, and put on new,  
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
These sure, said I, will me obey,

These sure heroic notes will play.  
 Straight I began with 'Thundering Jove,  
 And all the immortal powers,' but Love,  
 Love smiled, and from my enfeebled lyre  
 Came gentle airs such as inspire  
 Melting love and tender fire.  
 Farewell, then, heroes! farewell kings!  
 And mighty numbers, mighty things!  
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

*Cowley.*

487. GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE. #14

GIVE me but thy love, and I  
 Envy none beneath the sky!  
 Pains and perils I defy  
 If thy presence cheer me.

Give me but thy love, my sweet!  
 Joy shall bless us when we meet;  
 Pleasures come, and cares retreat,  
 When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,  
 When the toils of day are done,  
 Ever with the set of sun  
 To thy fond arms retiring;—  
 There to feel, and there to know  
 A balm that baffles every wo,  
 While hearts that beat and eyes that glow  
 Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth?  
 What are revelry and mirth?  
 Vacant blessings—nothing worth  
 To hearts that ever knew love.

What is all the pomp of state,  
What the grandeur of the great,  
To the raptures that await  
On the path of true love?

Should joy our days and years illume,  
How sweet with thee to share such doom!  
Nor, oh! less sweet, should sorrows come,  
To cherish and caress thee.  
Then while I live, then till I die,  
Oh! be thou only smiling by;  
And while I breathe, I'll fondly try,  
With all my heart to bless thee.

*Delta (D. M. Moir).*

488. LOVE IN THE SOUL.

LOVE in the soul, not bold and confident,  
But like Aurora, trembles into being;  
And with faint flickering, and uncertain beams,  
Gives notice to the awakening world within us  
Of the full blazing orb, that soon shall rise  
And kindle all its passions. Then begin  
Sorrow and joy,—unutterable joy,  
And rapturous sorrow. Then the world is nothing;  
Pleasure is nothing; suffering is nothing;  
Ambition, riches, praise, power, all are nothing;—  
Love rules and reigns despotic and alone!  
Then, oh! the shape of magic loveliness  
He conjures up before us. In her form  
Is perfect symmetry. Her swan-like gait,  
As she glides by us, like a lovely dream,  
Seems not of earth. From her bright eye the soul  
Looks out, and like the topmost gem o' the heap,  
Shows the mine's wealth within. Upon her face,  
As on a lovely landscape, shade and sunlight

Play as strong feeling sways ; now her eye flashes  
A beam of rapture ; now lets drop a tear ;  
And now upon her brow, as when the rainbow  
Rears its fair arch in heaven, peace sits and gilds  
The sweet drops as they fall. The soul of mind  
Dwells in her voice, and her soft spiritual tones  
Sink in the heart, soothing its cares away,  
As Halcyon's brood upon the troubled wave,  
And charm it into calmness. When she weeps  
Her tears are like the waters upon which  
Love's mother rose to heaven. E'en her sighs,  
Although they speak the troubles of her soul,  
Breathe of its sweetness, as the wind that shakes  
The cedar's boughs becomes impregnated  
With its celestial odours.

*Neele.*

---

489. BEAUTY, WEALTH, AND LOVE.

WEALTH with golden key, once sought  
To win the way to Beauty's shrine ;  
Many a sparkling gem he brought,  
And many a diamond from the mine ;  
But Love, veiled in a slight disguise,  
Hovered round near Beauty's bower,  
Lest the gems of eastern skies  
Should weigh against his power.

Wealth displayed his dazzling store,  
Pearly wreaths and ruby crowns ;  
Beauty ran the treasures o'er,  
And smiles succeeded frowns.  
What could Love oppose to this?  
He had but his crown of simple flowers,  
That were bathed in the honeyed dew of bliss  
Culled fresh from his roseate bowers.

Then Wealth laughed out triumphantly,  
As he led young Beauty's steps along,  
Who turned on Love a sorrowful eye,  
And a cold ear to his song.  
Away they went—and their path was strewn  
With many a rare and precious gem,  
That springs up at Wealth's command alone,  
All—all shone brightly for them!

But Beauty, at last, found out her mistake,  
When time had broken the charm;  
As the moonbeam shines on the frozen lake,  
Wealth may glitter—but cannot warm!  
Then—too late—she remembered Love's rosy bowers,  
When the spell that beguiled was o'er;  
And she sighed for the fresh unfading flowers  
That could bloom for *her*—no more!

*Mrs. C. B. Wilson.*

---

490. INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid  
Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known;  
And to convince the cruel'st maid,  
Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,  
And he that most would hide his flame  
Does in that case his pain reveal—  
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun  
The paths that common lovers tread,  
Whose guilty passions are begun,  
Not in their heart, but in their head.

— — — — —  
PERS'.

With crossed arms  
And my fate,  
With such charms  
And women hate.

And without art,  
For you must have spied;  
Which part  
Of what none can hide.

*Sir Charles Sedley.*

— — — — —

## EVENING ODE.

TO STELLA.

How from purple wings  
The grateful gifts she brings;  
She teck the mead,  
And shake the reed;  
With Cynthia's beam,  
In the lonely grove,  
Keeps thy secrets, Love!  
Let us stray,  
The dewy way.  
In his burning car,  
How Stella, far;  
The queen of night  
Gives a lambent light:  
Seems but just to show  
Her beat and cheeks that glow;  
In whispered joy,  
In hours employ;  
The conscious shades,  
That love invades;  
That give them pain,—  
That love disdain.

*Samuel Johnson.*

— — — — —

## 492. THE FAREWELL

**L**ADY! whose soft and dove-like eye,  
Beaming with love's own witchery,  
Hath from our album's pages caught  
Feelings responsive to thy thought;  
Sweet lady! twine no sacred ties  
With pleasure's heartless votaries!  
Hide thy soul's richness! like that flower  
Whose sweet aroma to no power  
But the pure sunshine is revealed,—  
Long, long, midst leaves and moss concealed;  
But when secure of well-tried worth,  
Then pour its hidden treasures forth,  
And blend thy trusting tenderness  
With man's strong, deep, devotedness;  
Nor turn thee with 'a scornful eye,'  
From faith a kingdom could not buy!  
And thou, fond lover! to whose truth  
Woman intrusts her hopes, her youth,  
Her very life—oh! guard and cherish  
Feelings which once neglected—perish  
Keep her fair form and spotless mind  
Within thy heart of hearts enshrined;  
Be thou the oak, round which may twine  
The graceful foliage of the vine;  
And ask to bless thee from above,  
The precious boon of woman's love!  
'Now, farewell lords and ladies bright!  
To each and all we wish good night!  
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.'  
'Good night, good night! parting is such sweet  
sorrow,  
That we shall say good-night till it be to-morrow.'



## 493. THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

**B**EFORE his lion-court,  
To see the grisly sport,  
Sat the king ;  
Beside him grouped his princely peers,  
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,  
Wreathed round their blooming ring.  
King Francis, where he sat,  
Raised a finger ; yawned the gate,  
And slow from his repose,  
A LION goes !  
Dumbly he gazed around  
The foe-encircled ground ;  
And, with a lazy gape,  
He stretched his lordly shape,  
And shook his careless mane,  
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king.  
And nimbly have the guard  
A second gate unbarred  
Forth, with a rushing spring,  
A TIGER sprung !  
Wildly the wild one yelled,  
When the lion he beheld ;  
And, bristling at the look,  
With his tail his sides he strook,  
And rolled his rabid tongue ;  
In many a wary ring  
He swept round the forest king,  
With a fell and rattling sound :  
And laid him on the ground,  
Grommelling.

The king raised his finger : then  
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den  
With a bound ;

And boldly bounded they  
Where the crouching tiger lay  
Terrible!  
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold ;  
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled ;  
Rose the lion with a roar,  
And stood the strife before ;  
And the wild-cats on the spot,  
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,  
Halted still.

Now from the balcony above  
A snowy hand let fall a glove :  
Midway between the beasts of prey,  
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,  
The winsome lady's glove !

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,  
To the knight Delorges, ' If the love you have sworn  
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,  
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me !'

The knight left the place where the lady sat ;  
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate ;  
The lion and tiger he stooped above,  
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove !  
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there,—  
The noble knights and the ladies fair ;  
But loud was the joy and the praise the while  
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile !

With a tender look in her softening eyes,  
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,  
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace ;  
He tossed the glove in the lady's face !  
' Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least,' quoth he ;  
And he left for ever that fair ladye !

*Lord Lytton.*

496. THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS. X<sup>4</sup>

FROM THE GERMAN OF STEINER

THE sea it hath its pearls,  
 The heaven hath its stars,  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven,  
 Yet greater is my heart,  
 And fairer than pearls and stars,  
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
 Come unto my great heart;  
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
 Are melting away with love.

*H. W. Longfellow.*497. MARIE STUART ON THE DEATH OF HER  
HUSBAND, FRANCIS THE SECOND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

IN accents sad and low,  
 And tones of soft lament,  
 I breathe the bitterness of woe  
 O'er this sad chastisement:  
 With many a mournful sigh  
 The days of youth steal by.

Was e'er such stern decree  
 Of unrelenting fate?  
 Did merciless adversity  
 E'er blight so fair a state  
 As mine, whose heart and eye  
 In bier and coffin lie,—

Who, in the gentle spring  
And blossom of my years,  
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting,  
Sadness, and grief, and tears,  
Thoughts, that alone inspire  
Regret and soft desire?

What once was blithe and gay,  
Changed into grief I see;  
The glad and glorious light of day  
Is darkness unto me:  
The world—the world has naught  
That claims a passing thought.

Deep in my heart and eye  
A form and image shine,  
Which shadow forth wan misery  
On this pale cheek of mine,  
Tinged with the violet's blue,  
Which is love's favourite hue.

Where'er my footsteps stray,  
In mead or wooded vale,  
Whether beneath the dawn of day,  
Or evening twilight pale—  
Still, still my thoughts ascend  
To my departed friend.

If towards his home above  
I raise my mournful sight,  
I meet his gentle look of love  
In every cloud of white;  
But straight the watery cloud  
Changes to tomb and shroud.

When midnight hovers near,  
And slumber seals mine eyes,  
His voice still whispers in mine ear,  
His form beside me lies:  
In labour, in repose,  
My heart his presence knows.

*L. Stuart Costello.*

## 498. HER NAME.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

**A** LILY'S pure perfume ; a halo's light ;  
The evening's voices mingling soft above ;  
The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight ;  
    The plaintive story told  
By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled ;  
    The sweet, soft murmur of a kiss of love ;

The scarf, seven-tinted, which the hurricane  
    Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun ;  
    The well-remembered tone,  
Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again ;  
    The pure wish of a virgin heart ; the beam  
That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream ;

The voices of a distant choir ; the sighs  
    That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore to greet  
The coming dawn ; the tone whose murmurs rise,  
Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire ;—  
    These, and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,  
Are not so sweet as her sweet name, O lyre !

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer ;  
    Yet be it heard, the burden of the song :  
Ah ! let it be a sacred light to shine  
In the dim fane ; the secret word, which there  
    Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,  
In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But O, or e'er, in words of flame,  
My Muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd  
Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,  
    Should dare to blend the dear and honored name,  
By fond affection set apart,  
And hidden, like a treasure, in my heart ;

My strain, soft-syllabled, should meet the ear  
Like sacred music heard upon the knees ;  
The air should vibrate to its harmonies,  
As if, light-hovering in the atmosphere,  
An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,  
With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

---

## 499. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

IN what ideal world or part of heaven  
Did Nature find the model of that face  
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,  
In which to our creation, she has given  
Her prime proof of creative power above?  
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let  
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined  
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind  
Where have so many virtues ever met,  
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?  
He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes  
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,  
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

*J. Roscoe.*

---

## 500. SONNET.

TO THE MARCHESANA OF PESCARA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than, that, in loving thee,  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,

Who such divinity to thee imparts  
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
 His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
 With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
 But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power  
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

*Wordsworth.*

501. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

NO mortal object did these eyes behold,  
 When first they met the placid light of thine  
 And my soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
 Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold ;  
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
 Ideal Form, the universal mould.  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes ; nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.  
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
 That kills the soul : love betters what is best,  
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.

*Wordsworth.*

502. SONNET.

• FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
 That of its native self can nothing feed :

Of good and pious works thou art the seed,  
 That quickens only where thou say'st it may :  
 Unless thou show to us thine own true way,  
 No man can find it ; Father ! thou must lead.  
 Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
 By which such virtue may in me be bred  
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread :  
 The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,  
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

*Wordsworth.*

503. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

**I**F it be true that any beauteous thing  
 Raises the pure and just desire of man  
 From earth to God, the eternal Fount of all,  
 Such I believe my love for as in her  
 So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
 I view the gentle work of her Creator,  
 I have no care for any other thing,  
 Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,  
 Since the effect is not of my own power,  
 If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth  
 Enamoured through the eyes,  
 Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,  
 And through them riseth to the primal love,  
 As to its end, and honours in admiring :  
 For who adores the Maker needs must love his work.

*J. E. Taylor.*

504. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

**O** BLESSED ye who find in heaven the joy,  
 The recompense of tears, earth cannot yield !  
 Tell me, has Love still power over you ?  
 Or are ye freed by Death from his constraint ?



The eternal rest to which we shall return,  
 When time has ceased to be, is a pure love,  
 Deprived of envy, loosed from sorrowing.  
 Then is my greatest burden still to live,  
 If, whilst I love, such sorrows must be mine.  
 If Heaven's indeed the friend of those who love,  
 The world their cruel and ungrateful foe,  
 O, wherefore was I born, with such a love?  
 To live long years? 'Tis this appalleth me:  
 Few are too long for him who serveth well.

*J. E. Taylor.*

505. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

HOW, lady, can it be,—which yet is shown  
 By long experience,—that the imaged form  
 Lives in the mountain-stone, and long survives  
 Its maker, whom the dart of Death soon strikes?  
 The frailer cause doth yield to the effect,  
 And Nature is in this by Art surpassed.  
 I know it well, whom Sculpture so befriends,  
 Whilst evermore Time breaketh faith with me.  
 Perchance to both of us I may impart  
 A lasting life, in colours or in stone,  
 By copying the mind and face of each;  
 So that, for ages after my decease,  
 The world may see how beautiful thou wert,  
 How much I loved thee, nor in loving err'd.

*J. E. Taylor.*

506. SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRACASTORO.

LADY, the angelic hosts were all arrayed  
 In paradise, around boon Nature's throne,—  
 The silver moon, the sun, resplendent shone,  
 When faultless Beauty in thy form was made:

The air was calm, the day without a shade;  
Kind Venus gave her sire the magic zone;  
And Love amid the Graces rose alone,  
To view his future home in thee, fair maid!  
Henceforth, thy form's all-perfect symmetry  
Was fixed the eternal model here below  
Of Beauty, by the never-changing Fates.  
Let others boast a beauteous hand or eye,  
A lovely lip, or yet more lovely brow,—  
But Heaven all others' charms by thine creates.

507. ON TWO BEAUTIFUL LADIES, ONE GAY  
AND ONE SAD.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO.

I SAW two ladies once,—illustrious, rare  
One a sad sun; her beauties at mid-day  
In clouds concealed;—the other, bright and gay,  
Gladdened, Aurora-like, earth, sea, and air.  
One hid her light, lest men should call her fair,  
And of her praises no reflected ray  
Suffered to cross her own celestial way;—  
To charm and to be charmed, the other's care.  
Yet this her loveliness veiled not so well,  
But forth it broke;—nor could the other show  
All hers, which wearied mirrors did not tell.  
Nor of this one could I be silent, though  
Bidden in ire;—nor that one's triumphs swell;  
Since my tired verse, o'ertasked, refused to flow.

R. H. Wilde.

508. FLORENTINE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

IF I am fair, 'tis for myself alone;  
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,  
Nor would I call another's heart my own,  
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.

For, surely, I will plight my faith to none,  
 Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;  
 For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,  
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,  
 One whom I thought my charms had power to move,  
 Why, then, I do confess, the whim might seize me  
 To taste for once the porringer of love.  
 Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me;  
 And then that mouth!—he seems a star above,  
 He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,  
 And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be indeed I cannot tell,  
 Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;  
 But true it is, there's one I *like* so well,  
 That, when he looks at me, my bosom starts,  
 And if we meet, my heart begins to swell;  
 And the green fields around, when he departs,  
 Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown:  
 Can this be love?—say, ye who love have known!



### 509. PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE HITA.

I WISH to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—  
 For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:  
 I like short women—suits at law without procrastination—  
 And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always  
 grinning;  
 But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.

There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the  
winning,  
And in the change of short for long repentance finds be-  
ginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing ;  
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing :  
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing  
amusing ;  
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around  
diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love  
is raging ;  
They're gay and pleasant in the street—soft, cheerful, and  
engaging ;  
They're thrifty and discreet at home—the cares of life as-  
suaging :  
All this and more ;—try, and you'll find how true is my pre-  
saging.

In a little precious stone what splendour meets the eyes !  
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies !  
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies :  
You recollect the proverb says—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner  
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled  
thinner :  
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her—  
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within  
her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,  
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,  
As from a little balsam much odour doth arise,  
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
 Colour, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays—  
 Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
 Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of  
 wing,  
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing :  
 And so a little woman, though a very little thing,  
 Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling  
 note,  
 Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—  
 A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat :  
 And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide  
 creation ;  
 She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation—  
 So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation :  
 In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,  
 Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.  
*Now of two evils choose the less*—said a wise man of the  
 East :  
 By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.



# 510. WHAT WILL THEY SAY OF YOU AND ME?

FROM THE SPANISH.

WHAT of you and me, my lady,  
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
 Your heart is love and kindness' throne,  
 And it becomes you to confer it  
 On him who gave you all his own ;

And that as now, both firm and faithful,  
So will you ever, ever be.—  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
That I for you all else forgot :  
And Heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me—  
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.  
My love, what envy will pursue us,  
Thus linked in softest sympathy!—  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,  
A thousand things, in praises sweet—  
That other maidens may be lovely,  
But none so lovely and discreet.  
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,  
And you the queen of love shall be.—  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,  
That I have found a prize divine—  
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,  
So trifling as these toils of mine ;  
And that from heights so proud and lofty  
Deeper the fall is wont to be.—  
What of you and me, my lady,  
What will they say of you and me?

*John Bowring.*

511. SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

PUT on your brightest, richest dress,  
Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!  
My fair one comes in her loveliness—  
She comes to gather flowers.

Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale!  
 Woods of green, your coronets bring:  
 Pinks of red, and lilies pale,  
 Come with your fragrant offering!  
 Mingle your charms of hue and smell,  
 Which Flora wakes in her springtide hours;  
 My fair one comes across the dell—  
 She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower  
 Scatter the trembling pearls around,  
 Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,  
 Bespangle the dewy ground!  
 Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels—  
 Look, and envy this world of ours!  
 For my fair one now descends the hills—  
 She comes to gather flowers.  
 List! for the breeze on wing serene  
 Through the light foliage sails;  
 Hidden amidst the forest green  
 Warble the nightingales,  
 Hailing the glorious birth of day  
 With music's divinest powers!  
 Hither my fair one bends her way—  
 She comes to gather flowers.

*John Bowring.*



512. TELL ME, LADY! TELL ME!—YES?

FROM THE SPANISH OF SILVESTRE.

LADY! if thou deem me true,  
 That I love thee, now confess:  
 Tell me, lady! tell me!—yes?

Since I saw thy beauty, naught  
 But that beauty fills my mind;  
 Every passion, every thought,

Is in love of thee enshrined ;  
In no other thought I find  
Peace ;—and wilt thou love me less ?  
Tell me, lady ! tell me !—yes ?

Wilt thou own that thou alone  
Art my heaven, my hope, my bliss ?  
Light, without thy smile, is none,—  
Day, without thee, darkness is :  
Dost thou own, beloved one,  
Thou my path can cheer and bless ?  
Tell me, lady ! tell me !—yes ?

Dost thou know, the radiant sky,  
With its comets, suns, and stars,  
All in glorious course on high,  
Driving their illumined cars,—  
Dost thou know, when thou art nigh,  
They are dark and valueless ?  
Tell me, lady ! tell me !—yes ?

Dost thou know that god has made  
Gardens, fields, and banks, and bowers,  
Seats of sunshine, and of shade,  
Decked with smiles, and gemmed with flowers,  
Which repose and peace pervade ?  
Thither, lady, let us press !  
Tell me, lady ! tell me !—yes ?

*John Bowring.*



513. FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ESPINEL.

HE who is both brave and bold  
Wins the lady that he would ;  
But the courageless and cold  
Never did, and never could.



Modesty, in women's game,  
Is a wide and shielding veil :  
They are tutored to conceal  
Passion's fiercely burning flame.  
He who serves them brave and bold,  
He alone is understood ;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er could win, and never should.

If you love a lady bright,  
Seek, and you shall find a way  
All that love would say to say,—  
If you watch the occasion right.  
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,  
Every soldier firm and good ;  
But the courageless and cold  
Ne'er have conquered,—never could.

*John Bowring.*

---

514. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

IF woman's glass, why should we try  
Whether she can be broke, or no?  
Great hazards in the trial lie,  
Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise such brittle ware  
Would careless dash upon the floor,  
Which, broken, nothing can repair,  
Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,  
And reason vouches what I say,—  
Wherever Danaüs abound,  
There golden showers will make their way.

*Charles Jarvis.*

515. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CERVANTES.

A MARINER I am of Love,  
And in his seas profound,  
Tossed betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,  
And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,  
Whose beams my senses draw,  
Brighter and more resplendent far  
Than Palinure e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,  
I stem a dangerous tide,  
No compass but that doubtful ray  
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would sec,  
Benighted most I sail :  
Like clouds, reserve and modesty  
Its shrouded lustre veil.

O lovely star, by whose bright ray  
My love and faith I try,  
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,  
In night of death I lie!

*Charles Jarvis.*



516. NAY, SHEPHERD! NAY!

FROM THE SPANISH OF TIMONEDA.

'NAY, shepherd! nay!—thou art unwary;  
Thy flocks are wandering far away.'  
'Alas! I know it well;—'tis Mary  
Who leads my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Look, shepherd! look, how far they rove!  
Why so forgetful?—call them yet.'

'O he who is forgot by Love  
Will soon, too soon, all else forget!'

'Come, leave those thoughts so dark and dreary,  
And with your browsing flocks be gay.'

'Ah, no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary  
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Tis Love, then, shepherd! O depart,  
And drive away the cheating boy!'

'Alas! he's seated in my heart,  
And rules it with tumultuous joy.'

'Nay, shepherd! wake thee, dare not tarry,—  
For thou art in a thorny way.'

'Ah, no! 'tis vain, 'tis vain,—for Mary  
Leads all my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Throw off this yoke, young shepherd! be  
Joyous and mirthsome as before.'

'O what are mirth and joy to me?  
They on my woes no balm can pour.'

'Thou didst refuse to dance,—didst tarry,  
When laughing maidens were at play.'

'I know I did;—alas! 'tis Mary  
That leads my troubled thoughts astray.'

'Then tell thy love,—perchance 'tis hid,—  
And send a missive scribbled o'er.'

'Alas! my friend, I did, I did,—  
Which, ere the maid had read, she tore.'

'Then hang the maid!—the foul fiend carry  
A pestilence through all her flocks!'

'O, no! forbear!—nor threaten Mary  
With sorrow's frowns nor misery's shocks!'

*John Bowring.*



517. SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS.

ALEXIS calls me cruel ;  
The rifted crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says, are not more cold :

When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountain's brim,  
And forest walks, can witness  
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame ;  
And tell him how I love him,  
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit with passion,  
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among their foliage ;  
They cannot seek his hand.

*W. C. Bryant.*



518. THE VAIN RESOLUTION.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DE ARRIAZA.

I N fair Elfrida's chains I once was bound ;  
She proudly with my faithful homage bore,  
Then scorned my vows :—but time has closed the wound,  
And now, O Love, I swear to love no more !

Love, in these latter days is lost in art,  
And with the frost of falsehood it is hoar ;  
It has no charms to fascinate the heart,  
Its better reign is done : I'll love no more !

' Say,' asked the little god, ' what fears affright thee?  
All thy fair fortunes I will soon restore ;  
The Graces, three in one, shall now delight thee.'—  
No matter, Love, I wish to love no more !

Delina then he set before my eyes,—  
One like the fair ideals known of yore ;  
A star she seemed, just fallen from the skies :—  
But still I swore that I would love no more !

At her fair side the rose would lose its smile,  
And pale would burn the beacon on the shore ;  
Full many a heart her charms may well beguile,  
But never mine :—for I will love no more !

She walks,—and, springing up to kiss her feet,  
The flowrets seem to me from earth to soar ;  
She sings, with voice most musically sweet :—  
Still, still I swear that I will love no more !

Many the lovers who their homage bring ;  
Her conquests I would surely not deplore,—  
Nay, her fair praises I would gladly sing :  
I give my verse,—but I will love no more !

' Join her gay train,' the blind boy softly cried,  
' Nor weakly fear her beauty to adore ;  
If in its light thy heart is truly tried,  
Thou canst renew thy vow to love no more.'

Strange as it seems, I heeded not the wile  
By which I had been led away before,  
Nor even marked Love's bright malicious smile,  
As, once again, I swore to love no more !

In my lost heart there rises every hour  
A purer flame than that which burned of yore :  
Delina, thou hast taught me all Love's power !  
To see thee is to love thee evermore !



519. SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SAA DE MIRANDA.

I KNOW not, lady, by what nameless charm  
Those looks, that voice, that smile, have each the power  
Of kindling loftier thoughts, and feelings more  
Resolved and high. Even in your silence, warm,  
Soft accents seem my sorrows to disarm ;  
And when with tears your absence I deplore,  
Where'er I turn, your influence, as before,  
Pursues me, in your voice, your eye, your form.  
Whence are those mild and mournful sounds I hear,  
Through every land, and on the pathless sea?  
Is it some spirit of air or fire, from thee,  
Subject to laws I move by and revere ;  
Which, lighted by thy glance, can ne'er decay?—  
But what I know not, why attempt to say?

*J. Roscoe.*



520. CANZONET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green ;  
Cheerily the linnets sing ;  
Winds are soft, and skies serene :  
Time, however, soon shall throw  
Winter's snow  
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in lover's heart  
 Lives not through the scorn of years:  
 Time makes Love itself depart;  
     Time and scorn congeal the mind;  
     Looks unkind  
 Freeze Affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green,  
 Time dissolve the winter snow,  
 Winds be soft, and skies serene,  
     Linnets sing their wonted strain:  
     But again  
 Blighted Love shall never blow!  
*Viscount Strangford*

—••—

521. SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

HIGH in the glowing heavens, with cloudless beam,  
 The sun had reached the zenith of his reign,  
 And for the living fount, the gelid stream,  
 Each flock forsook the herbage of the plain;  
 'Midst the dark foliage of the forest-shade,  
 The birds had sheltered from the scorching ray,—  
 Hushed were their melodies, and grove and glade  
 Resounded but the shrill cicada's lay;—  
 When through the glassy vale a lovelorn swain,  
 To seek the maid who but despised his pain,  
 Breathing vain sighs of fruitless passion, roved:  
 'Why pine for her,' the slighted wanderer cried,  
 'By whom thou art not loved?'—and thus replied  
 An echo's murmuring voice, 'Thou art not loved!'

*Mrs. Hemans.*

—••—

522. SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ANTONIO DINIZ LA CRUZ.

ONE time, when Love, his beauteous mother lost,  
Wandered through fields where Tejo's soft streams wind,  
Sighing to each fair nymph whose path he crossed,  
Inquiring still where he might Venus find,—  
Undone the brace, his golden quiver fell:  
He, who not now for bow or arrow cares,  
Sobs out what thousand pleasures shall be theirs  
Who may some tidings of the goddess tell.  
It chanced her flock that Jonia tended there;  
His tears she dried, and with a cheerful air  
Proffered to lead him to the wished-for sight:  
When, rising on his wings, the urchin said,  
While her sweet face he kissed, 'Ah, gentle maid,  
Who sees those eyes forgetteth Venus quite!'

*John Adamson.*

523. SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DOMINGO MAX. TORRES.

MARILIA, dear; but, O, ungrateful fair!  
Look on the sea serene and calmly bright—  
The sky's blue lustre and the sun's clear light  
How on its bosom now reflected are!  
A sudden storm comes on—in mountains high  
By furious gusts the silvery billows driven,  
Seem as they would, while raging up to heaven,  
Blot the fair lamp of Phœbus from the sky.  
Dear one, how copied to the life in thee  
The same perfidious element I see—  
The smile, the look, which fondest hopes can raise!  
But let a false suspicion once arise,  
Thy face indignant sullen wrath betrays,  
Love clasps his wings and all the softness flies.

*John Adamson.*



## 524. CUPID'S ARROWS.

**A**T Venus' entreaty for Cupid her son  
 These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done.  
 The first is Love, as here you may behold,  
 His feathers, head, and body, are of gold:  
 The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,  
 And bitter are his torments for to prove:  
 The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,  
 His feathers [they] are pulled from Fortune's wings:  
 Fourth Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,  
 This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from hell.

*George Peele.*

---

## 525. THE KISS. #2 ✓

**O** THAT joy so soon should waste!  
 Or so sweet a bliss  
 As a kiss  
 Might not for ever last!  
 So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious,  
 The dew that lies on roses,  
 When the morn herself discloses,  
 Is not so precious.  
 O rather than I would it smother,  
 Were I to taste such another;  
 It should be my wishing  
 That I might die kissing.

*Ben Jonson.*

---

## 526. THE GLOVE OF THE DEAD LADY.

**T**HOU more than most sweet glove,  
 Unto my more sweet love,  
 Suffer me to store with kisses  
 This empty lodging that now misses

The pure rosy hand that wore thee,  
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.  
Thou art soft, but that was softer;  
Cupid's self hath kissed it oft  
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,  
Supposing her the queen of loves,  
That was thy mistress,  
Best of gloves.

*Ben Jonson.*



527. APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

MY Daphne's hair is twisted gold,  
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,  
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,  
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,  
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,  
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;  
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,  
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;  
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,  
My Daphne's music charms all ears;  
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,  
These glories now are turned to bays.

*John Lyly.*



528. LOVE FOR LOVE.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure;  
 I must press it, to be sure;  
 Nor can I be certain then,  
 Till it, grateful, press again.  
 Must I, with attentive eye,  
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
 I will do so, when I see  
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

*Richard B. Sheridan.*

529. WOMAN'S LOVE.

LOVE is a law, a discord of such force,  
 That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce:  
 Love's a desire, that to obtain betime,  
 We lose an age of years plucked from our prime;  
 Love is a thing to which we soon consent,  
 As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.

Then what must women be, that are the cause  
 That love hath life? that lovers feel such laws?  
 They're like the winds upon Lepanthæ's shore.  
 That still are changing: O then love no more!  
 A woman's love is like that Syrian flower  
 That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

*Webster and Rowley.*

530. THE FOLLY OF LOVE.

NOW fie on love, it ill befits,  
 Or man and woman know it,  
 Love was not meant for people in their wits,  
 And they that fondly show it  
 Betray their too much feathered brains,  
 And shall have only Bedlam for their pains.

To love is to distract my sleep,  
 And waking to wear fetters ;  
 To love is but to go to school to weep ;  
 I'll leave it for my betters.  
 If single love be such a curse,  
 To marry is to make it ten times worse.

*Thomas Goffe.*

531. CANZONET.

THE golden sun that brings the day,  
 And lends men light to see withal,  
 In rain doth cast his beams away,  
 When they are blind on whom they fall ;  
 There is no force in all his light,  
 To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he  
 That shines at noon in summertide,  
 Hast given me light and power to see  
 With perfect skill my sight to guide ;  
 Till now I lived as blind as mole  
 That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,  
 Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill,  
 I gazed on many a lovely face,  
 Yet found I none to bend my will ;  
 Which made me think that beauty bright  
 Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,  
 I blush to think I was so blind,  
 Thy flaming eyes afford me light,  
 That beauty's blaze each where I find ;  
 And yet those dames that shine so bright,  
 Are but the shadows of thy light.

*Davidson's Rhapsody, 1608.*

## 532. SONG: ONE KIND KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,  
 Drop a tear and bid adieu :  
 Though we sever, my fond heart  
 Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,  
 Let me kiss that falling tear ;  
 Though my body must remove,  
 All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,  
 And every wish shall pant for you ;  
 One kind kiss then ere we part,  
 Drop a tear and bid adieu.

*Robert Dodsley.*

533. A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE  
AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,  
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,  
 With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel ;  
 With sober looks so would I that it should  
 Speak without words, such words as none can tell ;  
 The tress also should be of crisped gold.  
 With art and these might chance I might be tied,  
 And knit again with knot that should not slide.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*



## 534. AN EARNEST SUIT NOT TO BE FORSAKEN.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!—for shame!  
 To save thee from the blame  
 Of all my grief and grame.  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
That hath lov'd thee so long,  
In wealth and woe among ?  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
That hath given thee my heart,  
Never for to depart,  
Neither for pain or smart ?  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
And have no more pity  
Of him that loveth thee?  
Alas! thy cruelty!  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay! say nay!

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

---

### 535. THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams,  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;  
So when affection yields discourse it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come,  
They that are rich in words must needs discover  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,  
The merit of true passion,  
With thinking that he feels no smart  
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve  
The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve  
 A saint of such perfection  
 As all desire, but none deserve  
 A place in her affection.

I rather chuse to want relief  
 Than venture the revealing;  
 Where glory recommends the grief,  
 Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe  
 Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,  
 My love for secret passion;  
 He smarteth most who hides his smart,  
 And sues for no compassion.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*



### 536. THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

*Melib.*—SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee tell.

*Faust.*—It is that fountain and that well  
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell;  
 It is, perhaps, that sounding bell:  
 And this is love as I heard tell.

*Melib.*—Yet what is love? I prithee say.

*Faust.*—It is a work on holiday;  
 It is December match'd with May,  
 When lusty blood's in fresh array:  
 And this is love as I hear say.

*Melib.*—Yet what is love? good shepherd, sain.

*Faust.*—It is sunshine mixt with rain;  
 It is a toothache or like pain;

It is a game where none doth gain ;  
The lass saith no, and would full fain :  
And this is love as I hear sain.

*Melib.*—Yet shepherd, what is love, I pray?

*Faust.*—It is a yea, it is a nay,  
A pretty kind of sporting fray ;  
It is a thing will soon away ;  
Then nymphs take vantage while you may :  
And this is love as I hear say.

*Melib.*—And what is love, good shepherd, show?

*Faust.*—A thing that creeps, it cannot go ;  
A prize that passeth to and fro ;  
A thing for one, a thing for moe,  
And he that proves shall find it so :  
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

*Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh in  
'England's Helicon.'*

537. PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

THINK not 'cause men flattering say,  
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,  
Bright as is the morning star,  
That you are so ;—or though you are,  
Be not therefore proud, and deem  
All men unworthy your esteem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Starve not yourself, because you may  
Thereby make me pine away ;  
Nor let brittle beauty make  
You your wiser thoughts forsake ;  
For that lovely face will fail.  
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;  
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done  
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun :



Most fleeting when it is most dear ;  
 'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.  
 These curious locks so softly twined,  
 Whose every hair a love doth bind,  
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow  
 White and cold as winter's snow.  
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest  
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest  
 Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,  
 Nor lily shall be found nor rose,  
 And what will then become of all  
 Those whom now you servants call ?  
 Like swallows, when your summer's done  
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

The snake each year fresh skin resumes,  
 And eagles change their aged plumes ;  
 The faded rose each spring receives  
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves ;  
 But if your beauties once decay,  
 You never know a second May.  
 Oh ! then be wise, and whilst your season  
 Affords you days for sport, do reason ;  
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,  
 But crop in time your beauty's flower,  
 Which will away, and doth together  
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

*Thomas Carew.*

—•—

### 538. SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

**G**IVE me more love, or more disdain,  
 The torrid or the frozen zone  
 Bring equal ease unto my pain,  
 The temperate affords me none ;  
 Either extreme, of love or hate,  
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,  
 Like Danæ in a golden shower,  
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
 Disdain, that torment will devour  
 My vulture hopes, and he's possess'd  
 Of heaven that's but from hell released.  
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain,  
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

*Thomas Carew.*



539. A VALEDICTION.

**B**ID me not go where neither suns nor showers  
 Do make or cherish flowers ;  
 Where discontented things in sadness lie,  
 And nature grieves as I.  
 When I am parted from those eyes,  
 From which my better day doth rise,  
 Though some propitious power  
 Should plant me in a bower ;  
 Where amongst happy lovers I might see  
 How showers and sunbeams bring  
 One everlasting spring,  
 Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me ;  
 Nature herself to him is lost,  
 Who loseth her he honours most.  
 Then, fairest, to my parting view display  
 Your graces all in one full day ;  
 Whose blessed shapes I'll catch and keep till when  
 I do return and view again :  
 So by this act fancy shall fortune cross,  
 And lover live by thinking on their loss.

*William Cartwright.*





Some other nymphs with colours faint,  
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,  
And a weak heart in time destroy ;  
She has a stanch, and prints the boy ;  
Can with a single look inflame  
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

*Edmund Waller.*



542. SONG: AH THE POOR SHEPHERD'S  
MOURNFUL FATE.

AH the poor shepherd's mournful fate  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.  
Yet eager looks and dying sighs  
My secret soul discover ;  
While rapture trembling through mine eyes  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak,  
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling !  
The every look and every grace  
So charm whene'er I view thee ;  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given :  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

*William Hamilton of Bangour.*

---

## 543. ABSENCE.

**W**ITH leaden foot time creeps along,  
While Delia is away ;  
With her, nor plaintive was the song,  
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious power! reverse my doom,  
Nor double thy career ;  
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,  
And rest them when she's here.

*Richard Jago.*

---

## 544. I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND FAIR

**I** DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee,  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lip could move had power to move thee ;  
But I can let thee now alone,  
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
Which kisseth everything it meets ;  
And since thou canst with more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands  
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells ;  
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,  
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;  
But scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,  
 When thou hast handled been awhile;  
 With sere flowers to be thrown aside.  
 And I will sigh when some will smile  
 To see thy love for more than one  
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

*Sir Robert Ayton.*

545. IF WOMEN COULD BE FAIR, AND YET  
 NOT FOND.

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. IN  
 A MS. OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,  
 I would not marvel that they make me bond,  
 By service long to purchase their good will;  
 But when I see how frail those creatures are,  
 I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,  
 How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan;  
 Unsettled still, like haggards will they range,  
 Those gentle birds that fly from man to man;  
 Who would not scorn, and shake them from the fist,  
 And let them fly, fair fools, where'er they list.

Yet for disport, we fawn and flatter both,  
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
 And train them to our lure with subtle oath,  
 Till weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;  
 And then we say when we their fancy try,  
 To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

546. BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,  
 And gowd amang her hair;  
 Her breists are lapt in a holy veil;  
 Nae mortal een keek there.

What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
Or what arm o' luv daur span,  
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;  
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
Maun touch her ladie mou'.  
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
Her jimpy waist maun span :  
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heeven—  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
Tied up wi' siller thread ;  
And comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's langing een to feed :  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky milky han' :  
And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,  
Like my luv's broider'd cap ;  
And on my mantle that my luv wears,  
Is mony a gowden drap.  
Her bonnie ec-bree's a holy arch,  
Cast by nae earthly han',  
And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
And I beet a hopeless flame !  
To my luv, alas ! she maunna stoop ;  
It wad stain her honour'd name.  
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
Where I darna mint my han' :  
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

---

I am but her father's gardener lad,  
And puir puir is my fa'  
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
My lady comes, my lady gaes,  
Wi' a fou and kindly han';  
O' the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my luve,  
And fa' on Lady Ann.

\



547. MAID OF MY HEART.

**M**AID of my heart—a long farewell,  
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,  
And the vernal gales are blowing free,  
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate Ambition's haughty name,  
And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame;  
Yet now I haste through Ocean's roar  
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief  
To him who bears a darker grief?  
Can absence calm this feverish thrill?  
—Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,  
Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,  
The voice by Nature fram'd to suit  
The tone of Love's enchanting lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,  
Where tender thought and feeling lie!  
Thine eyelid like the evening cloud  
That comes the star of love to shroud!



Each witchery of soul and sense,  
 Enshrin'd in angel innocence,  
 Combined to frame the fatal spell—  
 That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

*Pringle.*

548. FOR EVER, FORTUNE

**F**OR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love,  
 And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between, and bid us part—  
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish—the soul away;  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle to the rude.  
 For once, oh, Fortune, hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care!  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

*Thomson.*

549. TELL ME, THOU SOUL

**T**ELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
While under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

*Thomson.*



550. HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there she langest tarries!  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder:  
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower so early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

*Burns.*

---

551. BLUE-EYED ANNE.

**W**HEN the rough north forgets to howl,  
And ocean's billows cease to roll ;  
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,  
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost ;  
When heavenly bodies cease to move,  
My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,  
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,  
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,  
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,  
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,  
When blue-eyed Anne I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,  
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,  
Nor love's light god inhabit earth,  
Nor beauty give the passion birth,  
Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave,  
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,  
Inconstancy forgets to range ;  
When lavish May no more shall bloom,  
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume,  
When nature from her sphere shall start,  
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

*Smollett.*

## 552. THE EVENING STAR.

STAR, that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free :  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
That send'st it from above—  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise ;  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews!  
Parted lovers on thee muse ;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.

*Campbell.*

## 553. MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tower and tree ;  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low, a voice was heard,  
Saying, ' Mary, weep no more for me !'

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.

' O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;  
It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

' Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
We tossed upon the raging main ;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee :  
The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

' O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more !'  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled :  
No more of Sandy could she see.  
But soft the passing spirit said :  
' Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !'

*John Lowe*

---

#### 554 THE SMILING PLAINS.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,  
Are dress'd in all the pride of May ;  
The birds on every spray above  
To rapture wake the vocal grove.  
But, ah ! Miranda, without thee,  
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,  
All lonely in the secret shade,  
I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honour fair !  
Serenely sweet as vernal air !  
Come to my arms ; for you alone  
Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart  
The sovereign balm of love impart;  
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
And give the year eternal spring.

*William Falconer.*



555. THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-torn heart pursuing;  
Read you not the wrongs you're doing,  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed—or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quench'd appears,  
Damp'd. and wavering, and benighted,  
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing;  
Not with age, but woe.

*Campbell.*



556. HERE'S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty  
health to thee,  
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so  
firm and free;

For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace,  
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy  
face;  
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech  
can be,  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to  
thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow of  
youth is o'er;  
And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and dream no  
more;  
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chilled  
my soul at last,  
And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friendship,  
past;  
Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er this world's  
dreary sea—  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!—here's a hearty health  
to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I know that not  
for me  
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm  
and free;  
Though thou, with cold and careless looks wilt often pass me  
by,  
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful eye;  
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one  
thought on me—  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to  
thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the  
throng  
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsomely along,  
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form,  
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through  
a storm,

And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of  
glee,  
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance with  
thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of thee at  
even,  
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up through  
heaven;  
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind that  
grieves,  
As it whirls from the abandoned oak, its withered autumn  
leaves;  
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea,  
I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often think on thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—in my sad and lonely  
hours,  
The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of distant  
flowers;—  
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless  
mine eye,  
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky;  
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the  
tree,  
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie!—is the lonely thought on  
thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my muse must  
soon be dumb,  
(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years, are  
come,)  
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and learn to  
soar on high,  
And to look on this world's follies with a calm and sober eye;  
Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel cease for  
me—  
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink a health to  
thee.



Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a parting health  
to thee;

May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me!

May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still th  
brow,

Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as ligh  
as now!

And, whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall be,—

Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty health to  
thee!

*Rev. J. Moultree.*

### 557. LOVE IS TIMID.

LOVE is timid, Love is shy,  
Can you tell me, tell me why?

Ah! tell me, why true love should be  
Afraid to meet the kindly smile  
Of him she loves, from him would flee,  
Yet thinks upon him all the while?  
Can you tell me, tell me why  
Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,  
Can you tell me, tell me why?  
True love, they say, delights to dwell  
In some sequester'd lonely bower;  
With him she loves where none can tell,  
Her tender look in passion's hour.  
Can you tell me, tell me why  
Love is timid, Love is shy?

Love is timid, Love is shy,  
Can you tell me, tell me why?  
Love, like the lonely nightingale,  
Will pour her heart when all is lone;  
Nor will repeat, amidst the vale,  
Her notes to any but to one.  
Can you tell me, tell me why  
Love is timid, love is shy?

*Daniel Weir.*

558. OH! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

OH! take me to yon sunny isle that stands in Fortha's sea,  
For there, all lonely, I may weep, since tears my lot  
must be;

The cavern'd rocks alone shall hear my anguish and my woe,  
But can their echoes Mary bring? ah!—no, no, no!

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky steep,  
And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep;  
But when the soft moon lights the waves in evening's silver  
glow,

Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light?—ah! no, no, no!

I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers are there,  
They'll may be bow their heads and weep, for she, like them,  
was fair,—

And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of woe,  
But Mary cannot hear their strains?—ah! no, no, no!

Slow steals the sun a-down the sky, as loth to part with day,  
But airy morn with carolling voice shall wake him forth as  
gay;

Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that sun is low,  
Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn?—ah! no, no, no!

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark my care:  
The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall linger  
there!

I'll even feign the outward smile, to hide my inward woe;  
I would not have her weep in heaven—ah! no, no, no!

*Robert Gilfillan.*

559. THY FATAL SHAFTS. ~~4~~ 4 ✓

THY fatal shafts unerring move;  
I bow before thine altar, Love!  
I feel thy soft resistless flame  
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,  
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain  
In soothing murmurs to complain;  
My tongue some secret magic ties,  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
And ever drop the silent tear,  
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

*Smollett.*

560. THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,  
Fair star! to love and lovers dear;  
While trembling on the falling dew,  
Like beauty shining through the tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream  
To mark each image trembling there,  
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam  
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
The moon thy timid beams outshine  
As far as thine each starry light—  
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
When twilight lingers on the plain,  
And whispers to the closing flow'rs,  
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
As music, wafts the lover's sigh ;  
And bids the yielding heart expand  
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove  
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;  
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—  
But sweeter to be lov'd again.

*Dr. John Leyden.*



561. I'LL TWINE A WREATH.

I'LL twine a wreath, I'll twine a wreath,  
A garland for thy head—  
The green, green leaves that fancy weaves  
Shall balmy fragrance shed ;  
The blooming flowers from sylvan bowers  
Shall show a thousand dyes  
Around thy brow, like coloured bow  
That girds the summer skies.

The heather-bell, from cliff and fell,  
I'll seek where zephyr blows ;  
At early morn, from off the thorn,  
I'll cull the new-blown rose ;  
And lily pale, from verdant vale,  
That bends beneath the storm,  
Emblem of you, all bathed in dew,  
And spotless as thy form.

These, wreathed and bound, shall circle round  
Thy lovely brow of white,  
Where glossy hair in tresses fair,  
Like clouds of summer night,  
Thine eyes o'ershade,—oh, lovely maid!  
These eyes that oft beguile  
And charm my heart with magic art—  
So sweet thy dimpling smile.

This garland gay will soon decay  
And lose its lovely hue ;  
But soul and heart shall rather part  
Before I part from you.  
This wreath will fade, ah, lovely maid !  
With leaves and blossoms wove ;  
But age or care can ne'er impair  
My heart's unchanging love.  
*William Bennie.*

---

## 562. A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine !  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine.  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew, my love !  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain ;  
But it shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again.  
He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore ;  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, Adieu for evermore, my love !  
And adieu for evermore.

---

## 563. O WERE I ON PARNASSUS.

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,  
And had of Helicon my fill,  
That I might catch poetic skill,  
To sing how dear I love thee !

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
My muse maun be thy bonnie sell,  
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,  
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;  
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
I couldna sing, I couldna say,  
How much, how dear I love thee.  
I see thee dancing ower the green,  
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
By heaven and carth, I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—  
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!  
And aye I muse and sing thy name—  
I only live to love thee.  
Though I were doom'd to wander on,  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
Till my last weary sand was run,  
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

*Burns.*



564. SWEET IS THE DAWN.

SWEET is the dawn of vernal morn,  
And doubly sweet to me  
That moment when the lamp of day  
Emerges from the sea,  
And lightens up the glowing skies  
As erst he lighted paradise.

But sweeter far to view thy face  
Suffused with beauty's glow;  
'Tis like the morning's rosy rays  
Shining on Alpine snow,—  
And, oh! the radiance of those eyes  
To me, is more than paradise.

Oh ! sweet the mavis' matin hymn—  
 The merle's song at even ;  
 And sweet the lark's wild melody  
 When soaring up to heaven ;  
 But music sweeter than thy voice  
 Was never heard in paradise.

Oh, Mary ! let one heavenly ray  
 Beam from thy beauteous face,  
 'Twill light my clouded spirit up,  
 And fill my soul with peace ;  
 'Twill dissipate my mental gloom,  
 And round me paradise shall bloom.

*David Vedder.*



565. THE LADY OF MY HEART.

THE murmur of the merry brook,  
 As, gushingly and free,  
 It wimples, with its sun-bright look,  
 Far down yon shelter'd lea,  
 Humming to every drowsy flower  
 A low quaint lullaby,  
 Speaks to my spirit, at this hour,  
 Of love and thee.

The music of the gay green wood,  
 When every leaf and tree  
 Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood  
 To utter harmony ;  
 And the small birds, that answer make  
 To the winds' fitful glee,  
 In me most blissful visions wake  
 Of love and thee.

The rose perks up its blushing cheek,  
 So soon as it can see,  
 Along the eastern hills, one streak  
 Of the sun's majesty :

Laden with dewy gems, it gleams  
A precious freight to me,  
For each pure drop thereon me seems  
A type of thee.

And when abroad in summer morn,  
I hear the blythe bold bee  
Winding aloft his tiny horn,  
(An errant knight perdy,)   
That winged hunter of rare sweets,  
O'er many a far country,  
To me a lay of love repeats,  
Its subject—thee.

And when, in midnight hour, I note  
The stars so pensively,  
In their mild beauty, onward float  
Through heaven's own silent sea :  
My heart is in their voyaging,  
To realms where spirits be,  
But its mate, in such wandering,  
Is ever thee.

But, oh ! the murmur of the brook,  
The music of the tree ;  
The rose with its sweet shamefaced look,  
The booming of the bee ;  
The course of each bright voyager,  
In heaven's unmeasured sea,  
Would not one heart pulse of me stir,  
Loved I not thee !

*William Motherwell.*

566. SONG: MY LOVE WAS FICKLE ONCE  
AND CHANGING.

MY love was fickle once and changing.  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;  
From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
In every face I found a dart.



'Twas first a charming shape enslaved me,  
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;  
Till by her wit Corinna saved me,  
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
For Belvidera I endure,  
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,  
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties shown,  
Does new surpassing charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.

*Addison.*

567. SONG: TELL ME NO MORE HOW  
FAIR SHE IS.

TELL me no more how fair she is,  
I have no mind to hear  
The story of that distant bliss  
I never shall come near:  
By sad experience I have found  
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am  
To tempt my daring fate,  
From whence no triumph ever came,  
But to repent too late:  
There is some hope ere long I may  
In silence doat myself away.

I ask no pity, love, from thee,  
Nor will thy justice blame,  
So that thou wilt not envy me,  
The glory of my flame:  
Which crowns my heart when'er it dies,  
In that it falls her sacrifice.

*Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.*

568. SONG: SAY, LONELY DREAM, WHERE  
COULD'ST THOU FIND.

SAY, lonely dream, where could'st thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colours of this glorious kind  
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest  
With that angel-like disguise;  
Thus deluded am I blest,  
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind  
To be other than a dream,  
Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
Change that heavenly face of thine;  
Paint despis'd love in thy face,  
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,  
With a pity, moving shape:  
Such as wander by the brook  
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,  
In whose shape thou shinest so;  
Softly in her sleeping ear,  
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,  
Thus surprised she may fall,  
Sleep does disproportion hide,  
And death resembling equals all.

*Edmund Waller.*

---

569. SONG: THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH  
THE HILL.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
The western clouds were lined with gold,  
The sky was clear, the winds were still,  
The flocks were pent within the fold ;  
When from the silence of the grove,  
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the bare rock or oozy beach ;  
Who from each barren weed that grows,  
Expects the grape or blushing peach ;  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,  
No fields that wave with golden grain,  
No pastures green, or gardens fair,  
A damsel's venal heart to gain ;  
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since women's hearts are bought and sold ;  
They ask not vows of sacred truth ;  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,  
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's cost,  
What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?  
Not all their fire can ever boast  
The living lustre of her eyes :  
For these the world too cheap would prove ;  
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

O Silvia! since nor gems, nor ore,  
Can with your brighter charms compare,  
Consider what I proffer's more,  
More seldom found, a soul sincere.  
Let riches meaner beauties move,  
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

*Granville, Lord Lansdowne.*

570. WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE'S no irregular device,  
No sudden start of raging pain.  
Which in a moment grows a fire,  
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer  
That sings of darts, despair, and chains,  
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear  
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau  
Who sighs by rule, by order dies,  
Whose all consists in outward show,  
And want of art by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,  
Description would but make it less:  
'Tis what I feel, but can't define;  
'Tis what I know, but can't express.

*Dryden.*

571. LOVE RELAPSED.

IF all that I love is her face,  
From looking I sure can refrain;  
In others her likeness may trace,  
Or absence may cure all my pain.

This said, from her charms I retir'd,  
 Nor knew I till then how I lov'd;  
 What present my passion admir'd,  
 In absence my reason approv'd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief  
 Where all that I see is disdain?  
 No pity in her for my grief,  
 No merit in me to complain.  
 Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,  
 Though robb'd of my freedom and ease;  
 Still proud of the choice I have made,  
 Though hopeless it ever can please.

—••—

572. SONG: BLOOMING BEAUTY.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows  
 From faces heav'nly fair,  
 We to the lily and the rose  
 With semblance apt compare.

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon—  
 How soon they all decay!  
 The lily droops, the rose is gone,  
 And beauty fades away.

But when bright nature shines confess'd,  
 With sweet discretion join'd;  
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,  
 And wisdom guides the mind.

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire  
 Thy person to approve:  
 They kindle generous, chaste desire,  
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate,  
 These graces shall endure;  
 Still like the passion they create,  
 Eternal, constant, pure.

*Rev. Thos. Fitzgerald.*

573. THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE TO  
HIS LOVE.

*Part First.*

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray,  
This noble world of thee  
Be governed by no other sway  
But purest monarchie.  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhorre,  
And hold a synod in thy heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That puts it not unto the touch  
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule or govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in awe.  
But, 'gainst my battery if I find  
Thou shun'st the prize so sore  
As that thou set'st me up a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
Another do pretend a part,  
And dares to vie with me.  
Or if committees thou erect,  
And go on such a score,  
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,  
And faithful of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before,  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee evermore.

*Part Second.*

My dear and only love, take heed,  
Lest thou thyself expose,  
And let all longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those.  
A marble wall then build about,  
Beset without a door;  
But if thou let thy heart fly out,  
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,  
Make any breach at all;  
Nor smoothness of their language plot  
Which way to scale the wall;  
Nor balls of wildfire love consume  
The shrine which I adore;  
For such smoke about thee fume,  
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong  
To suffer by surprise;  
Those victual'd by my love so long  
The siege at length must rise,  
And leave thee ruled in that health  
And state thou was before;  
But if thou turn a commonwealth,  
I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,  
Thy heart to ruine come,  
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,  
Nor march by tuck of drum;

But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,  
Thy falsehood to deplore,  
And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did  
When Rome was set on fire:  
Not only all relief forbid,  
But to a hill retire,  
And scorn to shed a tear to see  
Thy spirit grown so poor;  
But smiling sing, until I die,  
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,  
Lest that thy name should die,  
A monument of marble stone  
The truth shall testify;  
That every pilgrim passing by  
May pity and deplore  
My case, and read the reason why  
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be  
Upon this pillar hung,  
A simple heart, a single eye,  
A true and constant tongue.  
Let no man for more love pretend  
Than he has hearts in store;  
True love begun shall never end:  
Love me, and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,  
But in far different case:  
For mine was true, so was not thine,  
But lookt like Janus' face.  
For as the waves with every wind,  
So sails thou every shore,  
And leaves my constant heart behind—  
How can I love thee more?



My heart shall with the sun be fix'd,  
For constancy most strange,  
And thine shall with the moon be mix'd,  
Delighting ay in change.  
Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,  
And woe is me therefore,  
That ever I found thy love so light  
I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,  
The rocks resounding echo  
The whistling wind that murmur makes,  
Shall with me sing hey ho!  
The towering seas, the tumbling boats,  
Tears dropping from each shore,  
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,  
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,  
Her fellow's death regrete,  
And vainly mourns for his adieu,  
And ne'er renews her mate;  
So though thy faith was never fast,  
Which grieves me wondrous sore,  
Yet shall I live in love so chaste,  
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,  
These monuments to view,  
Whereon is written, in and out,  
Thou, traitorous and untrue;  
Then in a passion they shall pause,  
And thus say sighing sore:  
Alas! he had too just a cause  
Never to love thee more.

And while that tracing goddess, Fame,  
From east to west shall flee,  
She shall record it to thy shame,  
How thou hast loved me;

And how in odds our love was such  
As few have been before ;  
Thou loved too many, and I too much,  
So I can love no more.

*James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose.*



574 THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

O H! Thou whose merciful decree  
Hath knit our hearts in bonds of love,  
Our sure defence and safeguard be  
Whate'er our wedded lot may prove.

Without thy blessing love is vain  
The varied ills of life to bear ;  
But when bestowed few griefs remain  
Beyond affection's healing care.

Avert from us the spirit's chill,  
Each wandering thought and fickle mood ;  
Mould every feeling to thy will,  
Incline our hearts to every good.

Implanting deep that perfect trust,  
Of love's rich soil the flower most dear ;  
Turn all our promised joys to dust,  
But leave that root unwithered here.

Blend with our love that gentleness  
Which turns each angry word aside,  
Which stifles wrath with tenderness,  
And melts away the frost of pride.

Nor let unkindness ever reach,  
Nor harsh unfeeling thoughts impair  
The tenderness of years ; but teach  
Our hearts to bear and to forbear.

Be ours a unity of mind,  
A unity of sweetest love,  
A unity of faith entwined  
With the dear hope of joys above.

We know that in our hearts there lies,  
With all their love, the germ of change;  
The world can break the holiest ties,  
A breath the tenderest thoughts estrange.

We pray, oh! God, that grief like this,  
Our earthly course may never see;  
We'd make our love a lasting bliss,  
By resting all its hopes on thee.



575. BEATRICE.

GENTLE, happy Beatrice,  
Visioned fair before me,  
How can it a wonder be  
That many so adore thee?

Old and young, and great and wise,  
Set their love upon thee,  
And if gold thy heart could win,  
Gold long since had won thee.

Social, cheerful Beatrice,  
Like a plenteous river  
Is the current of thy joy,  
Flowing on for ever.

Many call themselves thy friends;  
Thou art loved of many;  
And, where'er the fair are met,  
Fairest thou of any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,  
All good angels move thee,  
Meek and gentle as a saint :  
Most for this we love thee.

I can see thee going forth  
Innocent and lonely,  
Knowing but how good thou art,  
Like an angel holy.

See thee at thy father's side,  
In thy wondrous beauty,  
Gladdening that benign old man  
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile  
As he gazes on thee,  
I can feel the boundless love  
That he showers upon thee.

What a happy home thou mak'st,  
Singing in thy gladness  
Snatches of delicious song,  
Full of old love sadness !

How I sit and hold my breath  
When the air is winging,  
From some far-off pleasant room,  
Breathings of thy singing !

How I listen for thy foot,—  
I know it, stepping airy,  
On the stair, or overhead,  
Like a lightsome fairy !

What a happy house it is  
Where thou hast thy dwelling !  
There love, joy, and kindness  
Evermore are welling.

---

Everyone within the house  
Loves to talk about thee.  
What an altered place it were,  
Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee when I list  
In thy beauty shining,  
Leaning from the casement ledge  
Where the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,  
The little linnet feeding;  
Or, sitting quietly apart,  
Some sweet volume reading.

Would I were beside thee,  
The pages turning over,  
I'd find some cunning word or two  
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild,—  
Laugh on, I could withstand thee;  
The printed book should tell my tale,  
And thou should'st understand me.

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,  
So lovely, so beguiling:  
The mockery of thy merry wit,  
The witchery of thy smiling.

I know thee for a siren strong,  
That smites all hearts with blindness,  
And I might tremble for myself,  
But for thy loving-kindness.

But for the days of bygone years,  
When I was as thy brother;  
Ah! we, my faithful Beatrice,  
Were meant for one another.

I'll straightway up this very day,  
And ask thee of thy father :  
And all the blessings life can give  
In wedded life we'll gather.

*Mary Howitt.*

---

576. THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,  
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight,—  
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,  
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd :  
With these, the magic dew which evening brings,  
Brush'd from the Idalian star by fairy wings,  
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,  
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—  
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow  
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.  
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,  
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs,  
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd dove  
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.  
The finish'd work might Envy vainly blame,  
And ' Kisses ' was the precious compound's name.  
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,  
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

---

577. WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE  
WERE NEW.

WE met when hope and life were new,  
And all we look'd on smiled,  
And Fancy's wand around us threw  
Enchantments sweet as wild ;

Ours were the light and bounding hearts  
The world had yet to wing;  
The bloom, that when it once departs,  
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,  
Or breathed in sighs alone;  
By signs that would not be controll'd,  
Its growing strength was shown:  
The touch that thrill'd us with delight;  
The glance by art untamed;  
In one short moon, as brief as night,  
That tender truth proclaim'd.

We parted chilling looks among;  
My inmost soul was bow'd;  
And blessings died upon my tongue  
I dared not breathe aloud.  
A pensive smile serene and bland,  
One thrilling glance--how vain!  
A pressure of thy yielding hand;  
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name  
Of magic power to me;  
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,  
To make me worthy thee:  
And long through many an after-year,  
When boyhood's dream had flown,  
With nothing left to hope or fear,  
I loved, in silence, on!

*Alaric A. Watts.*

---

578. FIRST LOVE.

'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd o'er the waters sweep;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
The unexpected death of some old lady,  
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too long already.  
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,  
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double damn'd post obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end  
To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels.  
Particularly with a tiresome friend :  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world ; and dear the schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.



But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;  
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—  
 And life yields nothing further to recall  
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

*Lord Byron.*

—•••—

#### 579. TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a  
 bride,  
 That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy  
 side;  
 And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,  
 As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their  
 own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been 'wet,  
 And it always seem'd to me as though a joyous crowd were  
 met  
 To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing  
 Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy  
 love,  
 And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above;  
 Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy  
 brow,  
 Perchance a mother's look of care, for that which decks it  
 now.  
 And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild  
 And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,

Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er  
my brain,  
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing  
again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,  
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the  
May;  
But it may not be! within my breast all frozen are the  
springs,  
The murmur dies upon my lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,  
That sunshine may illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy  
guest,  
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall  
go down  
Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a  
frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy  
hand,  
When those thou lovest, and those that love thee, weeping  
round thee stand,  
Oh! may the verse that friendship weaves, like a spirit of  
the air,  
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

*G. M. Fitzgerald.*



580. THE LOVERS.

**I**T was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.  
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,  
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;  
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,  
In silent contemplation, to adore  
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf

Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground,  
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.  
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,  
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly thought,  
Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth,  
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;  
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon  
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,  
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,  
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill  
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,  
A damsel kneel'd to offer up her prayer,—  
Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard.  
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place  
Of love, before his country's voice had call'd  
The ardent youth to fields of honour far  
Beyond the wave: and hither now repair'd,  
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye  
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone:  
'Her lover's safety and his quick return.'  
In holy, humble attitude she kneel'd,  
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd  
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.  
Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn,  
As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd,  
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.  
Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs  
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,  
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy seat.  
A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face;  
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,  
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,  
On yonder willows by the stream of life.  
On her the moon look'd steadfastly; the stars,  
That circle nightly round the Eternal Throne,  
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting love  
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone,  
 Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!  
 Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence,  
 With unexpected joy the fervent prayer  
 Of faith surprised. Return'd from long delay,  
 With glory crown'd of righteous actions won,  
 The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought  
 The youth, and found it at the happy hour,  
 Just when the damsel kneel'd herself to pray.  
 Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God,  
 She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.  
 All holy images seem'd too impure  
 To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd,  
 Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,  
 Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!  
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,  
 That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself  
 The plighted partner of his future life.  
 And as they met, embraced, and sat, embower'd,  
 In woody chambers of the starry night,  
 Spirits of love about them minister'd,  
 And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy!

*Pollock.*



581. POWER OF LOVE.

I HAVE done penance for contemning love;  
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
 With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
 Oh! love's a mighty lord;  
 And hath so humbled me, as I confess,  
 There is no woe to his correction,  
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Shakspeare.*

582. THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE queen is proud on her throne,  
And proud are her maids so fine;  
But the proudest lady that ever was known  
Is a little lady of mine.  
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,  
And spurns and scorns and scorns me;  
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,  
And beg, and beseech, with the saddest face,  
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the kalendar—  
A lily's almost as tall,  
But oh! this little lady's by far  
The proudest lady of all.  
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,  
To spurn, and scorn, and scout me;  
But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,—  
And that say what she will and feign what she may,  
She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,  
By park, and road, and river,  
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,  
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!  
And oh! what faces, what faces!  
What petulant, pert grimaces!  
Why the very pony prances and winks,  
And tosses his head, and plainly thinks  
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,  
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;  
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,  
And all her pride forsakes her.  
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!  
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!  
Oh! she coaxes and nestles, and purrs and pries  
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,  
And says, 'I love you dearly!'

Oh! the queen is proud on her throne,  
And proud are her maids so fine;  
But the proudest lady that ever was known  
Is this little lady of mine.  
Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,  
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;  
But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play,—  
And that say what she will and feign what she may,  
She can't well do without me!

*T. Westwood.*

583. THE LADY'S YES.

'YES!' I answered you last night;  
'No!' this morning, sir, I say!  
Colours seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors play'd their best,  
Lamps above, and laughs below—  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*!

Call me false or call me free—  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on thy face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—  
 Time to dance is not to woo—  
 Wooer light makes fickle troth—  
 Scorn of *me* records on *you*!

Learn to win a lady's faith  
 Nobly as the thing is high;  
 Bravely, as for life and death—  
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
 Point her to the starry skies,  
 Guard her, by your truthful words,  
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—  
 Ever true, as wives of yore—  
 And her *Yes*, once said to you,  
 Shall be yes for evermore.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

#### 584. THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFt, oft methinks, the while with thee  
 I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness-half requests to weep!  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting  
From jealous fears, or coy denying;  
But born beneath love's brooding wing,  
And into tenderness soon dying,  
Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein  
Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
And leave their sweeter understrain  
Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

*S. T. Coleridge.*



585. THAT SONG AGAIN.

THAT song again! its wailing strain  
Brings back the thoughts of other hours—  
The form I ne'er may see again,—  
And brightens all life's faded flowers!

In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear  
Remember'd echoes seem to roll,  
And sounds I never more can hear,  
Make music in my lonely soul!

That swell again!—now full and high,  
The tide of feeling flows along,  
And many a thought that claims a sigh,  
Seems mingling with the magic song!

The forms I loved—and loved in vain,  
The hopes I nursed—to see them die,  
With fleetness, brightness, through my brain,  
In phantom beauty, wander by!



Then touch the lyre, my own dear love!  
My soul is like a troubled sea,  
And turns from all below—above,  
In fondness, to the harp and thee!

*T. K. Harvey.*



586. THE DESTINED WIFE.

WHEN ripen'd time and chasten'd will  
Have stretch'd and tuned for love's accords  
The five-string'd lyre of life, until  
It vibrates with the wind of words;  
And 'Woman,' 'Lady,' 'She,' and 'Her'  
Are names for perfect good and fair,  
And unknown maidens, talk'd of, stir  
His thoughts with reverential care;  
He meets, by heavenly chance express,  
His destined wife: some hidden hand  
Unveils to him that loveliness  
Which others cannot understand.  
No songs of love, no summer dreams  
Did e'er his longing fancy fire  
With vision like to this: she seems  
In all things better than desire.  
His merits in her presence grow,  
To match the promise in her eyes,  
And round her happy footsteps blow  
The authentic airs of Paradise.  
For love of her he cannot sleep;  
Her beauty haunts him all the night;  
It melts his heart, it makes him weep  
For wonder, worship, and delight.

*Coventry Patmore.*



## 587. THE EAR-RINGS.

**M**Y ear-rings, my ear-rings, I've dropped them in the well  
And what to say to Musa, I cannot, cannot, tell;  
( 'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter )  
—The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue  
water :

To me did Musa give them when he spake his sad farewell.  
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings, my ear-rings, they were pearls in silver set,  
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget ;  
That I ne'er should list to other lips, or smile on other's tale,  
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those ear-rings  
pale.

When he comes back and hears that I have dropp'd them in  
the well,

Oh ! what will Musa think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

My ear-rings, my ear-rings, he'll say they should have been  
Not of pearl drops and of silver, but of gold and glittering  
sheen ;

Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamonds shining clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere ;  
That changeful minds unchanging gems are not befitting  
well :

Thus he will think, and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went I loiter'd by the way ;  
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say ;  
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses  
noosed

From the ears where he had placed them, my gems of pearl  
unloosed ;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,  
My pearls fell in ; and what to say, alas ! I cannot tell.

---

He'll say I am a woman, and that we are all the same;  
 He'll say I loved, when he was there, to whisper of his  
     flame,  
 But that, when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth was  
     broken,  
 And I thought no more of Musa, and cared not for his  
     token.  
 My ear-rings, my ear-rings, oh! luckless, luckless well,  
 For what to say to Musa, I cannot, cannot tell.

*Lockhart.*

588. WOMAN'S LOVE.

**A**N infant when it gazes on a light,  
 A child the moment when it drains the breast,  
 A devotee when soars the host in sight,  
     An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
     A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
 Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping  
 As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,  
     All that it hath of life with us is living;  
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,  
     And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;  
 All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,  
     Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving;  
 There lies the thing we love with all its errors  
 And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
     Of love's, and night's, and ocean's solitude,  
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;  
     Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude  
 She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,  
     Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
 And all the stars that crowded the blue space  
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real  
 Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

*Lord Byron.*

589. TO MY DREAM-LOVE.

WHERE art thou, oh! my beautiful? Afar  
 I seek thee sadly, till the day is done,  
 And o'er the splendour of the setting sun,  
 Cold, calm and silvery, floats the evening star:  
 Where art thou? Ah! where art thou, hid in light  
 That haunts me, yet still wraps thee from my sight?

Not wholly, ah! not wholly—still love's eyes  
 Trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil,  
 Like the young moon that glimmers faint and pale,  
 At noontide through the sun-web of the skies:  
 But ah! I ope mine arms, and thou art gone,  
 And only memory knows where thou hast shone.

Night—night the tender, the compassionate,  
 Bindeth thee, gem-like, 'mid her raven hair:  
 I dream—I see—I feel that thou art there—  
 And stand all weeping at sleep's golden gate,  
 Till the leaves open, and the glory streams  
 Down through my trancèd soul in radiant dreams.

Too short—too short—soon comes the chilly morn,  
 To shake from love's boughs all their sleep-born bloom,  
 And wake my heart back to its bitter doom,  
 Sending me through the land downcast, forlorn,  
 Whilst thou, my beautiful, art far away,  
 Bearing the brightness from my joyless day.

I stand and gaze across earth's fairest sea,  
And still the flashing of the restless main  
Sounds like the clashing of a prisoner's chain,  
That binds me, oh! my beautiful, from thee.  
Oh! sea-bird, flashing past on snow-white wing,  
Bear my soul to her in thy wandering.

My heart is weary gazing o'er the sea—  
O'er the long dreary lines that close the sky:  
Through solemn sunsets ever mournfully,  
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee;  
Hearing the sullen waves for evermore  
Dashing around me on the lonely shore.

But tides creep lazily about the sands,  
Washing frail landmarks, Lethe-like, away,  
And though their records perish day by day,  
Still stand I ever with close-claspèd hands,  
Gazing far westward o'er the heaving sea,  
Gazing in vain, my beautiful, for thee.

*Walter A. Cassel's.*

590. RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

HOW warm this woodland wild recess!  
Love surely has been breathing here.  
And this sweet bed of earth, my dear!  
Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,  
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown since last I lay  
On seaward Quantock's healthy hills,  
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills  
Float here and there, like things astray,  
And high o'er head the skylark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air  
Be music with your name; yet why  
That asking look? that yearning sigh?  
That sense of promise everywhere?  
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore  
 The rose-mark on her long-lost child,  
 I met, I loved you, maiden mild!  
 As whom I long had loved before—  
 So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,  
 A dream remember'd in a dream.  
 But when those meek eyes first did seem  
 To tell me, love within you wrought—  
 O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, love's prompture deep,  
 Has not love's whisper evermore,  
 Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?  
 Sole voice, when other voices sleep,  
 Dear under-song in clamour's hour.

*S. T. Coleridge.*



591. LEOLINE.

**I**N the molten-golden moonlight,  
 In the deep grass warm and dry,  
 We watch'd the fire-fly rise and swim  
 In floating sparkles by.  
 All night the hearts of nightingales,  
 Song-steeping, slumbrous leaves,  
 Flow'd to us in the shadow there  
 Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together  
 Till the stars shook in the skies.  
 We spoke—we spoke of common things,  
 Yet the tears were in our eyes.  
 And my hand—I know it trembled  
 To each light warm touch of thine;  
 But we were friends, and only friends,  
 My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon look'd, dear!  
There has not ever been,  
Since those old nights, the same great light  
In the moons which I have seen.  
I often wonder, when I think,  
If you have thought so too,  
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,  
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west wind  
Comes faint across the sea,  
It seems that you have breath'd on it,  
So sweet it comes to me:  
And sometimes, when the long light wanes  
In one deep crimson line,  
I muse, 'and does she watch it too,  
Far off, sweet Leoline?'

And often, leaning all day long  
My head upon my hands,  
My heart aches for the vanisht time  
In the far fair foreign lands:  
Thinking sadly—'Is she happy?  
Has she tears for those old hours?  
And the cottage in the starlight?  
And the songs among the flowers?'

One night we sat below the porch,  
And out in that warm air,  
A fire-fly, like a dying star,  
Fell tangled in her hair;  
But I kiss'd him lightly off again,  
And he glitter'd up the vine,  
And died into the darkness  
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch  
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,  
More sweet than common rose-leaves,  
For it once lay in her breast.

---

*Dictionary.*

---

When she gave me that her eyes were wet :  
The rose was full of dew.  
The rose is wither'd long ago!  
The page is blister'd too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,  
The bee loves more than all :  
The bee and I, we love it both,  
Tho' it is frail and small.  
She loved it too—long, long ago ;  
Her love was less than mine.  
Still we are friends, but only friends,  
My lost love, Leoline !

*Owen Meredith.*

—••—

592. THE SEA SHELL

YOU stoop'd and pick'd a wreath'd shell,  
Beside the shining sea :  
' This little shell, when I am gone,  
Will whisper still of me.'  
I kiss'd your hands upon the sands,  
For you were kind to me !

I hold the shell against my ear,  
And hear its hollow roar :  
It speaks to me about the sea,  
But speaks of you no more !  
I pace the sands and wring my hands,  
For you are kind no more !

—••—

593. A LYRIC.

THEY say that my heart is breaking  
With love and sorrow too ;  
And at last I shall believe it  
As other people do.



Thou, girl, with eyes dark beaming,  
 I have ever told thee this,—  
 That my heart with love is breaking,  
 That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber  
 Dared I thus boldly speak :  
 Alas!—when thou wert present,  
 My words were sad and weak.

For there were evil angels  
 Who quickly hush'd my tongue ;  
 And oh!—such evil angels  
 Kill many a heart when young.

---

594. SILENT LOVE.

YOU say I love not, 'cause I do not play  
 Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away ;  
 By love's religion, I must here confess it,  
 The most I love when I the least express it !  
 Small gifts find tongues ; full casks are ever found  
 To give, if any, yet but little sound :  
 Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,  
 That chiding streams betray small depth below ;  
 So when love speechless is, it doth express  
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.  
 Now since my love is tongueless, know me such  
 Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

*Herrick.*

---

595. LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,  
 Is the burden of my song,  
 Love that is too hot and strong  
 Burneth soon to waste :

Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold,  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old

Fadeth not in haste.

Love me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
It will not prove as true a touch ;  
Love me little, more than such,

For I fear the end :

I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough, with true intent,  
To be steadfast, friend.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,  
I to thee my love will give,  
Never dreaming to deceive,

While that life endures :

Nay, and after death, in sooth,  
I to thee will keep my truth,  
As now when in my May of youth  
This my love assures.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persèver ;  
Give me that with true endeavour,

I will it restore :

A suit of durance let it be,  
For all weathers that for me,  
For the land or for the sea,  
Lasting evermore.  
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempests on it beat,  
It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel :

Such the love that I would gain,  
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
 Thou must give, or woo in vain;  
     So to thee farewell.  
 Love me little, love me long, &c.

596. THE FLOWER'S NAME.

**H**ERE'S the garden she walk'd across,  
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since:  
 Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss  
     Hinders the hinges and makes them wince;  
 She must have reach'd this shrub ere she turn'd,  
     As back with that murmur the wicket swung;  
 For she laid the poor snail, my chance foot spurn'd,  
     To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk  
 She went while her robe's edge brush'd the box:  
 And here she paused in her gracious talk  
     To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.  
 Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
     I will never think that she pass'd you by!  
 She loves you, noble roses, I know;  
     But yonder, see where the rock-plants lie.

This flower she stopp'd at, finger on lip,  
     Stoop'd over, in doubt, as settling its claim;  
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
     Its soft meandering Spanish name.  
 What a name? was it love or praise?  
     Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?  
 I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
     Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
 I may bring her one of these days,  
 To fix you fast with as fine a spell,  
     Fit you each with his Spanish phrase!

But do not detain me now ; for she lingers  
There, like sunshine over the ground,  
And ever I see her soft white fingers  
Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,  
Stay as you are and be loved for ever !  
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not ;  
Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never !  
For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
Till round they turn and down they nestle—  
Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
Whither I follow her, beauties flee ;  
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
June's twice June since she breathed it with me ?  
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,  
Treasure my lady's lightest foot-fall ;  
Ah, you may flout and turn up your faces --  
Roses, you are not so fair after all !

*Robert Browning.*



### 597 LOVE'S MEMORIES.

DOWN by the woods, where the blooming purple heather  
Sheds its sweet perfume in the pleasant morning prime,  
In the quiet hill-shade we wander'd forth together,  
Gladdening our young hearts with many an ancient rhyme :

Chaunting some old ballad, some wild and artless measure ;  
Or reading about Rosalind among the forest boughs :  
In the golden age of courting, when the minutes, wing'd with  
pleasure,  
Flew lightly at the whispering of lovers' fervent vows.

And sometimes on the page such a glorious light would  
glisten—  
Such a flash from out the ether of a bright and purer sphere—  
That we closed the book with wonder, and sat us down to  
listen,  
For we thought that angel voices were singing to us near.

Glimpses of a golden future, tender memories of the past,  
Hopes of deep and solemn import, from their spirit-home  
above—  
Slightly veiled from our seeing by the glory round them  
cast—  
Come like mirror'd shapes before us when the soul is fill'd  
with love.

And the light which love had kindled had shed its halo  
round us,  
As we gazed upon the woodland with its old majestic trees,  
Mid the depth of nature's stillness how its silken fetters  
bound us,  
And the secrets of the future were whisper'd 'mong the  
leaves.

Not the noblest strain of music pealing through the solemn  
aisles,  
Till the old cathedral towers seem to vibrate with the spell,  
Fills the spirit with such rapture, or the fancy so beguiles,  
As the music of love's making on the chords it knows so  
well.

Years have flown—for youth is fleeting—love is like a  
stranger guest;  
Yet the memory of its glory melts like music on our souls;  
Wits may sneer and fools deride it, pointing with a courtly  
jest—  
But the passions of the morning manhood's calmer noon  
controls.

*J. Dennis.*

## 598 BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satins and jewels grand  
Are all at my command,  
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;  
But, when first he breathed his vow,  
I felt my bosom swell -  
For the words rang as a knell,  
And the voice seem'd his who fell  
In the battle down the dell,  
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,  
And he kiss'd my pallid brow,  
While a reverie came o'er me,  
And to the churchyard bore me,  
And I sigh'd to him before me,  
Thinking him dead D'Elornic,  
'Oh, I am happy now!'

And thus the words were spoken,  
And thus the plighted vow,  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Behold the golden token  
That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!  
For I dream I know not how,  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken, -  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

Edgar A. Poe

## 599. TO MY WIFE.

**A** FAR from thee! 'Tis solitude,  
Though smiling crowds around me be,  
The kind, the beautiful, the good—  
For I can only think of thee;  
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,  
My earliest and my only one;  
Without thee, I am all unblest,  
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise  
My listless ear unheeded greet;  
What sweetest seem'd in better days,  
Without thee seem'd no longer sweet;  
The dearest joy fame can bestow,  
Is in thy moisten'd eye to see,  
And in thy cheeks' unusual glow,  
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! the night is come,  
But slumbers from my pillow flee;  
I cannot rest so far from home,  
And my heart's home is love with thee.  
I kneel before the throne of prayer,  
And then I know that thou art nigh;  
For God, who seeth everywhere,  
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together, in his loved embrace,  
No distance can our hearts divide;  
Forgotten quite the 'mediate space,  
I kneel thy kneeling form beside;  
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,  
But soars the spirit far and free;  
O welcome be night's slumbers deep!  
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

600. THE LOT OF LOVE.

**O**H! was there ever tale of human love,  
Which was not also tale of human tears?  
Died not sweet Desdemona? sorrow'd not  
Fair, patient Imogen? and she whose name  
Lives among lovers, Sappho silver-voiced,  
Was not the wailing of her passionate lyre  
Ended for ever in the dull deaf sea?  
Must it be thus? oh! must the cup that holds  
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life  
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,  
No legend, no love passage, which shall end  
Even as the bow that God hath bent in heaven,  
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,  
Promising respite to the rain of tears?

*Matthew Arnold.*

601. TRUE LOVE.

**Y**OUNG Juan and his lady-love were left  
To their own hearts' most sweet society;  
Even time, the pitiless, in sorrow cleft  
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he  
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,  
Though foe to love; and yet they could not be  
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,  
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their  
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;  
The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,  
But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail  
They were all summer: lightning might assail  
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail  
A long and snake-like life of dull decay  
Was not for them—they had too little clay.



They were alone once more ; for them to be  
Thus was another Eden ; they were never  
Weary, unless when separate: the tree  
Cut from its forest roots of years—the river  
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee  
And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—  
Would wither less than these two torn apart ;  
Alas ! there is no instinct like the heart—

The heart—which may be broken: happy they !  
Thrice fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,  
The precious porcelain of human clay,  
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold  
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,  
And all which must be borne, and never told ;  
While life's strange principle will often lie  
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of yore.  
And many deaths do they escape by this:  
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore  
Awaits at last even those who longest miss  
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.  
The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them:  
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled :  
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn:  
Each was the other's mirror, and but read  
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,  
And knew such brightness was but the reflection  
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
The least glance better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;  
A language, too, but like to that of birds,

Known but to them, at least appearing such  
As but to lovers a true sense affords;  
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd  
To those who have ceased to hear such or ne'er heard.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,  
And children still they should have ever been;  
They were not made in the real world to fill  
A busy character in the dull scene,  
But like two beings born from out a rill,  
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen  
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,  
And never know the weight of human hours.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found  
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys  
As rarely they beheld throughout the round;  
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,  
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound  
By the mere senses; and that which destroys  
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd  
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour  
Dear unto all, but dearest to their eyes,  
For it had made them what they were: the power  
Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skies,  
When happiness had been their only dower,  
And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties;  
Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that brought  
The past still welcome as the present thought.

*Lord Byron.*

---

602. MY MISTRESS.

THE cradle of the infant sun,  
That scarf'd in purple clouds and dun,  
Kisses the dewy tear-drops up,  
Shed in the flowret's odorous cup—

The budding, spring-awaken'd rose,  
That, proudly bursting its green prison,  
Proclaims that April has arisen,  
And over the laughing gardens goes,  
While 'mid the mild frosts gently-wrinkling,  
The tears that morning weeps from heaven  
In smile and sparkle earth are sprinkling;  
The streamlet that has vainly striven  
To bubble its harmonious story  
Between these lips that ice confines  
And seals awhile;—the pink that shines  
A coral star of transient glory,—  
The golden-plumaged bird, that shows  
All gaudy tints upon its wing,  
A feather'd harp, that still doth sing  
To the water, murmuring  
Sweet music, as it onward flows:—  
The rock that can deceive the sun,  
Who would dissolve it with his ray;  
Its snowy outwork may be won  
But the rock melts not away—  
The laurel tree, which bathes its foot  
In the snows it tramples down;  
A green narcissus, fearing not  
The lightnings which it turns aside,  
Or wears for an innocuous crown,  
Daring the fires above deride,  
Or the frost about its root,—  
In fine, the cradle, and the light,  
The purple clouds, the streams, the rose,  
The bird that passions through the night,  
The morn, that raining tear-drops, throws  
Its smile on earth,—the crimson pink  
Stooping over the fountain's brink:  
These are the portions which combine  
In her, of women most divine.

*Calderon.*

## 603. ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF EVE.

WHEN I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best :  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

# 3 ✓  
*Milton.*

## 604. LOVE'S COMPARISON.

MUST I tell thee, Georgiana,  
Of my cousin Caroline?  
How the pretty creature sported  
With this wayward heart of mine?  
Oh! her eyes were as blue as heaven, love;  
But not so blue as thine,  
And yet I almost idolized  
The eyes of Caroline.  
Her soft hair rippled to her waist  
In waves of golden light,  
Giving glimpses of a shoulder  
That was exquisitely white;  
Thine own has just that sunny fall,  
But silkier far than hers,  
And a fairer neck gleams through them  
While the wind their beauty stirs.  
Ah! fondly (when she'd let me)  
Did I those tresses twine,  
But it was not near so pleasant, love,  
As playing thus with thine.

Her laugh was like a fairy's laugh,  
So musical and sweet;  
Her foot was like a fairy's foot,  
So dainty and so fleet;  
Her smile was fitful sunshine;  
Her hand was dimpled snow,  
Her hand a very rosebud  
In sweetness and in glow;  
But I know a lighter footstep,  
A more melodious laugh,  
A hand that's swansdown to the touch,  
More soft than hers by half;  
And a smile of more than angel-power  
To brighten and to bless,  
And a lip (that if you'd let me)  
I would perish but to press!  
Ah! dearly did I love to hold  
Her little hand in mine;  
But I was not half so happy, sweet,  
As now in taking thine.

Her cheek was very eloquent,  
For there her feelings spoke,  
Like summer's rosy lightning,  
The colour o'er it broke;  
While bewitching smiles and dimples  
Changed its beautiful repose,  
Like the zephyr and the sunshine  
At play upon a rose.  
But I know a cheek whose blushes  
As they trembling come and go,  
I could gaze upon for ever  
If it did not pain thee so.

She never sought to shun my gaze—  
My petted Caroline,  
And yet I'd give her sunniest look  
For one dear blush of thine.  
Now prythee do not call  
My cousin Carry—a coquet,

When I tell you she had dangles  
By the dozen in her net ;  
For she was very beautiful,  
Bewildering and bright,  
And I own her pretty winning ways  
And words bewitched me quite.  
Ah ! I even now remember  
That sweet madness with a sigh ;  
Nay, do not draw the hand away,  
Nor droop the doubting eye ;  
But think if I was dazzled thus  
By careless Caroline,  
How much more fondly I shall prize  
So pure a heart as thine.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

605. AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE

THEY that never had the use  
Of the grape's surprising juice,  
To the first delicious cup  
All their reason render up ;  
Neither do, nor care to know  
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,  
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,  
To the first that's fair or kind,  
Make a present of their heart :  
It is not she that first we love  
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' evening made,  
Stars gave the first delight,  
Admiring in the gloomy shade  
Those little drops of light :  
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand  
Removed them from the skies,  
He gazing toward the east did stand,  
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,  
 All those he 'gan despise;  
 His wonder was determined there,  
 And could no higher rise.  
 He neither might nor wished to know  
 A more refulgent light:  
 For that (as mine your beauties now)  
 Employed his utmost sight.

*Waller.*

606. LINES

TO A LADY BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

GO where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,  
 And tempests make a soda-water sea,  
 Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,  
 And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens her juice,—  
 A wine more praised than it deserves to be!  
 Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,  
 And think of me!

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,  
 Making a midnight meal of he and she;  
 Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,  
 And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,  
 Or lies along at full-length like a tree,  
 Go where the Sutte in her own soot broileth,  
 And think of me!

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth  
 In mono-polly-logue with tongue as free,  
 And like a woman, all she can revealeth,  
 And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,  
And, parasols of straw where hats should be,  
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,  
And think of me!

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills,  
And tall bamboos—may none bamboozle thee!  
Go gaze upon their elephants and castles,  
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,  
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,  
Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,  
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,  
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,  
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,  
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,  
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,  
Where every black will be your slave and servant,  
And think of me!



607. AN ENGLISH SONG.

I THANK you for that downcast look,  
And for that blushing cheek ;  
I would not have you raise your eyes,  
I would not have you speak :  
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,  
I ask no other sign,  
While thus your little hand remains  
Confidingly in mine.



I know you fain would hide from me  
 The tell-tale tears that steal  
 Unbidden forth, and half betray  
 The anxious fears you feel:  
 From friends long tried and dearly loved  
 The plighted bride must part,  
 Then freely weep—I could not love  
 A cold unfeeling heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,  
 Though on my suit she smiled,  
 And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,  
 Gave up her darling child:  
 Sigh not for her, she now may claim  
 Kind deeds from more than one;  
 She'll gaze upon her daughter's smiles,  
 Supported by her son!

I thank you for that look—it speaks  
 Reliance on my truth;  
 And never shall unkindness wound  
 Your unsuspecting youth:  
 If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts  
 Oppress your husband's mind,  
 Oh! never fear to cling to me,—  
 I could not be unkind.

*T. Haynes Bayly.*

608. SONG: THOU ART LOVELIER.

\* 1

THOU art lovelier than the coming  
 Of fairest flowers of spring,  
 When the wild bee wanders humming,  
 Like a bless'd fairy thing:  
 Thou art lovelier than the breaking  
 Of orient crimson'd morn,  
 When the gentlest winds are shaking  
 The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing,  
In wood, and field, and glen,  
Where a thousand birds were singing,  
And my thoughts were of thee then ;  
For there's nothing gladsome round me,  
Or beautiful to see,  
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,  
But is eloquent of thee.

*Richard Howitt.*



609. THE GAME AT CHESS.

LOVE with a lady—would you know  
Her name, then read this heart, for there  
'Tis written, like the words of woe,  
Imprinted in the hyacinth fair,—  
Love with a lady played,—but where,  
Or when, or how, 'tis yours to guess ;  
Enough if we this truth declare,—  
Love with a lady play'd at chess !

Most innocent, and calm, and high,  
The mind which in that lady's face  
Was mirror'd, as the morning sky  
In a clear brook's green dwelling-place,  
And, rob'd in each serenest grace,  
She mused, more tranquil than the dove ;  
So there, as time flew on apace,  
The lady play'd at chess with Love.

'Twas like a dream to see them play :  
So deeply, marvellously still.  
And hush'd in charm'd thought, sat they,  
One influence of the tyrant will  
Controlling both, for well or ill !  
And surely in that silentness  
Angels, on heaven's own azure hill,  
Watch'd the sweet pair who play'd at chess

But see, a smile succeeds to doubt  
In her fair eyes—they see 'the move;'  
And swift as thought she stretches out  
Her small white hand, without a glove,  
And moves the piece—below, above,  
Across, on all sides, unafraid,  
Joy in her soul: and thus with Love  
Her game of chess the lady play'd.

What is the world, and what is life,  
To her whose heart is in the game!  
The bliss of that ingenious strife  
Is dear to her as health or fame!  
With whomsoe'er she plays, the same;  
E'en losing has some power to bless:  
And were Love dead, she'd feel no shame  
To sit with Hatred down to chess!

Love, brooding o'er the board grows dull,  
And, beaten, seems but half awake;  
Her hope meanwhile grows ripe and full,  
She takes whate'er she wills to take;  
When lo! what nothings sometimes make  
A mighty shock! That lady's lip  
Quivers with some convulsive ache—  
Her hand just touch'd Love's finger-tip.

Her heedless hand! while wandering o'er  
Eager to snatch the ivory prize,  
It touch'd Love's lightly once—no more!  
How can a touch thus paralyse?  
How flush her cheeks, how fire her eyes,  
How fill her soul with sweet distress,  
Delight, despair, beyond disguise,  
And make her lose—that game at chess?

His eyes had been on hers for hours,  
Yet knew she not that love had gazed;  
His breath had warm'd her cheek's rich flowers,  
And still these thoughts were all unraised.

Now sits she like a thing amazed ;  
Her chance at every move grows less ;  
She plays at random—one so crazed  
Ne'er lost nor gain'd a game at chess.

Thoughts of the player crowd above  
Thoughts of the game, that else would press,  
She only feels she plays with Love ;  
She does not know she plays at chess,  
Her dog might spring with wild caress,  
Mother or sister tilt the board  
And she know no emotion less  
Or more, of all her heart must hoard !

King, queen, that heart hath quite forgot ;  
No knight hath sway there, but a swain ;  
No castle seeks she, but a cot ;  
No bishop, but a curate plain.  
Such is Love's fine electric chain ;  
One touch hath done it! Need he sue?  
No : ere he'd time to touch again,  
He'd won the game—and lady too !

*Laman Blanchard.*



#### 610. A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

. . . . . Could I see his face,  
I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,  
Or did his arms constrain me? Were my cheeks  
Hot, overflowed, with my tears, or his?  
And which of our two large explosive hearts  
So shook me? That, I know not. There were words  
That broke in utterance . . . melted, in the fire ;  
Embrace, that was convulsion, . . . then a kiss . . .  
As long and silent as the ecstatic night,—  
And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which meant beyond  
Whatever could be told by word or kiss.

But what he said : . . . I have written day by day,  
With somewhat even writing. Did I think  
That such a passionate rain would intercept  
And dash this last page? What he said, indeed,  
I fain would write it down here like the rest,  
To keep it in my eyes as in my ears,  
The heart's sweet scripture, to be read at night  
When weary, or at morning when afraid,  
And lean my heaviest oath on when I swear  
That, when all's done, all tried, all counted here,  
All great arts, and all good philosophies,—  
This love just puts its hand out in a dream,  
And straight outreaches all things.

What he said,  
I fain would write. But if an angel spoke  
In thunder, should we, haply, know much more  
Than that it thunder'd? If a cloud came down  
And wrapt us wholly, could we draw its shape,  
As if on the outside, and not overcome?  
And so he spake. His breath against my face  
Confused his words, yet made them more intense—  
As when the sudden finger of the wind  
Will wipe a row of single city lamps  
To a pure white line of flame, more luminous  
Because of obliteration; more intense—  
The intimate presence carrying in itself  
Complete communication, as with souls  
Who, having put the body off, perceive  
Through simply being. Thus, 'twas granted me  
To know he loved me to the depth and height  
Of such large natures, ever competent  
With grand horizons by the land or sea,  
To love's grand sunrise.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

---

## 611. THE LOVER UP A TREE.

WELL! here's a situation,  
For a young man up a tree:  
With a bull-dog standing under,  
Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!  
Like a 'possum, or a 'coon!  
What an aspect for a lover,  
By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia:  
Lightly climb'd the garden wall:  
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,  
Yonder where the shadows fall:

Got as far as 'Sleep, my darling.'  
When a deep bass 'bow! wow! wow!'  
Out of tune and time, saluted me—  
I hear its echo now.

And a snapping, close behind me,  
Warn'd me a foe was near;  
So I beat a quick retreat from there  
And found a lodgment here!

As I climb'd this smooth Alanthus  
I felt a-something tear:  
Let's see: yes, here's a rent behind:  
I know how it came there!

Plague take the canine creature!  
Wagging his stiff bob-tail,  
As though he thought his narrative  
Would finally prevail!

But such dogmatic arguments  
Have no effect on me,  
And such waggish illustrations  
With my temper don't agree:

Yonder where the snowy curtain  
In the mellow moonlight shines,  
Unconscious of my sad mishap,  
My Julia dear reclines.

I would not now, for all the world,  
That she should see me here,  
Dangling in this old Alanthus,  
With a white flag in my rear!

Oh! for a bit of strychnine,  
Or some poison of some sort!  
I'd stop the wagging of that tail,  
And all this canine sport!

'Tis midnight, and I hope if now,  
A ghost is on the jog,  
He'll come this way, and frighten off  
This most pugnacious dog:

If fairies in the moonlight dance,  
I trust some light carouser  
Will come and 'play dog' for a while,  
With this infernal Bowser!

The merry stars seem laughing  
In their places up afar,  
But I am looking downward  
On a dangerous dog-star:

When Acteon look'd on Dian,  
With her naked nymphs around,  
The angry huntress changed the bold  
Intruder to a hound:

Oh! for the power to change this dog  
Into a strapping fellow!  
I'd mount him in a minute,  
And turn his bark to bellow:

Hark! what is that?—an old tom cat  
Around the porch is crawling :  
Poor Tom! I've a fellow feline  
For your sad caterwauling!

Now Bowser hears him!—see he turns ;  
Seek! catch him! bite him, Bowser!  
Confound the twig! it's fasten'd in  
The rent within my trowser!

He's gone! and dog and cat are seen  
In mad and desperate chase!  
'Tis a very proper time, I think,  
For me to leave this place.

O Julia! sleep!—sleep sound, my love!  
Oh! do not wake just yet,  
To view the rent in my trouserloons,  
Made by your canine pet ;

And if you never wake until  
My soft guitar you hear,  
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn  
Shall break your sleep, my dear!



## 612. SCENT AND JEWELS.

LADY, why blend these dying sweets  
With that immortal sweetness all thine own?  
Why ask of art her counterfeits—  
Her languid cloying odours, but to crown  
That ever-deepening, ever-mellowing bloom  
Whose very presence is perfume?

Dost thou mistrust thine ardent eyes,  
And that deep glow of soul indwelling there,  
That with these rival galaxies  
Of glimmering gems thou hast bedew'd thy hair?  
Or dost thou stoop to those who equal deem  
The innate lustre and the surface gleam?



The clear starr'd purple overhead  
Brooks not her virgin trueness should be soil'd  
With false and fever'd glare and red  
Of mocking meteors; of their thrones despoil'd,  
She shoots them down in scorn, to find i' the earth  
Some miry home more level with their birth:

So do thou ever prize, like her,  
The simple majesty of maidenhood;  
And in calm wrath the odours tear,  
And soulless jewels from thee: upstart brood  
Unblest! and only let thy cool white brow  
For ever wear the light of its own stainless snow.

---

613. THE PORTRAIT.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

COME, thou best of painters,  
Prince of the Rhodian art;  
Paint, thou best of painters,  
The mistress of my heart—  
Though absent—from the picture  
Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets  
Of dark and glossy hue,  
And fragrant odours breathing—  
If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead  
That crowns a perfect cheek,  
And rises under ringlets  
Dark-coloured, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows  
Nor mingle nor dispart,  
But blend them imperceptibly  
And true will be thy art.

From under black-eye fringes  
 Let sunny flashes play—  
 Cythera's swimming glances,  
 Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses  
 To paint a nose and cheeks—  
 A lip like bland Persuasion's—  
 A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious  
 Let all the graces fair,  
 Round neck of alabaster,  
 Be ever fitting there.

And now in robes invest her  
 Of palest purple dyes,  
 Betraying fair proportions  
 To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me  
 The picture of my choice!  
 And quickly wilt thou give me--  
 The music of thy voice.

*William Hay.*



614. THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
 Makes another, soon or late;  
 Never yet was any marriage  
 Entered in the book of Fate,  
 But the names were also written  
 Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning  
 When my friend, with fondest look,  
 By the solemn rites' permission,  
 To himself his mistress took,  
 And the Destinies recorded  
 Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parents and the kinsmen  
Aimed their glances at the bride;  
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins  
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her;  
One was dark, and one was fair;  
But nor fair nor dark the other,  
Save her Arab eyes and hair;  
Neither dark nor fair I call her,  
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?  
Yes, to thee, and only thee—  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three,  
Thus he thought: 'How blest the bridal  
Where the bride were such as she!'

Then I mused upon the adage,  
Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
And I wondered, as the churchman  
Dwelt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?  
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;  
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:  
What if 'twere—forgive the fancy—  
What if 'twere—both mine and thine?

*Thomas William Parsons.*



## 615. ABSENCE.

**W**HAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense—  
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?  
How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;  
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time: and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine ;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

*Frances Anne Kemble.*

---

616. THE CHEAT OF CUPID; OR THE  
UNGENTLE GUEST.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

ONE silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that, said I, beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?  
Cast off, said he, all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved ;  
And all with showers wet through  
And e'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,  
And soon a taper lighted ;  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings, too, which did shiver ;  
And, looking down below,  
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine,  
Brought him, as Love professes,  
And chafed his hands with mine,  
And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed :  
Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harmed,  
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying :  
Adieu, mine host, adieu !  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

*Robert Herrick.*

617. THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY  
CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,  
As spring's rath blossoms die ;  
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now  
Thy once bright eye ;  
But look ! on me the prints of grief  
Still deeper lie.  
Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary ;  
Thy step is sad and slow ;  
The morn of gladness hath gone by  
Thou erst did know ;  
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep  
For very woe.  
Farewell !

It seems as 'twere but yesterday  
We were the happiest twain,  
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,  
Dropping like rain,

Discoursed my love, and told how loved  
I was again.  
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase  
We gave our passion name;  
Scorning such tedious eloquence,  
Our hearts' fond flame  
And long-imprisoned feelings fast  
In deep sobs came.  
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love  
That merest worldlings know,  
When passion's draught to our doomed lips  
Turns utter woe,  
And our poor dream of happiness  
Vanishes so!  
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes  
There's yet some touch of bliss,  
Since fate robs not our wretchedness  
Of this last kiss:  
Despair, and love, and madness meet  
In this, in this.  
Farewell!

*William Motherwell.*

---

#### 618. INDIFFERENCE.

I MUST not say that thou wert true,  
Yet let me say that thou wert fair.  
And they that lovely face who view,  
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts  
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,  
Outwearied with their lonely parts,  
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear,  
Their lot was but to weep and moan.  
Ah, let them keep their fate sincere,  
For neither could subsist alone'

But souls whom some benignant breath  
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,  
These ask no love—these plight no faith.  
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,  
And garlands for their forehead weave,  
And what the world can give, they take—  
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears  
To one demand alone are coy.  
They will not give us love and tears  
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,  
Fair child! it was the bliss within.  
Adieu' and say that one, at least,  
Was just to what he did not win.

*Matthew Arnold.*

619. NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight  
Their troth in sunny weather,  
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,  
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread  
The thorny path of sorrow,  
With clouds above, and cause to dread  
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.



That thorny path, those stormy skies,  
Have drawn our spirits nearer;  
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,  
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
With mirth and joy may perish;  
That to which darker hours gave birth  
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
And through death's shadowy portal;  
Made by adversity sublime,  
By faith and hope immortal.

*Bernard Barton.*

—••—

620. IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening to the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnacle glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

---

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

*Reginald Heber.*

---

621. THE NUN.

**I**F you become a nun, dear,  
A friar I will be ;  
In any cell you run, dear,  
Pray look behind for me.  
The roses all turn pale, too ;  
The doves all take the veil, too ;  
The blind will see the show :  
What! you become a nun, my dear?  
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,  
The bishop Love will be :  
The Cupids every one, dear,  
Will chant, 'We trust in thee!'  
The incense will go sighing,  
The candles fall a dying.  
The water turn to wine :  
What! you go take the vows, my dear?  
You may—but they'll be mine.

*Leigh Hunt.*

---

622. SONG.

**H**OW delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,  
 Love has bliss, but Love has roeing;  
 Other smiles may make you fickle;  
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
 Just as fate or fancy carries;  
 Longest stays when sorest chidden;  
 Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly;  
 Bind its odour to the lily;  
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver;  
 Then bind Love to last for ever!

*Thomas Campbell.*

### 623. A DILEMMA.

WHICH is the maiden I love best?  
 Twenty now are buzzing round me;  
 Three in their milk-white arms have wound me,  
 Gently,—yet I feel no rest!  
 One hath showered her black locks o'er me,  
 Ten kneel on the ground before me,  
 Casting forth such beams of blue,  
 That I'm pierc'd—oh, through and through!  
 Bacchus! Gods! what *can* I do?  
 Which *must* I love best?

Tell me—(ah, more gently take me,  
 Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)  
 'Tell me,—which will ne'er forsake me  
 Through all life's ills and harms?  
 Is it *she*, whose blood's retreating  
 From that forehead crowned with pride?  
 Is it *she*, whose pulse is beating  
 Full against my unarmed side?  
 What do all these things betide?

Strong my doubts grow,—strong,—and stronger :  
Quick ! give answer to my call !  
If ye pause a moment longer,  
I shall love ye—ALL !

*Barry Cornwall.*

624. LOVE SONG.

SIT near, sit near ! I kiss thy lips,  
Ripe, richer than the crimson cherry.  
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse ?  
Tell me, and bid my soul be merry.

My light is dim, my fortune fled ;  
I've nothing,—save my love for thee.  
Give back *thy* love, or I am dead—  
A word,—while I can hear,—and see !

Sit nearer,—near ! I kiss thine eyes ;  
There,—where the white lids part asunder.  
I love thee,—dost thou hear my sighs ?  
Love thee beyond the world, thou Wonder !

My life is spent : I've nothing left  
To tender now, save Love's dear duty :  
Ah, let me—of all else bereft—  
Feed, until death, upon thy beauty !

*Barry Cornwall.*

625. A VALENTINE.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear.]

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,  
Brightly expressive as the twins of Loeda,  
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies  
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure  
 Divine—a talisman—an amulet  
 That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure—  
 The words—the syllables! Do not forget  
 The triviallest point, or you may lose your labour!  
 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
 Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
 If one could merely comprehend the plot.  
 Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
 Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdu*  
 Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
 Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's too.  
 Its letters, although naturally lying  
 Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—  
 Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying!  
 You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you  
*can do.*

*Edgar A. Poe.*

626. TO ONE IN PARADISE.

THOU wast that all to me, love,  
 For which my soul did pine—  
 A green isle in the sea, love,  
 A fountain and a shrine,  
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers:  
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
 Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
 But to be overcast!  
 A voice from out the Future cries,  
 'On! on!'—but o'er the Past  
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
 The light of Life is o'er!  
 'No more—no more—no more—'

(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

*Edgar A. Poe.*

627. OUR EARLY LOVED.

OUR early loved—how their memory clings  
To the hearts that love no more!  
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs  
Where a garden's pride is o'er;  
Though the weeds and thorns may have long defaced  
The place of the perish'd flowers,  
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste  
With the bloom of its brighter hours.

Our early loved—hath their after-path  
From our steps far parted been  
Hath the hand of power or the flame of wrath,  
On life's barriers risen between  
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come  
O'er the parting waste of years,  
Though the path marked with many a tomb,  
And its sands are wet with tears!

They come, with a light left far behind  
On the distant mountain's brow,  
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind  
That is dark with shadows now.

But even as the morning star returns  
To brighten the evening shades,  
The lamp of their memory brighter burns  
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed  
In the gloom of our winter days,  
And their bright locks blanched, and their looks estranged,  
Till they scarce return'd our gaze;  
But far in the land where storms or time  
Can no longer sear or chill,  
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime  
We shall find them changeless still!

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green,  
Where we laid, so long ago  
Our first affections all unseen  
In their deep and quenchless glow?  
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled  
O'er the bright but buried gem;  
But safe are the treasures Death hath seal'd—  
'For there comes no change on them!'

We may love again—and the later ties  
Of life may be bright and strong—  
But if broken, never in memory's eyes  
Will their fragments shine so long:  
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith,  
We may leave them far and cold,  
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth  
With a love that ne'er grows old.

*Frances Brown.*

---

628. THE LOVER'S DISCLAIMER.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows  
Are to thy fortune paid;  
Alas! my heart he little knows,  
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,  
One berry from thy hand  
More real pleasure would afford  
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live  
On what the nicest maid,  
Without a conscious blush, may give  
Beneath the myrtle shade.

*Sir Charles Sedley.*

629. THE PURITY OF LOVE.

THERE is a bud in life's dark wilderness,  
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress ;  
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,  
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry :  
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove  
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.  
Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray  
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.  
Yet, lovely woman ! yet thy winning smile,  
That caused our cares, can every care beguile ;  
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill  
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.  
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,  
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone :  
But oh ! how most deceived, whose creed hath given  
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven !  
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,  
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell :  
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,  
Like morn's bright dew beneath th' solar ray :  
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,  
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek ;  
The balm that virtue mingles here below  
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—  
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,  
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

*Beresford.*



## 630. 'NO THANK YOU, JOHN.'

I NEVER said I loved you, John:  
Why will you tease me day by day,  
And wax a weariness to think upon,  
With always 'do' and 'pray'?

You know I never loved you, John;  
No fault of mine made me your toast:  
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan  
As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take  
Pity upon you, if you'd ask:  
And pray don't remain single for my sake,  
Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart? Perhaps I have not;  
But then you're mad to take offence  
That I don't give you what I have not got;  
Use your own common sense.

Let bygones be bygones,  
Don't call me false, who owed not to be true,  
I'd rather answer 'No' to fifty Johns  
Than answer 'Yes' to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,  
Song-birds of passage, days of youth:  
Catch at to-day, forget the days before;  
I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;  
No more, no less; and friendship's good:  
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,  
And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above  
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:  
Here's friendship for you if you like: but love—  
No thank you, John.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## 631. THE MEETING IN THE LANE.

WE were to meet at sunset down the lane,  
To tread once more that pathway in the shade  
Of the old trees—old chestnut trees—that there  
Meeting o'erhead a rustling archway made;  
Lovely the scene, the hour no less, as sank  
Sound into silence, into shadow, light;  
Meek nature seem'd to hold her breath in awe,  
Shrinking affrighted from approaching night.

As paled the last red cloud in heaven, she came—  
Her light step quickening as she onward drew;  
The face she met me with was sadly gay,  
And my lip trembled, for her thoughts I knew;  
The morrow was to be our wedding day,  
And this fair summer's night brought to its close  
The long, sweet story of our love; the thought  
Was joy, yet sadness dash'd it as it rose.

'Twas sad to feel our pleasant meetings o'er,  
Though came no more the grief that bade us part;  
It had become the habit of our love,—  
Ah, me! the love of that fond gentle heart!  
No storm of Fate could shake it where it grew,  
Or strew the lovely blossom that it bore;  
She loved as woman rarely loves but once;  
A love that asks return and asks no more.

We met in silence, and a moment's space  
Each stood with downcast eyes; the time had been  
Our joy had flooded forth in words, but now  
It seem'd beyond all language—calm—serene—  
It was an earnest of what life would be,—  
The placid feeling that inspired each breast,—  
I took her hand,—I drew her to my side,—  
'Dear love!'—her raised eyes, tearful, spoke the rest.

*Mary Jane Sawyer.*

## 632. A REJECTED LOVER.

**Y**OU 'never loved me,' Ada. These slow words,  
Dropp'd softly from your gentle woman tongue,  
Out of your true and kindly woman-heart,  
Fell, piercing into mine like very swords,  
The sharper for their kindness. Yet no wrong  
Lies to your charge, nor cruelty, nor art :  
Ev'n while you spoke, I saw the tender tear-drop start.

You 'never loved me.' No, you never knew,  
You, with youth's morning fresh upon your soul,  
What 'tis *to love* : slow, drop by drop, to pour  
Our life's whole essence, perfumed through and through  
With all the best we have or can control  
For the libation—cast it down before  
Your feet—then lift the goblet, dry for evermore.

I shall not die as foolish lovers do :  
A man's heart beats beneath this breast of mine,  
The breast where—curse on that fiend whispering  
'*It might have been!*'—Ada, I will be true  
Unto myself—the self that so loved thine :  
May all life's pain, like these few tears that spring  
For me, glance off as rain-drops from my white dove's wing!

May you live long, some good man's bosom-flower,  
And gather children round your matron knees :  
So, when all this is past, and you and I  
Remember each our youth-days as an hour  
Of joy—or anguish,—one, serene, at ease,  
May come to meet the other's steadfast eye,  
Thinking, 'He loved me well!' clasp hands, and so pass by.

*Dinah Mulock.*



## 633. PARAGON.

**I**N the whole world there scarcely was  
So delicate a wight.  
There was no beauty so divine  
That ever nymph did grace,  
But it beyond itself did shine  
In her more heavenly face:  
What form she pleased each thing would take  
That e'er she did behold;  
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,  
Gross iron turn to gold.  
Such power there with her presence came,  
Stern tempests she allay'd;  
The cruel tiger she could tame,—  
The raging torrents stay'd.  
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,  
Again she made to die;  
She raised a war, appeased a strife,  
With turning of her eye.  
Some said a god did her beget,  
But much deceived were they:  
Her father was a rivulet,  
Her mother was a fay.  
Her lincaments so fine that were,  
She from the fairy took;  
Her beauties and complexion clear,  
By nature from the brook.

*Drayton.*

## 634. LOVE'S GARDEN.

**T**HERE is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heavenly Paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There cherries grow, that none may buy,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

These cherries fairly do inclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow :  
Yet there no peer, nor prince, may buy,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still ;  
Her brows, like bended bows, do stand,  
Threatening, with piercing frowns to kill  
All that approach with eye or hand,  
These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

*R. Alison.*

635. HOMAGE TO WOMEN.

FOR me I'm woman's slave confest—  
Without her, hopeless and unblest ;  
And so are all, gainsay who can,  
For what would be the life of man,  
If left in desert or in isle,  
Unlighted up by beauty's smile?  
Even tho' he boasted monarch's name,  
And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme,  
With thousands bending to his sway,  
If lovely woman were away,  
What were his life? what could it be?  
A vapour on a shoreless sea ;  
A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,  
Amongst the waste of waters lost ;  
A ship deserted in the gale,  
Without a steersman or a sail,  
A star, or beacon-light before,  
Or hope of haven evermore ;  
A thing without a human tie.  
Unloved to live,—unwept to die.  
Then let us own thro' nature's reign,  
Woman the light of her domain ;

And if to maiden love not given  
The dearest bliss below the heaven,  
At least due homage let us pay  
In reverence of a parent's sway,  
To that dear sex whose favour still  
Our guerdon is in good or ill,  
A motive that can never cloy,  
Our glory, honour, and our joy;  
And humbly on our bended knee,  
Acknowledge her supremacy.

*Hogg.*

636. STARRY EYES.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.  
Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light;  
Then, lady, up!—look out! and be  
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast;  
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady! from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay  
With looks, whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day!

*Pinkney.*

637. THE FAIREST THING.

TO make my Lady's obsequies  
My love a minster wrought,  
And, in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought;

The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odor gave ;  
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
Enluminèd her grave ;  
And round about, in quaintest guise,  
Was carved, ' Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.' ^

Above her lich spread a tomb  
Of gold and sapphires blue:  
The gold doth show her blessedness,  
The sapphires mark her true !  
For blessedness and truth in her  
Were lively portray'd,  
When gracious God with both His hands  
Her goodly substance made.  
He framed her in such wondrous wise,  
She was, to speak without disguise,  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more: my heart doth faint  
When I the life recall  
Of her, who lived so free from taint,  
So virtuous deem'd by all—  
That in herself was so complete,  
I think that she was ta'en  
By God to deck His paradise,  
And with His saints to reign ;  
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But nought our tears avail, or cries:  
All, soon or late, in death shall sleep ;  
Nor living wight long time may keep  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

*Charles, Duke of Orleans.*



638. LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

**Y**E fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,  
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh ;  
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—  
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar ;  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command :  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like young birds, may be tamed to your will.

•  
Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind ;  
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,  
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

*Garrick.*



639. TO A FAIR YOUNG FRIEND.

**C**OULD I bring lost youth back again,  
And be what I have been,  
I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
My young and fair Florine.

But mine's the chilling age that chides  
Devoted rapture's glow ;  
And Love, that conquers all besides,  
Finds Time a conquering foe.



Farewell! we're severed by our fate  
As far as night from noon;  
You came into this world so late,  
And I depart so soon!

*Campbell.*

640. TO ———

THE broken moon lay in the autumn sky,  
And I lay at thy feet;  
You bent above me; in the silence, I  
Could hear my wild heart beat.

I spoke—my soul was full of trembling fears  
At what my words would bring;  
You raised your face—your eyes were full of tears  
As the sweet eyes of spring.

You kiss'd me then—I worshipp'd at thy feet  
Upon the shadowy sod.  
O fool! I loved thee!—loved thee, lovely cheat,  
Better than fame or God!

My soul leap'd up beneath thy timid kiss;  
What then to me were groans,  
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss —  
I seem'd to walk on thrones.

And you were with me 'mong the rushing wheels;  
'Mid trade's tumultuous jars;  
And when to awe-struck wilds the night reveals  
Her hollow gulf of stars.

Before thy window, as before a shrine,  
I've knelt 'mong dew-soak'd flowers,  
While distant music-bells, with voices fine,  
Measured the midnight hours.

There came a fearful moment—I was pale ;  
 You wept, and never spoke,  
 But clung around me, as the woodbine frail  
 Clings pleading round an oak.

Upon my wrong I steadied up my soul,  
 And flung thee from myself ;  
 I spurn'd thy love as 'twere a rich man's dole—  
 It was my only wealth.

I spurn'd thee ! I who loved thee, could have died  
 That hoped to call thee 'wife,'  
 And bear thee gently smiling at my side  
 Through all the shocks of life !

Too late, thy fatal beauty and thy tears,  
 Thy vows, thy passionate breath ;  
 I'll meet thee not in life, nor in the spheres  
 Made visible by death.

*Alexander Smith.*

641. CHRISTIAN NAMES.

**I**N Christian world Mary the garland wears !  
 Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear ;  
 Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear ;  
 And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.  
 Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines !  
 What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round !  
 How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound !  
 Of Marthas and of Abigails few lines  
 Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff  
 Should homely Joan be fashion'd. But can  
 You Barbara resist, or Marian ?  
 And is not Clare for love excuse enough ?  
 Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess  
 These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

*Charles Lamb.*

## 642. LEISURE AND LOVE.

**S**OOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,  
With nothing in the world to do  
But just to blow a shepherd's reed  
The silent seasons through ;  
And just to drive a flock to feed,  
Sleep, quiet, fond and few !

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,  
And count the bubbles—love worlds—there,  
To muse within some minstrel's book,  
Or watch the haunted air ;  
To slumber in some leafy nook  
Or—idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of Nature's wine,  
A meal of summer's daintiest fruit ;  
To take the air with forms divine :  
Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute ;  
Descending if the night be fine,  
In a star parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,  
And let the world go dine and dress ;  
For love hath lowly haunts—a stone  
Holds something meant to bless.  
If life's a flower, I choose my own—  
'Tis ' Love in Idleness.'

*Laman Blanchard.*

## 643. AN END.

**L**OVE, strong as death, is dead.  
Come, let us make his bed  
Among the dying flowers.  
A green turf at his head,  
And a stone at his feet,  
Whereon we may sit  
At the quiet evening hours.

He was born in the spring,  
And died before the harvesting;  
On the last warm summer day  
He left us;—he would not stay  
For autumn twilight, cold and grey;  
Sit we by his grave and sing,  
He is gone away.

To few chords, and sad, and low,  
Sing we so.  
Be our eyes fixed on the grass,  
Shadow veil'd, as the years pass,  
While we think of all that was  
In the long ago.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*



644. THE MYSTIC THREAD OF LIFE <sup>mine—</sup> was like  
to time,  
Ere you ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> a mystic thread!

Oh, that pallid face!  
Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!  
When last I saw them, dearest, it was in another place;  
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on  
your wrist,  
And a cursed river kill'd thee, aided by a murderous mist.  
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth I kiss'd,  
When last I saw thee, Barbara!

These dreary years, eleven,  
Have you pined within your heaven,  
And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time was  
given?  
And have you passed unheeded all the fortunes of your race—  
Your father's grave, your sister's child, your mother's quiet  
face—  
To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling place?  
Are you happy, Barbara?

'Mong angels, do you think  
Of the precious golden link  
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on yon brink?  
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and guitars,  
Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through lattice-  
bars  
The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,  
Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,  
Wild and far my heart has ranged,  
And many sins and errors deep have been on me avenged;  
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I've lack'd;  
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact,  
Like a mild consoling rainbow o'er a savage cataract.  
Love has saved me, Barbara!

O Love! I am unblest,  
With monstrous doubts opprest  
Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest and  
best.  
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,  
The hunger of my soul were still'd; for Death has told you  
more  
Than the melancholy world doth know—things deeper than  
all lore.  
Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!  
You will never come again;—  
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain,  
The gloaming closes slowly round, unblest winds are in the  
tree,  
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded  
sea:  
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and  
thee,—  
I am weary, Barbara!

*A. Smith.*



647. THINK ON ME.

AND must we part? then fare thee well!  
 But he that wails it—he can tell  
 How dear thou wert, how dear thou art,  
 And ever must be, to this heart!  
 But now 'tis vain—it cannot be;  
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh! yes—this heart would sooner break,  
 Than one unholy thought awake;  
 I'd sooner slumber into clay  
 Than cloud thy spirit's beauteous ray;  
 Go, free as air—as angel free,  
 And, Lady, think no more on me.

Oh! did we meet when brighter star  
 Sent its fair promise from afar,  
 I then might hope to call thee mine;  
 The minstrel's heart and harp were thine:  
 But now 'tis past—it cannot be;  
 Farewell! and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour  
 When Mercy's all-atoning power  
 From His high throne of glory hears  
 Of souls like thine, the prayers, the tears;  
 Then, whilst you bend the suppliant knee,  
 Then—then, oh Lady! think on me.

*Callanan.*

648. A HINT.

HE that loves a rosy cheek  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires:

As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.  
But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires :  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.  
For if your beauties once decay,  
You never know a second May.

*Carew.*

649. THE SIGH OF THE REJECTED LOVER.

WELL, thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too ;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest, and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot ;  
But let them pass—oh, how my heart  
Would hate him, if he loved thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
I thought my jealous heart would break ;  
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,  
Its father in its face to see ;  
But then, it had its mother's eyes,  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away,  
While *thou* art blest, I'll not repine,  
But near thee I can never stay—  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
 My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm; I knew the time  
 My breast would thrill before thy look:  
 And now, to tremble were a crime—  
 We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
 Yet meet with no confusion there;  
 One only feeling couldst thou trace—  
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away, away! my early dream  
 Remembrance never must awake;  
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?  
 My foolish heart be still, or break!

*Lord Byron.*



650. CRAVING FOR AN UNKNOWN LOVE.

WHERE waitest thou,  
 Lady I am to love? thou comest not;  
 Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot;  
 I look'd for thee ere now!

It is the May,  
 And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,  
 Only we two seek fondly each the other,  
 And seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?  
 I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams!  
 Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,  
 Why do we never meet?



Thou art as I—  
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee;  
We cannot live apart, must meeting be  
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!  
That Time doth keep for us some happy years,  
That God hath portion'd out our smiles and tears,  
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet!  
And therefore let our searching be the stronger,  
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,  
Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet!

Therefore I bear  
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,  
Patiently waiting for the bright spring-day  
That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May-light  
That crimson all the quiet college gloom;  
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room;  
And so, dear wife, good night!



#### 651. A LOVE PICTURE.

**W**HENCE that completed form of all completeness?  
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?  
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where  
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?  
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;  
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun  
Such folly before thee—yet she had,  
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;  
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,  
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,

Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbèd brow ;  
The which were blended in, I know not how,  
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,  
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,  
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings  
And plays about its fancy, till the stings  
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.  
Unto what awful power shall I call?  
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,  
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet  
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose  
From out her cradle-shell. The wind out-blows  
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion ;  
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million  
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,  
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed  
Handfuls of daisies.

*Keats.*

652. THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet could he speak  
Alas ! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him : I now would give  
My love could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death !  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,  
And this lone bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years  
Wept he as bitter tears !

'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,  
 'These may she never share!'—  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,—  
 And oh! pray, too, for me.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

—••—

### 653. PEACE! LET ME GO.

**P**EACE! Let me go, or ere it be too late;  
 Dip not your arrows in the honey-mead;  
 Paint not the wound through which my heart doth bleed;  
 Leave me unmock'd, unpitied, to my fate—  
 Peace! Let me go.

Think you that words can smooth my rugged track?  
 Words heal the stab your soft white hands have made,  
 Or stir the burthen on my bosom laid?  
 Winds shook not earth from Atlas' bended back—  
 Peace! Let me go.

What though it be the last time we shall meet—  
 Raise your white brow, and wreath your raven hair,  
 And fill with music sweet the summer air;  
 Not this again shall draw me to your feet—  
 Peace! Let me go.

No laurels from my vanquish'd heart shall wave  
 Round your triumphant beauty as you go.  
 Not thus adorn'd work out some other's woe—  
 Yet, if you will, pluck daisies from my grave!  
 Peace! Let me go.

*Cassels.*

654. HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
 Their place ye may not well supply,  
 Though ye among a thousand try,  
 With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,  
 Yet cannot I by force be led  
 To think upon the wormy bed,  
 And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
 A rising step, did indicate  
 Of pride and joy no common rate,  
 That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
 I shall it call — if 'twas not pride,  
 It was a joy to that allied,  
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
 Which doth the human feeling cool,  
 But she was train'd in Nature's school;—  
 Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind, —  
 Ye could not Hester

My sprightly neighbour' gone before  
 To that unknown and silent shore,  
 Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
 Some summer morning

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
 Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
 A bliss that would not go away,  
 A sweet forewarning?

*Charles Lamb.*

## 655. MY LADY SLEEPS.

**S**TARS of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her her lover keeps  
Watch, while in slumbers light  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

*Longfellow.*



## 656. GOLDEN WORDS.

**A** WIFE'S a man's best piece; who till he marries,  
Wants making up: she is the shrine to which  
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;  
She was a scion taken from that tree,  
Into which, if she has no second grafting,  
The world can have no fruit; she is man's  
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number  
And multiply himself in his own children;  
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's

First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants,  
Cannot be trusted to posterity,  
Nor pay his own debts; *she's a golden sentence*  
*Writ by our Maker, which the angels may*  
*Discourse of, only men know how to use,*  
*And none but devils violate.*

*Shirley.*

657. LOVE'S SYMPATHY.

O H! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove,  
My heart were truly desolate  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been  
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?  
Ah, no! that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than labour'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth;  
Though known in days of past delight,  
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd  
So much in friendship's name,  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim!

But ah! from them to thee I turn,  
They'd make me loathe mankind,  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take:  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

---

658. LOVE'S TREASURY.

YE tradeful merchants, that with weary toil  
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,  
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil,  
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?  
For lo! my love doth in herself contain  
All this world's riches, that may far be found.  
If sapphires, lo! her eyes be sapphires plain;  
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies round;  
If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and sound;  
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;  
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;  
But that which fairest is but few behold,  
Her mind adorn'd with virtues manifold.

*Spenser.*

---

659. SWEET VISIONS.

WHEN day has smiled a soft farewell,  
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,  
And shadows sail along the green,  
And birds are still and winds serene,  
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,  
 Dear are the dreams that bless my view.  
 To memory's eye the maid appears,  
 For whom have sprung my sweetest tears  
     So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care  
 She binds her braids of sunny hair,  
 I feel her harp's melodious thrill  
 Strike to my heart, and thence Be still,  
     Re-echoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,  
 Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,  
 See young Love beating in her breast,  
 And wish to mine its pulses press'd, —  
     God knows how fervently !

Such are my hours of dear delight,  
 And morn but makes me long for night,  
 And think how swift the minutes flew,  
 When last amongst the dropping dew  
     I wander'd silently.

*Camoens.*

#### 66a. LOVE'S WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning —  
 Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning  
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !  
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,  
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,  
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
 And the linnets are singing, ' True lovers don't sever. '

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them !  
 Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom ;  
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;  
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.



O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,  
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour;  
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,  
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning;  
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!  
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, 'True lovers don't sever!'

*Thomas Davis.*

---

661. SONG: HOW MANY TIMES DO I LOVE  
THEE, DEAR?

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere  
Of a new fall'n year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of eternity:  
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?  
Tell me how many beads there are  
In a silver chain  
Of evening rain  
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,  
And threading the eye of a yellow star:  
So many times do I love again.

*Beddoes.*

---

662. SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

**S**HE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be ;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me.  
 Oh, then her eye was bright,  
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—  
 To mine they ne'er reply ;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The love-light in her eye:  
 Her very frowns are sweeter far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

663. A WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

**Y**OU took me, Henry, when a girl, into your home and heart.  
 To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part ;  
 And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,  
 Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in  
 woe?

No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee ;  
 For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world  
 to me.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a  
 throne ;

There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim :  
 I cry, 'Oh! Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on  
 him!

Behold him toil, from day to day exhausting strength and  
 soul ;

Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make  
 him whole !'

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,  
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!  
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,  
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—  
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no  
wrong.

I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;  
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got  
Suffice to make me fair to thee; for more I murmur not;  
But I would ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;  
Of knowledge, that you prize so much, may I not something  
know?

Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;  
Make me companion for your soul as I may surely be;  
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're  
away,  
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,  
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers:  
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;  
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your  
mind.



664. TO A STOLEN RING.

O H for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue  
To whisper of thy secrets, I could lay  
Upon thy jewelled tracery mine ear,  
And dream myself in heaven. Thou hast been worn  
In that fair creature's side, and thou hast felt  
The bounding of the haughtiest blood that e'er  
Sprang from the heart of woman; and thy gold  
Has lain upon her forehead in the hour  
Of sadness, when the weary thoughts came fast,

And life was but a bitterness with all  
Its vividness and beauty. She has gazed  
In her fair girlhood on thy snowy pearls,  
And mused away the hours, and she has bent  
On thee the downcast radiance of her eye  
When a deep tone was eloquent in her ear.  
And thou hast lain upon her cheek and prest  
Back on her heart its beatings, and put by  
From her vein'd temples the luxurious curls,  
And, in her peaceful sleep, when she has lain  
In her unconscious beauty, and the dreams  
Of her high heart came goldenly and soft,  
Thou hast been there unhidden, and hast felt  
The swelling of the clear, transparent veins  
As the rich blood rushed through them, warm and fast.  
I am impatient as I gaze on thee,  
Thou inarticulate jewel! Thou hast heard  
With thy dull ear such music!—the low tone  
Of a young sister's tenderness, when night  
Hath folded them together like one flower—  
The sudden snatch of a remembered song  
Warbled capriciously—the careless word  
Lightly betraying the inaudible thought  
Working within the heart, and more than all,  
Thou hast been lifted, when the fervent prayer  
For a loved mother, or the sleeping one  
Lying beside her, trembled on her lip,  
And the warm tear that from her eye stole out  
As the soft flash came over it, has lain  
Amid thy shining jewels like a star.

*N. P. Willis.*

---

## 665. QUESTION AND REPLY.

**T**ELL me what thou lovest best?  
Vernal motion? Summer rest?  
Winter, with his merry rhymes?  
Or the grand autumnal times?  
Dost thou Saxon beauty prize?  
Or, in England, love-lit eyes?  
Or the brown Parisian's grace?  
Or the warm-souled Bordelaise?  
Or the forehead broad and clear  
Which the Italian Damas wear,  
Braiding round their night-black hair  
Circe-like?—Or the Spanish air,  
Where the Moor has mixed his blood  
With the dull Castilian flood,  
Giving life to sleepy pride?  
Tell me where wouldst thou abide,  
Choosing for thyself a season,  
And a mate—for sweet Love's reason?

Nought for country should I care  
So my bride were true and fair:  
But for her—O! she should be  
(Thus far I'll confess to thee)—  
Like a bud when it is blowing;  
Like a brook when it is flowing  
(Marr'd by neither hot nor cold);  
Fashion'd in the lily's mould—  
Stately, queen-like, very fair;  
With a motion like the air;  
Glances full of morning light,  
When the morn is not too bright;  
With a forehead marble pale,  
When sad Pity tells her tale;  
And a soft, scarce-tinted cheek,  
(Flushing but when she doth speak);

For her voice, 't should have a tone  
Sweetest when with me alone :  
And Love himself should seek his nest  
Within the fragrance of her breast.

*Barry Cornwall.*

666. JULIA'S LETTER.

THEY tell me 'tis decided ; you depart ;  
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain ;  
I have no further claim on your young heart,  
Mine is the victim and would be again.  
To love too much has been the only art  
I used ;—I write in haste, and if a stain  
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears ;  
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,  
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,  
So dear is still the memory of that dream ;  
Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast ;  
Neen can deem harshlier of me than I deem ;  
I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—  
I've nothing to reproach or to request.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range  
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart ;  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;  
Men have all these resources, we but one—  
To love again and be again undone.

You will proceed in pleasure and in pride  
Beloved, and loving many ; all is o'er  
For me on earth, except some years to hide  
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core !

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
The passion which still rages as before,  
And so farewell forgive me, love me—No,  
That word is idle now; but let it go.

My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;  
But still I think I can collect my mind;  
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,  
As roll the waves before the settled wind;  
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
To all, except one image, madly blind;  
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

I have no more to say, but linger still,  
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,  
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,  
My misery can scarce be more complete:  
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;  
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,  
And I must even survive this last adieu,  
And bear with life to love and pray for you.

*Lord Byron.*

---

667. A PLEA FOR LOVE.

THE summer brook flows in the bed  
The winter torrent tore asunder;  
The skylark's gentle wings are spread  
Where walk the lightning and the thunder:  
And thus you'll find the sternest soul,  
The gayest tenderness concealing,  
And minds, that seem to mock control,  
Are ordered by some fairy feeling.

Then maiden! start not from the hand  
That's hardened by the swaying sabre —  
The pulse beneath may be as bland  
As evening after day of labour:

And maiden start not from the brow  
That thought has knit and passion darken'd;  
In twilight hours 'neath forest bough,  
The tenderest tales are often hearken'd.

*Thomas Davis.*

---

668. JUBILATE.

JUBILATE, I am lovèd,  
And his lips at length have said it;  
Long since in his eyes I read it,  
But I thought it could not be,  
Ah! what happiness for me!

Jubilate! I am lovèd,  
Now am I like a little queen,  
And very pleasant 'tis I ween;  
What soe'er I do or say  
Seemeth good and right alway.

Jubilate! I am lovèd!—  
To see him kneeling at my feet,  
Oh! it is sweet—'tis very sweet!  
Every day and every hour  
Do I glory in my power.

Jubilate! I am lovèd;  
So dearly lovèd, that till I prayed  
I was more than half afraid.  
Lord! forgive my sins, and make  
Me pure and good for his dear sake!

Jubilate! I am lovèd!  
Lord! forgive my glorying!  
To thy dear cross I meekly cling!  
Let the love he beareth me  
Lead him—lead us both—to Thee.

*Elizabeth Youatt.*

---



669. A WOMAN CONTEMPLATING A  
HOUSEHOLD GOD.

**D**OMESTIC love! not in proud palace halls  
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;  
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls  
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;  
With hum of bees around, and from the side  
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring  
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;  
And many a bird to warble on the wing  
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth  
fling.

Oh, love of loves!—to thy white hand is given  
Of earthly happiness the only key!  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter even,  
When the babes cling around their father's knee;  
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea  
Meets the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.  
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come  
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume.

*Croly.*

## 670. AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG.

**F**AIRER than thee, beloved,  
Fairer than thee—  
There is but one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,  
Bright though its beams—  
Not the green earth, beloved  
Silver with streams.

Not the gay birds, beloved,  
Happy and free  
Yet there's one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,  
Glowing with light;  
Not, fairer still, beloved,  
Star crown'd night.

Truth in her night, beloved,  
Spotless and free,  
Is the one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved,  
Truth dwelling there  
Shall shadow forth, beloved,  
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,  
That thou art she,  
And there'll be nought, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

671. METRICAL FEET.

**T**RÔCHÉE trips from long to short:  
From long to long, in solemn sort,  
Slow Spēndee stalks, strong foot yet ill able  
Ever to come up with Dactyl trissyllable.  
Iambles march from short to long:  
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng.  
One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
Amphibrach's hastes with a stately stride,  
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer  
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-tail'd racer.

Coleridge.



# THE LOVERS' DICTIONARY.

---

*Note.*—The following references have, each, two distinct numbers attached to them. The *first* indicates the *page*, the *second* the *section* of that page. Every page is divided, for facility of reference, into four sections numbered, in small figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, outside the border and in the margin.

In this index, wherever it has been practicable, the *exact* words of the authors have been inserted, so as to guide the eye more readily to the passage itself, but, as it was frequently impracticable to compress several lines—sometimes a whole stanza—into one entry, the *most obvious* *ideas* of the subject has, then, furnished the heading, and the references have been repeated, as copiously as possible, under such other synonymous words as would most naturally suggest themselves to an enquirer.

---

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
A better land of bliss, beyond the sky .....	359	.. 2
A bird's release on the death of its mistress .....	108	.. 2
A boy, wet through, half starved .....	570	.. 3
A brook, when it's flowing .....	612	.. 3
A bird, when it's blowing .....	612	.. 3
A castle in the air .....	336	.. 1
A cheap heart to sell.....	160	.. 3
A confession .....	312	.. 1
A damsel's venal heart to gain .....	512	.. 3
A dancing shape.....	172	.. 1
A dream remembered in a dream .....	539	.. 1
A dupe to fashion .....	263	.. 1
A fearful thing is woman's love .....	244	.. 2
A garland for thy head.....	505	.. 2
A gaze, something more than words .....	103	.. 4
A girl's paramount duty .....	27	.. 4
A grace and goddess no more.....	334	.. 2
A harp tone from a cherub's hands .....	295	.. 4
A heart that lov'd in vain .....	247	.. 2
A husband's love against the world .....	294	.. 2
A jilt, a common curse.....	222	.. 4
A lady and her spark.....	328	.. 4

	<b>Page</b>	<b>Number of Lines</b>
A lady, the Graces, and Venus .....	96	4
A landscape described .....	132	6
A lassie never made for living alone .....	98	3
A lassie's thoughts of love .....	98	2
A light the eyes can never see again .....	432	4
A little is enough to be steadfast .....	543	2
A little lady of mine the proudest .....	530	2
A lock is but a ray .....	333	2
A long and sleepless night .....	338	4
A long farewell to love, gave .....	428	1
A torn memorial .....	175	4
A love that asks return and asks no more .....	585	3
A lover, forsaken, a new love they get .....	327	6
A lover, in his thirty-second year .....	236	1
A lover must be absent-minded .....	383	3
A lover must cut his fingers, not his heart .....	383	3
A lover once blest is a lover no more .....	589	1
A lover's birthday offering .....	236	1
A lover's love, how it is to be told .....	256	4
A lover's suit .....	246	3
A maid to my mind .....	268	3
A man, of dancing never tired .....	270	1
A man's heart broke .....	41	1
A man that's neither high nor low .....	269	4
A man to be silent, if required .....	270	1
A meet companion soon I'll be .....	610	3
A music never heard but once .....	432	4
A mighty shock .....	560	3
A nation's worshipp'd idol owns love lord .....	311	3
A perfect woman .....	172	3
A plague on the lingers .....	95	1
A plea for love .....	614	3
A pledge of more than passing life .....	512	4
A pressure of thy yielding hand .....	524	2
A promise and a mystery .....	512	4
A rainbow through the storm .....	295	4
A rent behind .....	563	3
A reverie came o'er me .....	547	1
A scrup in the realms of rest .....	429	2
A snowdrop, unwarmed by flattery's breath .....	295	4
A soul sincere, proffered .....	513	1
A spirit, yet a woman .....	172	1
A spring, beneath a hawthorn bower .....	391	3
A stranger tore the wraths of love .....	445	2
A sunbeam o'er life's tears .....	295	4
A sweet forwarning .....	603	4
A tale whose tenderness no love can reach .....	228	1
A teacher of those little ones .....	610	3
A trifle's token .....	83	3
A type of thee .....	509	1
A virgin's language .....	441	1
A weary lot is thine .....	306	2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
A white flag in my rear, with .....	564	.. 2
A widow'd bed .....	122	.. 3
A wife's a man's best piece .....	604	.. 4
A wife's prayer .....	609	.. 4
A word is but a wave of air .....	355	.. 3
A word unto the wise .....	465	.. 3
A woman contemplating a household god .....	616	.. 1
A woman kind.....	377	.. 3
A woman's mocking scorn .....	33	.. 3
A young man up a tree.....	563	.. 1
A youth, a clause in nature's laws .....	355	.. 3
Abide, where would'st thou? .....	612	.. 2
Abiding love of a forsaken one .....	99	.. 2
Abigail, of, few lines have bragg'd in verse .....	591	.. 4
Above my life still hangs that love intact.....	596	.. 2
Absence.....	300	.. 1
Absence.....	490	.. 1
Absence.....	569	.. 1
Absence calls the sorrowing sigh .....	429	.. 4
Absence, can, calm this feverish thrill?.....	493	.. 3
Absence, I mourn thy, charming maid .....	478	.. 4
Absence, in, count every minute .....	284	.. 2
Absence, magic power of.....	184	.. 3
Absence may cure my pain.....	513	.. 4
Absence, no conqueror of love .....	363	.. 4
Absence, this, shall be a noble task-time .....	569	.. 4
Absence, wakes the latent flames .....	184	.. 3
Absent lover, the, to his betrothed .....	442	.. 2
Absolute monarchy in the heart .....	515	.. 1
Accents sad and low, in .....	456	.. 3
Acceptance, feigned .....	409	.. 3
Acteon and Dian .....	564	.. 4
Action, man's world .....	434	.. 1
Ada.....	584	.. 1
Address, a lover's .....	357	.. 4
Adieu! .....	444	.. 3
Adieu, bid.....	391	.. 1
Adieu, drop a tear and bid .....	391	.. 2
Adieu, feign.....	393	.. 1
Adieu for evermore, my love! .....	506	.. 3
Adieu! I'll leave thy heart a dying .....	571	.. 2
Adieu to thee, love! .....	363	.. 3
Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid.....	231	.. 1
Adjuration of a lover .....	188	.. 4
Adore, I only you .....	420	.. 3
Adore, though hopeless .....	228	.. 2
Adore, though she disdain .....	186	.. 4
Adored, for a warm heart .....	201	.. 3
Adored for the fairy intelligence of her face .....	201	.. 3
Ador'd the beauties which I gave .....	224	.. 1
Adoring crowds before her fall .....	263	.. 1
Adornment of a humble maid .....	240	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Adversity makes love sublime .....	438	.. 2
Adversity makes love sublime .....	574	.. 2
Advice to a beauty .....	268	.. 2
Afar from thee! praise unheeded .....	548	.. 2
Afar from thee! slumbers from my pillow flee.....	548	.. 3
Afar from thee! 'tis solitude .....	548	.. 1
Affection .....	170	.. 2
Affection, all desire, a place in her .....	484	.. 1
Affection, can rob both sense and reason .....	316	.. 2
Affection, exchanging glances of .....	550	.. 4
Affection, first.....	326	.. 3
Affection, my fond, thou hast seen .....	605	.. 1
Affection, none deserve, a place in her.....	484	.. 1
Affection sad will drop a tear.....	284	.. 3
Affection, spell of .....	125	.. 2
Affection, the safety of.....	245	.. 3
Affections and the world .....	459	.. 4
Affections, a wife's feminine .....	93	.. 4
Affection's care, few griefs beyond .....	519	.. 2
Affection's heart-drops .....	195	.. 2
Affections, kind, beam round the eyes .....	336	.. 3
Affection's kiss, the fervor of .....	358	.. 1
Affection's light upon my husband's tomb.....	295	.. 2
Affection's mingling tears .....	195	.. 3
Affection's tale told by blushes .....	593	.. 4
Affection's, true, woman's inward world .....	434	.. 1
Affection's warmest tears, frozen .....	476	.. 1
Affections, wealth cannot buy .....	213	.. 1
Afraid to speak till spoken to.....	259	.. 3
After-friendship, feeble .....	285	.. 1
After you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom .....	607	.. 4
Age.....	354	.. 4
Age can ne'er impair my heart's unchanging love .....	506	.. 1
Age, lose an age to obtain love .....	480	.. 2
Age, love in .....	238	.. 4
Age, o'erclouds the brow with cares.....	392	.. 3
Age, trembles at the approach of .....	334	.. 1
Age, wasted on vain regrets .....	138	.. 1
Age will follow .....	409	.. 4
Aged couple, the strong ties of an.....	23	.. 4
Agony of love, and power of pride .....	435	.. 3
Ah! could I hear thee!.....	444	.. 1
Ah! could I see thee! .....	444	.. 1
Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate.....	489	.. 2
Ah! what happiness for me .....	615	.. 2
Air, modest, so fatally beguiling .....	489	.. 3
Air, the soul-dissolving .....	396	.. 2
Alas! he's seated in my heart.....	472	.. 2
Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak .....	315	.. 3
Alas! I give my heart to love! .....	333	.. 2
Alas! I have naught but love.....	512	.. 4
Alas! I love you over well .....	405	.. 4

	PAGE	REF. TO
Alas! thy cruelty!	487	2
Alas! what need I boast, now	214	4
A ham, an, da, da, and a purr, purr	140	2
Allan, lines written to him	14	9
All the groups the staff	311	1
Are in battle	515	4
Alexander	215	1
Alexis calls me cruel	471	1
Alive to memory none	171	3
All beauty a lie	122	1
All converse in one short speaking	441	2
All desires and hopes	160	1
All for what they most admire	161	4
All given to me	475	1
All good argues more than	511	7
All have some heart to respond to thee	511	2
All has comfort only here	411	3
All I ask, or pray, I see	444	1
All is done, where love is true	475	4
All must yield to nature	58	4
All my former letters broke	516	1
All my love was once repaid	214	2
All my hopes with thee	111	4
All my soul and all my heart	191	1
All my soul will still be here	191	1
All my task on earth is done	111	1
All that are wings to my heart	111	1
All our past and future	460	1
All our earthly joys destroyed by death	111	1
All rapture then, when it but trembles near	411	1
All, shall return to bring it	191	1
All that is mine in death shall sleep	111	4
All is mine and delighting	179	1
All tastes pleasure and desire, content	411	1
All to me, let a love	168	1
All that makes her cup a bitterness	417	2
All that makes life poetry and beauty	417	1
All the charms of nature Amanda's beauty bear	168	2
All the flowers were there	179	1
All things fade away	191	1
All things merge in a law divine	191	1
All that is mine to love	141	1
All that is mine to love, worth, give	176	4
All that is mine to love, worth, give	176	2
All that is mine to love, worth, give	176	1
All we lack, is a smile	111	4
All which must be here and never told	111	1
All your graces, and all as you love	475	4
All your wrongs and all as you love	279	1
Almighty love	214	1
Alone!	11	1
Alone	11	3



	Page	Author
Alone .....	226	1
Alone .....	306	2, 2, 3
Alone, although I loved him not .....	177	3
Alone, another Eden .....	290	2
Alone, neither could subsist .....	279	2
Altered face .....	334	3
Altered heart .....	309	1
Always have something smart to say .....	170	1
Amanda .....	321	2
Amanda, make the dear, mine .....	404	3
Amanda, pride of my song .....	321	1
Amanda's winning form .....	226	2
Amber clouds .....	99	4
Amber studs .....	407	4
Amber studs, cannot move me .....	408	4
Ambition, wealth, and fame, going to woo .....	499	3
Ambition, wealth, and fame, hated .....	499	3
Amorous haste .....	184	4
Amorous sighs, the richest odour .....	331	3
Amours involontaires .....	348	3
Amphibrachys .....	617	4
Amphimacour .....	617	4
Amulet, an .....	578	1
Amy and Maud, two cousins .....	42	1
Amy, a fairy rosy and bright .....	42	1
Amy, betrays her love .....	42	4
Amy, pale, with parted lips .....	42	4
Anapests .....	617	4
An angel where GOD is king .....	175	2
An apology for having loved before .....	555	2
An awkward tale to tell .....	228	1
An early marriage blessed .....	293	4
An earnest of what life would be .....	581	4
An eastern sceptre thrown at love's feet .....	311	3
An earthly image comes my soul between .....	439	4
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul .....	439	4
An honest man's reasons for parting with a coquette .....	87	3
An ideal wife described .....	336	4
An old proverb reversed .....	178	3
Ancient rhyme, gladdening our hearts with .....	545	4
And Mary's sun is low .....	501	3
And must we part ? then fare thee well .....	597	1
And so I have valued my chair ever since .....	447	2
And there'll be nought fairer than thee .....	617	3
And think of me ! .....	556	2
And THY calm glory, FATHER, throned above .....	439	4
And wilt thou leave me thus ? .....	481	4
And write how dear I love thee .....	507	3
Angel of my dreams why do we never meet ? .....	599	4
Angel innocence .....	411	4
Angel-like disguise .....	511	2
Angel phantom, an .....	443	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Anger something of an, in a woman . . . . .	172	1
Anger to all lovers beside you . . . . .	173	3
Anger's eyes . . . . .	345	1
Anger, which like us . . . . .	345	2
Angel wings faith that mounts on . . . . .	246	4
Angel's face a crimson lake . . . . .	115	3
Angel's wings where they sing . . . . .	128	4
Angel's face but woman's face . . . . .	181	1
Angels forget their hymns to hear you speak . . . . .	420	3
Angels long to stay with you . . . . .	420	3
Angels love . . . . .	51	2
Angels eye through eternity . . . . .	223	3
Angels or passions will make you so . . . . .	383	1
Angels will the ill . . . . .	441	2
Angels the most lovely a fall . . . . .	500	2
Angels the flatter of . . . . .	246	4
Angels watch I'll a sweet pair . . . . .	659	4
Anger a handsome . . . . .	69	4
Anger but no glory then to sweeten wrath . . . . .	181	1
Angry flashes light our eyes . . . . .	209	4
Angry look when feigned I love you best . . . . .	271	1
Angry old parting souls of . . . . .	274	1
Angry war . . . . .	172	1
Angry storms of earthly woe . . . . .	246	4
Angry share not in low life . . . . .	420	2
Angry long and angry . . . . .	510	1
Angry wear me from mine, here . . . . .	176	1
Angry wear a capless . . . . .	166	4
Angry to . . . . .	147	1
Angry bring it to a life . . . . .	72	2
Angry one of an ear meeting . . . . .	27	2
Angry one of life with an idea will . . . . .	117	2, 3, 4
Angry one of the first world on meeting . . . . .	119	2
Angry one of the first world on meeting . . . . .	119	2
Angry great home to love . . . . .	111	2
Angry things suppose your husband a . . . . .	558	1
Angry the soul of sweet wing . . . . .	111	4
Angry the soul of love . . . . .	111	4
Angry song of triumph . . . . .	479	1
Angry n, a . . . . .	171	4
Angry will it show a fall if sweet sleep . . . . .	241	1
Angry throw us up a ball . . . . .	241	1
Angry about the broken . . . . .	187	1
April . . . . .	532	1
April lay love to an . . . . .	359	1
April affects on flowers and birds . . . . .	207	1
April once a day . . . . .	514	1
April comes and goes . . . . .	504	1
Arch . . . . .	581	4
Arch . . . . .	179	4
Ardent love . . . . .	180	2
Arduous of the soul . . . . .	40	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Are you happy, Barbara? .....	595	.. 4
Ariadne, in her bower .....	192	.. 1
Arithmetic, a man's, his wife.....	604	.. 4
Ark, an, of whitethorn .....	10	.. 4
Arm, an ivory .....	421	.. 4
Arm in arm, we wandered .....	442	.. 4
Arm in my arm .....	544	.. 2
Armour, old .....	446	.. 2
Arms, clasping .....	248	.. 2
Arms, embraces of your .....	216	.. 4
Arms of a duellist, ring and licence .....	185	.. 2
Arms, milk white .....	576	.. 3
Arms, their curve .....	26	.. 2
Arms, the linked, can feel the beating heart .....	432	.. 4
Arms, to thy fond, retiring.....	448	.. 3
Art and charms, I might be tied, with .....	482	.. 3
Art of charming.....	390	.. 4
Art of loving .....	390	.. 4
Art of sighs, the.....	241	.. 1
Art, I am proof against all.....	419	.. 2
Art in wounding, Cupid's .....	390	.. 2
Art, powerless to add grace to nature .....	223	.. 1
Art, subtle, known by thy hand.....	273	.. 1
Art thou free from sin? .....	19	.. 4
Art, without desire to show how much .....	380	.. 3
Artifice, love's.....	198	.. 4
Artless blush, so fatally beguiling.....	489	.. 3
Artless elegance .....	500	.. 1
Artless gaze, thy.....	493	.. 4
Arts, little torturing .....	221	.. 2
As I began so will I end .....	410	.. 1
As much beauty as could live.....	255	.. 4
As much virtue as could die .....	255	.. 4
Aspasia's face, perfect .....	422	.. 2
Asunder, we tore ourselves .....	495	.. 4
At last I shall believe it as other people do .....	541	.. 4
At times, all her pride forsakes her .....	531	.. 1
Attention, all, when Philander speaks .....	260	.. 2
Attraction of souls .....	236	.. 4
Auburn tresses .....	443	.. 1
Aurelia .....	451	.. 4
Autumn beam, our.....	430	.. 2
Avarice must be coupled with cares .....	287	.. 2
Avert from us the spirit's chill .....	519	.. 3
Avoid the enchanting pain .....	323	.. 4
Avowals of love constantly required .....	21	.. 4
Awake, my fair, awake.....	227	.. 1
Awaking, the bachelor .....	143	.. 3
Awe and fear should my love awake .....	227	.. 4
Ayr, the.....	71	.. 2, 3
Ayr, the, natural beauties of .....	71	.. 3
Azure-bell.....	75	.. 2

*Dictionary.*

627

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Babbler, n. is a laughing-stork	464	4
Babewing around their father's knee	616	1
Babbling at my knee	574	3
Bachelor discomforts	47	1, 4
Bachelor discomforts	48	1
Bachelor dreamt that he stung and swore	141	3
Bach for deception	44	1, 2
Bachelor, the, awaking from his dream	141	3
Bachelor's, a moral for	48	4
Baker's bill the	141	4
Baller, chanting scene in	545	4
Ball-dress and country dress	14	4
Ball-room, an anecdote of place there	18	3
Balm that baffles every woe	448	4
Balm of love	477	1
Balm on a wayward soul	17	3
Balm, medicine for the mind	410	3
Banano, from a little much doer	425	4
Bananas, the land of	557	1
Barbara, can you resist?	591	4
Bargain from brokers	446	1
Bark guided by a star	471	5
Bark, my is launched	491	3
Darren waste a so wretched tho so free	198	4
Beak of silver white	109	2
Beau's life a crowded sky	581	3
Bear and fatbear	519	4
Bear with life to love and pray for you	614	5
Bear up to heaven: love's own al-sh	440	1
Beatrice	120	1
Beat by order his	511	1
Beats ends and the ladies have their	129	1
Beats the sick	159	4
Beats alpha by rule	511	3
Beats supplies his want of art by dyes	511	3
Beats whose and counts on show	511	3
Beats the heart of a	168	6
Beats the things as the pure desire of man	461	2
Beats a of complexion	171	1
Beats so down and never know a second May	486	3
Beats a decline	71	3
Beats a lies, whither I follow her	545	3
Beats of ye know love show him	168	2
Beats know no second May	578	1
Beats the watch where I find her not	545	1
Beats you not alone love	173	4
Beats a how alerting and bright she was	555	1
Beats a of fancy pushes you	163	2
Beats, when it fades from a love falls	151	2
Beats a shot from gun	183	1
Beats a soldier and three gleams	151	1
Beats, a west from the sky	203	1

	Page	Number of Lines
Beauty, after death, retires to her native planet .....	377	2
Beauty, all hearts do duty to her .....	385	3
Beauty and accomplishments .....	34	2
Beauty and hope, fare ye well .....	425	3
Beauty and prudence .....	589	1
Beauty and nature .....	157	4
Beauty and temper kindly bleed .....	277	3
Beauty and the buds of love's sowing .....	404	3
Beauty and wealth, went away together .....	431	3
Beauty and wit, where most valued .....	190	1
Beauty, as much as could live .....	253	4
Beauty, beautified by a blush .....	292	2
Beauty, bidden to disappear .....	214	3
Beauty, blows and withers together .....	486	3
Beauty, brittle .....	483	4
Beauty, buds and fades together .....	486	3
Beauty, can never die .....	317	7
Beauty, changing .....	260	3
Beauty, clothes the forest in leaves .....	203	1
Beauty, compared to lily and rose .....	514	3
Beauty draws us with a single hair .....	63	4
Beauty dreams of absent .....	430	3
Beauty drew his ruin on .....	235	3
Beauty emblems of .....	270	2
Beauty, engraven in the .....	168	4
Beauty fades away .....	514	3
Beauty faultless, made in thy form .....	462	4
Beauty, fear not her, to adore .....	474	4
Beauty, found out her mistake .....	451	1
Beauty, frail! .....	394	4
Beauty, from thy, came mine error .....	409	2
Beauty, gleam'd a face of, like to thine .....	595	2
Beauty hath no fairer book .....	415	2
Beauty, in a little woman .....	466	1
Beauty, in earth, air and sea .....	98	4
Beauty, in man's commanding frame .....	98	4
Beauty, in the East .....	42	1
Beauty, inward, shall never be extinguished .....	317	1
Beauty, its graces and airs .....	258	1
Beauty, will wear thy, on my heart .....	434	3
Beauty, Jove's materials for a .....	261	3
Beauty, lain in her unconscious .....	611	2
Beauty, let me feed on thy .....	577	3
Beauty, like a bright robe .....	203	1
Beauty, like the night .....	81	1, 2
Beauty, like wit, to be shown .....	190	1
Beauty, maiden, wasting away .....	204	4
Beauty, man's polar star .....	98	4
Beauty may sicken .....	238	2
Beauty, mine, he that loved it died to-day .....	214	4
Beauty, Mrs. Lloyd's composition .....	268	4
Beauty, most dear when most fleeting .....	486	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Beauty, naught but thy, fills my mind .....	468	.. 4
Beauty, no, to be concealed .....	385	.. 1
Beauty, none like that in a young eye .....	98	.. 4
Beauty, not all thy agon can make me love thee .....	419	.. 1
Beauty, not an outward show .....	316	.. 4
Beauty, nought but red and white .....	481	.. 4
Beauty of stella's frame .....	310	.. 4
Beauty, oh, I missed .....	404	.. 4
Beauty, outward, shall perish .....	316	.. 4
Beauty, place of rest of the spirit of .....	67	.. 3
Beauty, power of Mammon over .....	53	.. 2
Beauty rare .....	33	.. 4
Beauty, remembered love, too late .....	451	.. 2
Beauty, senses moved by .....	179	.. 3
Beauty, sets the world on fire .....	95	.. 3
Beauty shining through a tear .....	504	.. 3
Beauty, might for I see a fresh flower .....	451	.. 3
Beauty, something of Lath passed from thy brow .....	358	.. 3
Beauty, sooner done than winter a sun .....	485	.. 4
Beauty, sooner past than summer rain .....	485	.. 4
Beauty, spark from, effects of a .....	291	.. 3
Beauty, spirit of, at eve .....	68	.. 1
Beauty, spirit of, at morn .....	67	.. 3
Beauty, spirit of, at night .....	67	.. 3
Beauty, spirit of, at noon .....	67	.. 4
Beauty, spirit of, at twilight .....	68	.. 1
Beauty, spirit of, everywhere .....	68	.. 1
Beauty, stains all faces .....	479	.. 3
Beauty, strength and grace .....	216	.. 4
Beauty, tempted by the gains of wealth ..3.....	450	.. 4
Beauty, the, at court .....	190	.. 3
Beauty, the bride who stood in, by my side .....	318	.. 4
Beauty, the burden of my song .....	176	.. 1
Beauty, the conquest of thy .....	481	.. 4
Beauty, the crown of .....	467	.. 3
Beauty, the eternal model of .....	463	.. 1
Beauty, the fond carress of .....	319	.. 1
Beauty, the holy spell thy wove .....	304	.. 4
Beauty, the object of sweet love .....	Back of Title.	
Beauty, the pride of youthful husband .....	33	.. 1
Beauty, the radiant touch of .....	310	.. 1
Beauty, the ready penny .....	248	.. 3
Beauty, the receipt to form a .....	261	.. 3
Beauty, the stars in whose flesh shine .....	432	.. 1
Beauty, the worst thing about woman .....	95	.. 1
Beauty, thou for unmatched .....	379	.. 4
Beauty, thy, I discover .....	379	.. 2
Beauty, thy, lingers yet .....	393	.. 1
Beauty, thy, wears a stranger's face .....	393	.. 1
Beauty, to show what Nature's lineage could afford .....	253	.. 3
Beauty, too late thy fatal, and thy tears .....	598	.. 3
Beauty, track of the spirit of .....	67	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Beauty, turned a cold ear to love .....	451	.. 1
Beauty, vainly described by idle wits .....	316	.. 1
Beauty, varying every hour .....	460	.. 1
Beauty, wealth, and love.....	450	.. 4
Beauty, wears beneath the wings of time .....	392	.. 3
Beauty, what known by .....	67	.. 3
Beauty, what Jove mixed up to form a beauty.....	261	.. 4
Beauty, whence its powers? .....	316	.. 2
Beauty, woman's, and the blight of wrong .....	434	.. 1
Beauty writes her name, where.....	344	.. 2
Beauty, yield to time .....	376	.. 2
Beauty's art, what it hides .....	370	.. 2
Beauty's bloom and time .....	393	.. 4
Beauty's eye.....	161	.. 1
Beauty's eyes, doth love live in? .....	411	.. 2
Beauty's fall and the angels .....	100	.. 2
Beauty's feet, lie whole ages at a .....	186	.. 4
Beauty's flower, crop in time .....	486	.. 3
Beauty's frame, the soul of.....	421	.. 4
Beauty's grace, praise of .....	481	.. 3
Beauty's most celestial ray .....	396	.. 2
Beauty's pensive eye .....	150	.. 4
Beauty's praise, my tongue shall chant her .....	227	.. 1
Beauty's proper sphere.....	190	.. 1
Beauty's rays are streaming .....	368	.. 1
Beauty's ringlets and the zephyrs.....	144	.. 2
Beauty's smile.....	586	.. 3
Beauty's smile, love's thorn .....	51	.. 1
Beauty's sweet, but frail .....	485	.. 4
Beauty's tongue renders poetry more tuneful .....	1	.. 4
Beauty's wounds, cured by a tongue .....	183	.. 2
Beaver, the wool of the .....	387	.. 2
Becalmed lovers .....	276	.. 1
Be complying and kind .....	589	.. 3
Be content to know, not see .....	306	.. 2
Bedlam, for those who show love .....	480	.. 4
Bee, an amorous.....	121	.. 3
Bee, have you tasted the bag of the.....	387	.. 2
Bee, the, its lay of love, its subject, thee .....	509	.. 2
Bee, to a lady stung by a.....	275	.. 1
Bees, around, with hum of .....	616	.. 1
Bees, the hum of .....	525	.. 2
Before TRY sight in solitude unscaled.....	439	.. 2
Beg, and beseech, with the saddest face .....	530	.. 2
Be gay and good humoured.....	589	.. 3
Behold the golden token .....	547	.. 3
Be kind to the gay.....	27	.. 3
Belinda's fate .....	287	.. 1
Bells ringing .....	39	.. 1
Beloved as thou art .....	427	.. 1
Beloved! flew your spirit by? .....	538	.. 4
Beloved one .....	448	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Belt of straw and ivy buds.....	407	.. 4
Belt of straw and ivy buds, cannot move me .....	408	.. 4
Belvidera .....	510	.. 1
Bengala's palmy grove .....	574	.. 3
Benighted.....	499	.. 3
Bereft of bliss.....	272	.. 3
Best and dearest.....	19	.. 1
Best, love betters what is .....	460	.. 3
Betray, my soft consenting looks .....	259	.. 4
Betrayed love .....	101	.. 4
Betrayed me.....	419	.. 3
Betrothed, the absent lover to his.....	442	.. 2
Bewitched me quite .....	555	.. 1
Bid me not go where Nature grieves as well as I .....	487	.. 2
Bidden love laughs and flies .....	576	.. 1
Bidding of an aged leaf .....	528	.. 1
Bills, weekly .....	143	.. 3
Bind love to last for ever.....	576	.. 2
Bind me ever, to.....	417	.. 2
Bind the aspen .....	576	.. 2
Bind the lily's odour.....	576	.. 2
Bind the sea.....	576	.. 2
Binding vow, was broken .....	347	.. 2
Birth, consenting planets smiled upon her .....	174	.. 1
Birth, her virtues grace her .....	380	.. 3
Birthday offering, by a lover.....	236	.. 1
Bits, palfreys play upon their .....	412	.. 4
Bitter are the wrongs of love .....	210	.. 1
Bitter tears .....	52	.. 1
Bitter tears .....	177	.. 3
Bitterst word of earth's despair.....	213	.. 3
Bird, a, and its new fledged pinions.....	222	.. 1
Bird, a, escapes from its cage.....	222	.. 1
Bird, born in a land of gold .....	209	.. 2
Bird, golden plumaged .....	552	.. 2
Birds and cages .....	237	.. 2
Birds grow tame with kindness.....	589	.. 3
Birds, melodious, sing madrigals .....	407	.. 3
Birds, sung their thankful hymns.....	10	.. 2
Birds, the, have matins said .....	10	.. 2
Birds, the song of .....	525	.. 2
Birds, what are they to the nightingale ? .....	89	.. 1
Black locks .....	576	.. 3
Blame, a creature for .....	172	.. 2
Blame of all my grief and grame .....	462	.. 4
Blank pages of an album .....	140	.. 2
Bleak world of mourning.....	212	.. 1
Bleeding feet, hidden by silken robes .....	27	.. 2
Blend gentleness with our love .....	519	.. 4
Bless thee .....	304	.. 4
Bless thee .....	305	.. 1
Bless, thou my path can cheer and .....	469	.. 2



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Blessed above, all they do is sing and love.....	382	.. 3
Blessed lot, weeping for my.....	312	.. 1
Blessed, thy love hath .....	122	.. 4
Blessedness and truth .....	538	.. 2
Blessing his love in death .....	128	.. 2
Blessings shared with a departed wife .....	16	.. 2
Blessings, vacant .....	448	.. 4
Blest, Englishmen's wives counted .....	5	.. 4
Blest, the spell that, my heart .....	494	.. 1
Blest, with a woman's mind .....	360	.. 4
Blest, wholly, with thee alone .....	548	.. 1
Blight, the bearer of a .....	345	.. 2
Blighted .....	123	.. 3
Blighted, hearts undimm'd midst the .....	212	.. 3
Blighted hopes, like withered flowers .....	76	.. 2
Blighted love .....	151	.. 2
Blighted love shall never blow again .....	476	.. 2
Blind, I blush to think I was so.....	481	.. 4
Blind, the, eat many flies.....	376	.. 2
Blind, ye could not Hester .....	603	.. 3
Bliss, a better land of, beyond the sky.....	399	.. 2
Bliss, all human, summed in the word love .....	151	.. 4
Bliss, bland pressure of timid fingers, thrilling .....	443	.. 1
Bliss, bright plan of .....	245	.. 4
Bliss, created by the mind .....	279	.. 2
Bliss, earth was a round of.....	590	.. 3
Bliss, fancied forms of .....	126	.. 4
Bliss, genuine .....	444	.. 2
Bliss, heaved thy breast .....	573	..
Bliss, intermingling glance of .....	239	.. 2
Bliss, interrupted by cares .....	284	.. 2
Bliss, in the wreck of all our hopes, there's .....	572	.. 3
Bliss, lips of.....	183	.. 4
Bliss, love has .....	576	.. 1
Bliss, memories of .....	358	.. 1
Bliss, no respite to our .....	333	.. 4
Bliss, own thou art my.....	469	.. 1
Bliss, perfect, not enjoyed till time is destroyed .....	238	.. 2
Bliss, precarious .....	323	.. 2
Bliss, purer, destroyed by wanton flames .....	274	.. 1
Bliss, sanctuary of .....	432	.. 1
Bliss, story of distant .....	510	.. 3
Bliss, the future and past.....	295	.. 2
Bliss, the heaven of my .....	401	.. 4
Bliss, thou wert all my.....	542	.. 1
Bliss, time of generous .....	99	.. 3
Bliss, we pursue the fleeting .....	370	.. 1
Bliss, we'd make our love a lasting .....	520	.. 2
Bliss, why refuse the blameless? .....	423	.. 1
Bliss, without design.....	273	.. 3
Blissful dream, where now the? .....	398	.. 4
Blissful state, experience of a .....	61	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Blithe and gay changed into grief.....	457	.. 1
Blood hardened into gold.....	19	.. 3
Blood, her, in the rose and peach .....	381	.. 4
Bloom, can know no second spring .....	524	.. 1
Bloom in thy breast, may they .....	422	.. 4
Bloom, not so strong as pain and pride .....	26	.. 3
Blooms, borrowed from the skies .....	431	.. 1
Blooms, on earth from Paradise.....	431	.. 1
Blooming beauty .....	514	.. 2
Blooming morn, the .....	10	.. 1
Blossoms, in Eden grown .....	209	.. 3
Blossoms, why do they not call forth love? .....	316	.. 3
Blue, beams of .....	576	.. 3
Blue-bell, lushest, darkest .....	601	.. 2
Blue bells, tender .....	425	.. 4
Blue-eyed Anne .....	496	.. 2
Blue eyes, loving, but dimmed .....	23	.. 4
Blue eyes, sweet .....	22	.. 4
Blue flower in my garden, there's a .....	541	.. 1
Blue skies .....	25	.. 2
Blush, a bashful look.....	292	.. 2
Blush, a tongue in which nectar lies .....	292	.. 2
Blush, a, will be sure to speak .....	310	.. 1
Blush of crimson dye .....	123	.. 4
Blush, lines on a.....	292	.. 2
Blush, power of a .....	292	.. 2
Blush, softly beams and shines .....	141	.. 2
Blush, tender, of rosy light .....	141	.. 1
Blush, the radiant, of beauty.....	310	.. 2
Blush, the sensitive .....	201	.. 1
Blush, the shadowy .....	74	.. 2
Blush, the, that rises beneath the curls .....	310	.. 1
Blush, the, that grows beneath thy gaze.....	301	.. 4
Blush, to hide the tender.....	397	.. 1
Blush, to think I was so blind .....	481	.. 4
Blush, what it seems to tell.....	141	.. 2
Blushes and zephyrs .....	144	.. 1
Blushes, burning, speak my shame .....	392	.. 3
Blushes, rising.....	489	.. 3
Blushes, soft, tinge her cheeks .....	429	.. 1
Blushes, when your love runs in .....	258	.. 2
Blushes, yielding, then cheeks colour true .....	479	.. 4
Boat-shell of pearl .....	25	.. 2
Bob-tail, wagging his stiff .....	563	.. 4
Body and soul bound, in love .....	132	.. 1
Bold, not too backward or too .....	543	.. 1
Bondage, friendship makes it sweet .....	274	.. 4
Bondage, the dear .....	274	.. 2
Bonnie Kate, I prize thee.....	219	.. 2
Bonnie Lady Ann .....	491	.. 4
Bonnie Lady Ann .....	492	2, 3, 4
Book of judgment .....	175	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Books are but little worth .....	300	.. 3
Books, silly old .....	446	.. 1
Boots at Scarborough .....	36	.. 2
Borrowed plumes .....	224	.. 2
Bosom, all my own .....	594	.. 1
Bosom, clear as the azure deep .....	229	.. 3
Bosom, come back to my .....	405	.. 3
Bosom, gentle .....	218	.. 3
Bosom, give my life up on her .....	249	.. 2
Bosom, heaving, sigh for me .....	480	.. 1
Bosom, I clasp'd her to my .....	495	.. 3
Bosom, my, starts .....	464	.. 2
Bosom, strive to hide the joy my, feels .....	260	.. 3
Bosom, the, brightened by love.....	145	.. 2
Bosom, the yielding, closely twined .....	397	.. 3
Bosom, to be kept free from stain.....	229	.. 3
Bosom's beat, I feel thy .....	248	.. 1
Bosom's plighted .....	449	.. 2
Bound to earth by the silver cord.....	304	.. 4
Bourdelaire, the warm sonied ? .....	612	.. 2
Bower, amidst the barren sand and rocks .....	536	.. 4
Bowers where angels sweet division sing .....	228	.. 4
Bow, wow, wow .....	563	.. 2
Boyhood's first warm glow .....	339	.. 1
Boyhood's years .....	180	.. 4
Boys and girls, bring in May .....	11	.. 1
Bracelet, a, cannot make a prisoner.....	216	.. 4
Bracelet, to B. R., in return for her.....	216	.. 3
Braided locks .....	600	.. 4
Brain, the potent mischief riots in the .....	397	.. 4
Brains, sad sonneteer wants .....	513	.. 2
Breast .....	121	.. 4
Breast, at rest, in outward show .....	435	.. 3
Breast of snow, head bowed on her .....	272	.. 2
Breast, happy .....	261	.. 1
Breast, heaving .....	183	.. 4
Breast, jewel of my doting .....	127	.. 3
Breast, my heart doth faint upon thy .....	248	.. 2
Breast, one corner of your .....	262	.. 2
Breast, see young love beating in her .....	607	.. 2
Breast, spurn'd .....	122	.. 1
Breast, strife of the passions in my .....	204	.. 1
Breast, take me to thy .....	404	.. 4
Breast, tenanted by truth .....	346	.. 3
Breast, the herald of, a sigh .....	398	.. 1
Breast, the hidden wound within my .....	403	.. 3
Breast, wish to mine hers was press'd .....	607	.. 2
Breasts, do not conceal those, of thine.....	384	.. 3
Breasts, that beat .....	452	.. 4
Breath of love, wandering free at noon .....	344	.. 1
Breath of his love .....	34	.. 1
Breath, its effects on a wreath .....	4	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Breath, like the sweets from the hawthorn .....	405	.. 2
Breath o' heaven is atween the lips .....	492	.. 3
Breath, scent of, not to be concealed .....	384	.. 3
Breath, thy, Jove's frankincense .....	289	.. 3
Breathe their little lives away .....	422	.. 4
Breathed, for thee alone .....	399	.. 2
Breathing, thy, lingers on my cheek .....	443	.. 2
Breaths, deep, shuddering .....	561	.. 4
Breeze, sweet is the gentle .....	226	.. 3
Breists, lapt in a holy veil .....	491	.. 4
Bridal ballad .....	547	.. 1
Bridal Moom .....	174	.. 1
Bridal-flowers .....	13	.. 4
Bridal roses .....	251	.. 4
Bridal, the saddest sight of all .....	526	.. 3
Bridal-day song .....	56	.. 1
Bride, a beautiful .....	61	.. 2
Bride, a fair emblem of virgin simplicity .....	61	.. 2
Bride, and her husband .....	340	.. 3
Bride, betrothed, of the nightingale.....	163	.. 4
Bride, dearness of a lovely .....	22	.. 4
Bride, owes no charms to jewels .....	240	.. 2
Bride, parents and kinsmen looked at the .....	568	.. 1
Bride, the plighted, must part from friends .....	558	.. 1
Bride, they deck thee for a .....	526	.. 2
Bride, the mother, dearer than the blushing .....	358	.. 4
Bride, true and fair .....	612	.. 3
Bride, who stood in beauty by my side .....	358	.. 4
Bride, young, fair as the morning.....	402	.. 1
Bride's cheeks .....	15	.. 1
Bride's dance .....	14	.. 4
Bride's eyes .....	15	.. 2
Bride's feet, like little mice.....	14	.. 4
Bride's finger, too small for the ring .....	14	.. 3
Bride's lips .....	15	.. 2
Bride's pathway strewn with flowers .....	14	.. 2
Bridegroom, an envied .....	61	.. 2
Bridegroom, by thy side .....	526	.. 2
Bridegroom, greeting for a Hebrew .....	58	.. 4
Bridegroom's pathway strewn with flowers .....	14	.. 2
Bridehouse, sacred to Nature's children .....	14	.. 2
Brier, the bud of the.....	387	.. 2
Bright as the morning star.....	485	.. 3
Bright charms.....	240	.. 4
Bright locks blanch'd .....	580	.. 1
Brighter hours.....	579	.. 3
Brighter than the brightest star to me .....	434	.. 3
Brightness of nature at Scarborough .....	35	.. 3
Brine of the sea .....	182	.. 3
Briny wave, the, and Venus' charms .....	229	.. 2
Britain, court of, the court of love .....	190	.. 2
Brittle-ware, woman.....	470	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Broke my heart, the spell that .....	424	.. 4
Broken friendships.....	224	.. 4
Broken-hearted .....	18	.. 4
Broken-hearted .....	206	.. 4
Broken, though my faith be .....	547	.. 3
Broken, though my heart be .....	547	.. 3
Broken vow .....	51	.. 4
Broken vow, not to be repaired by taunts .....	101	.. 4
Broken vows .....	128	.. 2
Brood, heart-struck, o'er each broken vow.....	51	.. 4
Brook, the murmur of, speaks of love and thee .....	508	.. 3
Brotherhood and sympathy.....	170	.. 2
Brow, enthrones the graces.....	479	.. 2
Brow, like the moon .....	205	.. 3
Brow, lovely, of white .....	505	.. 4
Brow, orb'd.....	601	.. 1
Brow, so soft, calm, and eloquent.....	81	.. 4
Brow, that thought and passion darkened .....	615	.. 1
Brow, thine alabaster .....	443	.. 1
Brow, upon her, peace sits .....	450	.. 1
Brow, where beauty writes her name .....	344	.. 2
Brow, white and holy .....	3	.. 1
Brows, her arch'd .....	383	.. 1
Brows, her, like bended bows .....	585	.. 1
Bubbles of folly .....	339	.. 4
Buckles of gold .....	407	.. 4
Build a wall about you.....	516	.. 2
Bull-dog, standing under.....	563	.. 1
Bulrushes .....	426	.. 2
Buried feelings .....	339	.. 3
Burn, to, when afar .....	396	.. 4
Burning cheeks, wet, from Constantia's song .....	12	.. 4
Bushes green .....	475	.. 4
Bud and beam shed love in Eden's grove.....	581	.. 2
Bud, in life's dark wilderness .....	581	.. 2
Buds, many, ne'er grow to flowers .....	392	.. 2
But now 'tis past, it cannot be .....	597	.. 2
Bygone years, when I was as thy brother .....	522	.. 4
By heaven and earth, I love thee!.....	507	.. 2
By your truth she shall be true .....	532	.. 2
Cages and birds .....	237	.. 2
Call a spade a spade .....	373	.. 3
Campaspe, what she won, at cards, of Cupid .....	222	.. 1, 2
Cane-bottom chair, described.....	446	.. 4
Cane-bottomed chair, never would change it.....	446	.. 4
Canine creature .....	563	.. 4
Cannot tell what love may be.....	464	.. 2
Can't make up my mind which to choose .....	105	.. 1
Cape, go, pass the .....	556	.. 3
Cards, playing at, for kisses .....	252	.. 1
Care and age come unawares .....	354	.. 3
Care and grief tread on the heels of joy.....	234	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Care, how constant is the lover's . . . . .	314	1
Carious arms . . . . .	265	2
Carious love . . . . .	151	1
Carious loved, without art . . . . .	452	1
Carious lover, the . . . . .	388	3
Cars it takes a wife-leader . . . . .	13	1
Cars more sweet than life . . . . .	15	2
Cars that sweet life's current to a flood . . . . .	169	3
Carriage heightening on thy cheeks . . . . .	136	4
Carriage sweet hour of prime . . . . .	227	1
Carriage . . . . .	154	1
Carriage, startled by carious . . . . .	555	2
Carriage, how she sported with my heart . . . . .	553	3
Carriage, my cousin . . . . .	551	1
Carriage, my potted . . . . .	554	4
Carriage, potted . . . . .	269	3
Cases of different souls . . . . .	236	4
Cassia in the air . . . . .	128	1
Cassia, wing . . . . .	568	1
Cassia, wing . . . . .	578	2
Cassia, how like a hymn doth sweet, sound . . . . .	591	4
Cassia, her stature like the tall . . . . .	552	4
Cassia, love . . . . .	120	2
Cassia . . . . .	70	4
Cassia, how every neighbor's reputation . . . . .	130	1
Cassia has and to be . . . . .	215	1
Cassia, in a borrowed sphere . . . . .	313	1
Cassia, invited to a duel . . . . .	185	1
Cassia, know 'twas I that gave thee thy renown . . . . .	317	2
Cassia, made famous by the poet's verse . . . . .	317	2
Cassia, not to dart lightning at the poet . . . . .	317	1
Cassia, the poet's star . . . . .	317	1
Cassia, stripes in the poet's skin . . . . .	317	3
Cassia, to . . . . .	317	4
Cassia, why she was loved . . . . .	215	4
Cassia, face . . . . .	215	5
Cassia, hair . . . . .	215	4
Cassia, power, and power on the power . . . . .	317	2
Cassia, pride and the poet's remonstrance . . . . .	317	2
Cassia, power . . . . .	215	4
Cassia, shape . . . . .	215	3
Cassia's throat, the lightning's winking . . . . .	318	1
Cassia, instead of even . . . . .	317	1
Cassia, the bottle of a cup, despised . . . . .	213	4
Cassia, that binds up hearts and souls . . . . .	405	4
Cassia, of virtue and constant love . . . . .	417	2
Cassia, once with a belated . . . . .	523	3
Cassia, the case attended . . . . .	445	4
Cassia, broke her and . . . . .	405	2
Cassia, if they have feeling . . . . .	487	1
Cassia, to meet face to face . . . . .	165	2
Cassia, this, is pleasant to you, friend, and me . . . . .	446	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Chance, by, pairs may meet and love .....	244	.. 1
Change of hearts, its effect .....	418	.. 4
Change of name .....	440	.. 3
Change of religion, for love, falsehood .....	109	.. 4
Change of scene cannot change love .....	38	.. 2
Change in yourself and me .....	224	.. 1
Change, no mortal .....	340	.. 4
Change, the .....	418	.. 2
Change, the germ of, in hearts .....	520	.. 1
Changed like thee, I too am .....	571	.. 4
Changeful minds and unchanging gems .....	535	.. 3
Changeless, heartfelt, holy, love .....	341	.. 1
Changeless still .....	580	.. 2
Changing, do none fear in the .....	379	.. 4
Changing, from all, keep thou me .....	379	.. 4
Chanting some old ballad .....	545	.. 4
Chantry service, sung by doleful thought .....	587	.. 4
Chaplet of flowers .....	226	.. 3
Chaplets of fresh spring flowers .....	227	.. 2
Charities, chief in woman .....	73	.. 2
Charm, every, and grace .....	489	.. 4
Charm, nameless .....	475	.. 2
Charm of a keepsake, never broken .....	125	.. 2
Charm'd with each other .....	551	.. 3
Charmer, from every other, free .....	263	.. 3
Charmer, greet with a ditty on her waking .....	226	.. 3
Charming, your heart of .....	390	.. 4
Charms and mind .....	291	.. 1
Charms divine .....	396	.. 2
Charms, feeding fancy on her .....	187	.. 3
Charms, gentle as air .....	263	.. 2
Charms, her, may beguile .....	474	.. 2
Charms, meekly glow .....	175	.. 2
Charms, men adore and women hate .....	452	.. 1
Charms, more fragrant than the damask rose .....	263	.. 2
Charms of a little finger .....	3	.. 2
Charms, of all her, I love to speak .....	429	.. 4
Charms of Celia .....	215	.. 4
Charms of first love .....	152	.. 2
Charms of hue and smell .....	468	.. 1
Charms of love .....	147	.. 2
Charms, other, may make tears trickle .....	576	.. 1
Charms, pride of a wife's .....	22	.. 4
Charms, refreshing as descending rains .....	263	.. 2
Charms, shall glow where angels dwell .....	581	.. 4
Charms, soft as the down of turtle dove .....	263	.. 2
Charms that kindle everlasting love .....	514	.. 4
Charms that wealth supplies .....	399	.. 1
Charms, those .....	278	.. 2
Charms thought on .....	601	.. 1
Charms you call your dearest blessing .....	499	.. 3
Chaste hearts, in, blooms a deathless flower .....	460	.. 1

Dictionary.

639

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Chaste woman, a priceless gem	158	2
Chastened and schooled	439	1
Cheap treasures of all the churches of the East	446	1
Chick, a very level line	525	3
Chick, a dabbler	421	4
Chick a fluttering a tender tale	174	1
Chick a perfect	562	4
Chick a twain, my and the rose	261	1
Chick blushing	557	4
Chick slowly pale as e'er her hair	192	1
Chick grow rose and cherry	479	2
Chick her grew flame	411	1
Chick her in the red-p	131	1
Chick her was very eloquent	554	1
Chick a comb, gave space for eyes	554	4
Chick my is cold as white	417	2
Chick never niggard in sorrow a gleam of gold	204	4
Chick new year come in the	426	1
Chick of a lady's mouth	50	1
Chick of this face	151	4
Chick soft, was so tested	612	4
Chick, that dispassion the feelings of the heart	116	2
Chick, her cover as it broke	154	3
Chick the pain	24	1
Chick the tendering	429	1
Chick to be no longer her	419	4
Chick this pain was never	457	1
Chick thy breath, a golden melody	441	2
Chick thy of brightness	441	1
Chick tinged with red	411	9
Chick varying in lines caught from the night	416	1
Chick with and waste	254	3
Chicks equal states	621	1
Chicks in the air, lightening on the	125	4
Chicks, cold and hot	271	2
Chicks, come there a new yielding blush	479	4
Chicks from God a pair to glowing red	401	4
Chicks like a pair	15	1
Chicks, burning blushes on her	107	1
Chicks my speech, with cup to her	471	4
Chicks of some untouched by art	479	4
Chicks a pair here	429	1
Chicks soft blushes to her	429	1
Chicks that glow	652	4
Chicks touch with the finger of God	612	1
Chicks valiantly coming	211	3
Chicks white and red	11	1
Chicks, written in her	441	1
Chicks, love and duty	581	2
Chicks a line out of the	414	4
Chicks, all were there, to	449	1
Chicks, the rose of darker days	411	1



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Cherries and pearls .....	580	.. 1
Cherries, in the paradise of her face .....	585	.. 4
Cherries, where they grow .....	87	.. 4
Cherry, lips richer than the .....	577	.. 2
Cherry-blossoms .....	426	.. 1
Cherry ripe themselves do cry .....	585	.. 4
Chess, Love with a lady played at .....	599	.. 1
Chestnut hair .....	141	.. 3
Chestnut trees, old .....	583	.. 1
Chidden and bidden love .....	576	.. 1
Chidden love stays longest .....	576	.. 1
Chide, to, in fondness .....	397	.. 2
Chiding streams betray small depth .....	543	.. 5
Child, a bright link in the chain of love .....	399	.. 1
Child, a part of thee. ....	610	.. 1
Child, blessed with a fairy .....	399	.. 1
Child, favorite, kissed for its mother's sake . ....	196	.. 3
Child, its father's face and mother's eyes .....	196	.. 4
Child of many prayers .....	354	.. 3
Child of weakness, boasting .....	20	.. 2
Child, the rose-mark on a long lost .....	539	.. 1
Child's first accents .....	122	.. 4
Childhood .....	354	.. 3
Childhood's happy moments .....	141	.. 2
Children playing .....	142	.. 3
Children scream .....	143	.. 3
Children, the lisp of .....	525	.. 2
Children's minds, a priceless mine .....	298	.. 3
Chilling age, the, that chides devoted rapture .....	589	.. 4
Chin, no lily or rose in the .....	486	.. 1
Chin, within the luxurious, all the graces fair .....	567	.. 2
China, old, all crack'd .....	446	.. 2
Chivalry, love not won by .....	366	.. 3
Chloe .....	256	.. 1
Chloe .....	277	.. 2
Chloe and clouds .....	329	.. 4
Chloe is my real flame .....	421	.. 1
Chloe, purchasing love .....	167	.. 2
Chloe, weeping .....	283	.. 1
Chloe's artful hand, beauteous work of .....	224	.. 4
Chloe's eyes, I fix my soul in .....	421	.. 1
Chloe's lovely neck .....	225	.. 1
Chloris .....	262	.. 3
Chloris, and her voice .....	382	.. 2
Chloris, before her glass .....	290	.. 2
Chloris, buys love by weight .....	166	.. 4
Chloris, can every life, but mine, recall .....	263	.. 2
Chloris, her perfection .....	289	.. 4
Choice, a prudent .....	248	.. 2
Choice, appeal to Venus for advice in his .....	106	.. 1
Choice of a man .....	269	.. 4
Choice, happiness of a .....	279	.. 1

# Dictionary.

641

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Choice, proud of my, though hopeless.....	514	1
Choice, thou wert my soul's delighted....	127	2
Choose the picture of my .....	567	1
Choose whom thou wilt .....	419	1
Choosing a woman and a taste .....	612	7
Choose like old plate .....	248	1
Christ-an-namoo .....	591	1
Christian loves to the end .....	213	6
Church .....	183	2
Churchyard, my father sleeps there .....	338	1
Churchyard, old and gray .....	325	1
Cigars, a ragged old jacket perfumed with .....	413	4
Civic revelry from, to rural mirth .....	515	7
Clare, a not-for-love excuse enough?	591	1
Clasping hands .....	19	2
Clay (fear) is porcelain of human .....	510	2
Clay, they had too little .....	549	4
Clear from the mist, sustain the heart that dies .....	440	1
Clement .....	186	1
Clementine .....	165	1
Clio .....	310	2
Clock of life, a wife's nearest time .....	31	4
Cloud, a simile for womanhood .....	112	7
Cloud changes to tomb and shroud .....	457	4
Cloud, every woman is a .....	310	1
Clouds and Clio .....	329	4
Clouds and calico dresses .....	329	1
Clouds and the silks have their tears .....	329	1
Clouds and women .....	328	1
Clouds and women wondrously alike .....	329	1
Clouds make reflection .....	329	1
Clouds in all we have loved with .....	417	4
Cold, life may catch but not confine .....	278	1
Cold and careless look .....	500	1
Cold and courageous never have conquered .....	470	1
Cold and dead my soul's love is .....	475	1
Cold and heartless gaze .....	44	2
Cold as ice .....	471	1
Cold, I would not have thee .....	541	1
Cold part a .....	274	1
Cold without whilst warm within .....	475	1
Cold world clothed in glorious .....	145	1
Conceal breast, I flame the .....	449	1
Conceal by candle light not the same by day .....	511	1
Combat of Love and Fear .....	181	5
Combat of wind and water .....	454	1
Come back to my bosom .....	405	1
Come has my love .....	166	4
Come forth like spring time, fresh and green .....	10	2
Come forth, my fair .....	217	1
Come forth, my love .....	217	1
Come in the evening .....	607	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Come, in the morning .....	607	.. 3
Come, when you're look'd for.....	607	.. 3
Come, without warning .....	607	.. 3
Come live with me, and be my love .....	407	.. 2
Come, thou lover .....	430	.. 3
Come to my arms .....	498	.. 4
Come, thou maiden, sweet and young.....	430	.. 4
Comely countenance and grace .....	4	.. 4
Comfort, important trivial things .....	17	.. 1
Common curse, a jilt.....	222	.. 4
Commonwealth, not to be a .....	516	.. 4
Companion, wife, friend .....	279	.. 1
Compass, none to guide .....	471	.. 2
Completeness, completed form of all .....	600	.. 3
Compliments .....	252	.. 4
Compliments of face and figure .....	252	.. 4
Composition of Mrs. Lloyd.....	261	.. 4
Concentrated strife of love.....	136	.. 2
Condemned to nurse eternal care .....	50	.. 2
Confess I love thee.....	468	.. 4
Confession of love, a.....	561	.. 3
Confession, the .....	441	.. 1
Confession, tender .....	22	.. 1
Confidence and peace .....	322	.. 2
Connubial blisses, dream of .....	142	.. 3
Conquests of the eyes undone by an idle tongue .....	183	.. 2
Conscience, a voice of holy speaking .....	21	.. 2
Consciousness of Nature's weakness.....	21	.. 1
Consecrate to thee, each moment, in worthy deeds.....	569	.. 3
Consenting lovers wear wreaths of flowers .....	270	.. 3
Consenting planets smiled upon her birth.....	174	.. 1
Consoling love.....	239	.. 3
Constancy and light love.....	517	.. 1
Constancy and love, when proved by woman .....	254	.. 3
Constancy, its reward .....	516	.. 1
Constancy, manly .....	232	.. 3
Constancy to blue-eyed Anne .....	496	2, 3, 4
Constant, as gliding waters .....	263	.. 3
Constant avowals of love delightful.....	21	.. 4
Constant in love our sports will change .....	415	.. 1
Constant love, for all weathers .....	543	.. 4
Constant love, lasting evermore .....	543	.. 3
Constant love, is moderate .....	543	.. 3
Constant love, I will restore .....	543	.. 3
Constant love, can never know defeat.....	543	.. 4
Constant love, never can rebel .....	543	.. 4
Constant love, such I would gain.....	544	.. 1
Constant love, such thou must give.....	544	.. 1
Contemplation .....	233	.. 1
Content, I am with little well .....	543	.. 2
Contentment and true love .....	444	.. 2
Contrast between love and the weather .....	259	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Conversation tires .....	360	.. 2
Converse sweet .....	385	.. 4
Cook, must be a currier, where a .....	357	.. 2
Cooler creature, a .....	221	.. 1
Cooler shades of love, the .....	10	.. 4
Coquet, dear .....	220	.. 4
Coquet, freedom from the deceit of a .....	220	.. 4
Coquette, folly of a .....	87	.. 4
Coquette, her probable regret .....	87	.. 4
Coquette, parting with a .....	87	.. 3
Coquette, the decayed .....	334	.. 1
Coquette, too forward .....	268	.. 4
Coquetry, effect of .....	222	.. 2
Coquettes, brisk, like rattling hail .....	320	.. 4
Coral clasps .....	407	.. 4
Coral clasps, cannot move me .....	408	.. 4
Coral lip .....	397	.. 4
Coral lips .....	384	.. 4
Corinna, saved me by her wit .....	510	.. 1
Corinna, the last chant of .....	305	.. 2
Corn fields .....	527	.. 4
Costly toys our silly fair surprise .....	211	.. 4
Cottage, a lone .....	246	.. 3
Could be what I have been .....	580	.. 4
Count every minute in absence .....	224	.. 2
Country cheer, greenest depths of .....	431	.. 4
Country hearts .....	190	.. 1
Country, love in the .....	414	.. 4
Country, naught should care for .....	612	.. 3
Courageless and cold, never win .....	460	.. 4
Courtesy, love not won by .....	367	.. 2
Courting, the golden age of .....	545	.. 4
Courtly nymphs say he cannot love .....	373	.. 4
Courtship, hints on .....	122	.. 1
Courtship, end of, joy yet sadness .....	583	.. 2
Counterfeits of art .....	565	.. 4
Cousin Cary, no coquet .....	554	.. 4
Cowbird, green .....	426	.. 1
Craft can cloak much .....	413	.. 2
Creation united by the chain of love .....	152	.. 1
Creature, double-hearted .....	230	.. 3
Crème de la crème toilette .....	27	.. 4
Crime, growth of, restrained by God .....	20	.. 1
Crimson cheek, from fever'd heart .....	313	.. 2
Crocodile, woman's tears like a .....	373	.. 1
Crowned with light .....	405	.. 2
Crown us with love's crown .....	250	.. 2
Cruel beauty's pride .....	269	.. 2
Cuckoo's, the, plaintive roundelay .....	153	.. 4
Cupid, a hoe and cry after .....	266	.. 1
Cupid and Polly at play .....	185	.. 4
Cupid and the lesser powers of love .....	226	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Cupid and the muse .....	257	.. 2
Cupid, believe the wound from .....	390	.. 2
Cupid, blind.....	390	.. 1
Cupid despises all garments .....	40	.. 1
Cupid exchanged his shafts for the sleeping nymphs .....	265	.. 2
Cupid, his stakes, while playing for kisses .....	252	.. 1
Cupid, in a cool Aonian glade .....	257	.. 2
Cupid, invoked .....	390	.. 1
Cupid nothing to do with Hymen's affairs.....	286	.. 4
Cupid, nourished secretly.....	404	.. 1
Cupid, on a cameo, described .....	321	.. 3
Cupid, pick'd the ingredients to form a beauty.....	261	.. 3
Cupid, robb'd of his darts and stripp'd of power .....	257	.. 3
Cupid, robb'd of his torch .....	221	.. 1
Cupid, seeking Venus .....	477	.. 1
Cupid sends Hymen to rail at Plutus .....	286	.. 4
Cupid, shot his bow, at his host.....	571	.. 1
Cupid tames the fierce and bold.....	321	.. 4
Cupid, the cheat of .....	570	.. 1
Cupid, the rose, and the bee .....	164	.. 2
Cupid tries his bow .....	571	.. 1
Cupid's arrows .....	478	.. 1
Cupid's art, I do not profess .....	374	.. 1
Cupid's badge worn in the heart .....	374	.. 1
Cupid's darts acquired new force .....	257	.. 4
Cupid's entreaty to Jove .....	261	.. 3
Cupid's eyes, won by Campaspe.....	252	.. 2
Cupid's name no longer powerful .....	221	.. 1
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold .....	470	.. 2
Cupids will chant, we trust in thee .....	575	.. 3
Cupids, recalled by the poet .....	224	.. 2
Cupids yoke the doves of Venus' car .....	274	.. 4
Cure all care .....	404	.. 4
Cure of love, not to be hoped for .....	187	.. 4
Cure my pain .....	487	.. 1
Cure, nor hope to find the wonted.....	510	.. 1
Cured, by a coquet, of pain and passion .....	221	.. 4
Cureless wound, a .....	122	.. 2
Curls of jet .....	206	.. 1
Curls, jetty, in shining ringlets.....	225	.. 1
Curls luxurious .....	611	.. 1
Curse, a, turned to blessing .....	304	.. 4
Curse, I may not .....	305	.. 1
Curse your wedding day, you may be brought to.....	332	.. 3
Curst woman, her sentence.....	234	.. 1
Cunning masked thy lovely words .....	409	.. 3
Cutting the fingers, instead of meat, a sign of love .....	383	.. 3
Dactyl .....	617	.. 4
Dagger, drawn by a Mameluke .....	446	.. 3
Daphne, her form .....	233	.. 4
Daphne, not won by Apollo's being god of physic .....	182	.. 1
Daphne, pursued by Apollo.....	181	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Dalies	38	1
Dalies, handful of	601	2
Dalies pearl'd arc'turi of the earth	415	4
Daisy the	99	6
Dame, pepper-nosed	373	2
Dames so bright, shadows of thy light	481	4
Damon, lord of love	112	1
Damon lives in Dea's heart	110	1
Damp	499	3
Daniel, a, praying for her lover	128	1
Daniel, the broke his unintended dart	194	1
Daniel's, a, nightly prayer	118	2
Daniel's prayer, place of a	118	2
Dance and golden she-were	470	4
Dance a gay dance with thee	501	2
Dance, a, your blood alarms	111	4
Dance and sing, the shepherd swains shall	408	7
Dance sweet to wait the	179	1
Dance, thou didst refuse to	472	3
Dance time to, is not time to woo	111	1
Dancing	500	4
Dancing, never tired of	170	1
Dancing with Mrs. Flood	24	1
Dangers by the moon, she had	555	1
Dared soully speak only in my chamber	545	1
Dark eyes	42	7
Dark eyes in them a power-like light	12	1
Darkness is on the hearth	300	2
Dark ways of life shall not divide us	600	2
Daughter a smile supported by a son	555	1
Date of grief and joy	111	1
Day drama	111	1
Day, I think on thee by	594	4
Day some droop when 'tis	111	1
Day that which seems farther as it draws nearer	151	4
Day, the lord of atmosphere	441	4
Day with joy I see the approaching	145	1
Day without face is darkness	469	1
Daylight, broad	111	1
Days and hours what shall I do with all the	509	1
Days darkest to golden sun go down	170	1
Dead, all night long I talk with the	111	1
Dead, a thought yet not dead soul	611	1
Dead, every grace left the	111	1
Dead, but there, who is forsaken	147	4
Dead love	111	1
Dead, methought my love was	401	1
Dead, a tender thoughts of the, to shade the living	111	1
Dead, not to a revival	177	2
Dead, the lost catfish	174	4
Dead, peace to the soul of the	111	1
Dead soothing to think of the	101	2

			PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Dead, sweet Mary, thou art.....	17	.. 4	202	.. 1
Dead, the, like the stars by day .....			174	.. 4
Dead, the, spirits from bondage set free .....			175	.. 1
Dead, the true-hearted, soon forgotten by man.....			254	.. 2
Dead, the, withdrawn from mortal eye .....			174	.. 4
Dead to each joy the world can give .....			272	.. 3
Dead, voices from the, warnings of eternity .....			176	.. 1
Dead, when I am, boast of a faithful friend .....			410	.. 3
Dead, when I am, no longer mourn for me .....			307	.. 4
Death alone can loose the chain .....			139	.. 4
Death, a tyrant's reign.....			86	.. 2
Death, before the loss of thy esteem.....			379	.. 3
Death can bid the wretched rest .....			194	.. 2
Death of a young lady, on the .....			284	.. 2
Death of hope .....			211	.. 1
Death has told you more than the world doth know .....			596	.. 3
Death, my first proclaim'd thee fair.....			420	.. 1
Death, my second will unthrone thee .....			420	.. 1
Death, not forgotten in .....			18	.. 2
Death only can remove love .....			264	.. 1
Death, still think the face will smile in .....			202	.. 1
Death, swear then my .....			410	.. 2
Death, the mourner's repose .....			83	.. 1
Death, the only dispeller of woman's smile .....			433	.. 4
Death, the silence that accompanies.....			86	.. 1
Death, the victor .....			85	.. 4
Death-bed, flown by fictitious friends .....			128	.. 1
Death's dark gloom .....			126	.. 3
Death's treasures safe .....			580	.. 2
Death's untimely frost .....			495	.. 4
Dear infection, the .....			233	.. 4
Dear is the helpless creature we defend .....			525	.. 4
Dear love of mine, my heart is thine .....			340	.. 1
Dear Mary .....			193	.. 2
Dear the schoolboy spot we ne'er forget .....			525	.. 4
Dear to three hearts .....			22	.. 4
Dearer, each rendered, by sorrow's ties .....			574	.. 1
Dearer now than when our vows were said .....			358	.. 3
Dearest, and best .....			19	.. 1
Dearest of the dear.....			208	.. 1
Dearest, the .....			209	.. 1
Decay, let your love with my life .....			308	.. 1
Decay, to mark thy strength each hour .....			307	.. 2
Declarations cannot be too often repeated .....			22	.. 1
Deceit of a coquet .....			220	.. 4
Deceit of woman.....			373	.. 1
Deceitful .....			224	.. 1
Deceived .....			224	.. 1
Deceived, the, lover to his inconstant lady.....			376	.. 3
Deceivers, lovers prove.....			464	.. 1
December, though you smile, is mighty sad .....			221	.. 3
Deep, the .....			488	.. 3





	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Despotie looks, once tyrants .....	321	.. 3
Dew .....	552	.. 1
Dew, a love, inebriate with.....	424	.. 1
Dew, bespangling herb and tree.....	10	.. 2
Dew of youth, like balm .....	355	.. 1
Dew on the rose, a type of thee .....	509	.. 1
Dewdrop and the rose .....	343	.. 1
Dew-looks, orient pearls .....	10	.. 3
Diamond star .....	26	.. 1
Diamond, what are gems to thee? .....	89	.. 2
Diamond, what are jewels to thee? .....	89	.. 2
Diana woke Endymion with a kiss .....	352	.. 4
Did his arms constrain me? .....	562	.. 4
Did I drop against his breast? .....	561	.. 4
Didst thou my soul enthrall? .....	345	.. 1
Die, he could, whenever he would.....	327	.. 3
Die, in sight of heaven.....	489	.. 4
Die, to wish to .....	397	.. 2
Die, she made to .....	585	.. 2
Dies, wishing and admiring .....	390	.. 3
Difficulty in finding a simile for womankind.....	328	.. 1
Dignity of Eve .....	70	.. 1
Dilemma, a .....	576	.. 2
Dilemma, the .....	364	.. 4
Dimpled cheek.....	493	.. 4
Dimples, bewitching.....	554	.. 3
Dim the soul-born beauty .....	308	.. 2
Disappointment .....	443	.. 2
Discord banished from the bridehouse.....	14	.. 2
Discourse of Love and Reason .....	158	.. 2
Discreet, though young .....	360	.. 4
Disdain and pride .....	276	.. 2
Disdain a rival .....	515	.. 2
Disdain to remain a captive's captive .....	80	.. 1
Disdain, your malice is.....	332	.. 2
Dismal verse of the sonneteer .....	513	.. 2
Display your graces .....	487	.. 4
Dissembled, how ill we all .....	421	.. 2
Dissemblers, the .....	421	.. 1
Dissuaded so sweetly that I love more.....	292	.. 3
Distinguish me from crowds .....	420	.. 2
Distress, a gentle temper pities all .....	228	.. 1
Distress of a Spanish lady .....	5	.. 1
Distress, harass'd by .....	239	.. 3
Disunited .....	123	.. 3
Disunited, still our days are .....	499	.. 2
Ditty, a, to greet a waking charmer .....	226	.. 1
Ditty, sweet as the turtle's song .....	226	.. 3
Divan, no better, than the creaking old sofa.....	446	.. 2
Divided, yet beloved, in vain .....	195	.. 1
Divine beauties .....	73	.. 3
Divorce, nothing can save him but .....	286	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Divorce, the wife compiles, of course . . . . .	286	3
Do not melt away . . . . .	510	4
Does death free from love? . . . . .	461	4
Dog and cat . . . . .	565	2
Dogmatic arguments . . . . .	561	4
Dog star, looking downwards on a dangerous . . . . .	574	1
Domestic love . . . . .	616	1
Domestic life, its dwelling . . . . .	146	4
Do not forget the triviallest point . . . . .	578	1
Don't eat the false . . . . .	483	1
Do . . . . .	582	1
Doom, a love that had an early . . . . .	247	2
Doomed to languish . . . . .	489	2
Doomed to love . . . . .	489	2
Doomed to meet her lovers at her rival's feet . . . . .	114	3
Doomed to rival arms . . . . .	111	4
Do not then frown? beware . . . . .	404	1
Do not then love? . . . . .	404	2
Doubtful creature, a . . . . .	230	3
Doubt, but it is not of . . . . .	231	3
Doubtful meeting . . . . .	1	5
Doubts and fears, toward betwixt . . . . .	471	1
Doubts, my arm is strong . . . . .	577	3
Doubts of lovers removed by frequent avowals . . . . .	21	4
Doves as like the very sun . . . . .	575	2
Doves from the wild chase . . . . .	391	4
Dove, think of the golden link? 'mong angels . . . . .	396	1
Drawing forth the sky a great . . . . .	139	2
Dread deeper gloom . . . . .	571	4
Dream a . . . . .	39	2
Dream a counterfeit . . . . .	511	1
Dream a shadowed to change faces . . . . .	511	1
Dream a fever . . . . .	401	4
Dream a sunset's ideal shrine . . . . .	11	4
Dream away an hour or two . . . . .	572	4
Dream, beauty of nature seen in a . . . . .	8	2, 3, 4
Dream of a husband . . . . .	141	1
Dream of a lover . . . . .	111	2
Dream of the future . . . . .	19	1
Dream of young life a journey . . . . .	111	1
Dream of what his love is like . . . . .	11	1
Dream odours faint like sweet thoughts in a . . . . .	437	1
Dream our past of happiness . . . . .	573	1
Dream should be by us like a lover . . . . .	449	4
Dream the low order awaking from his . . . . .	141	1
Dream thou art followed by a . . . . .	435	1
Dream thou art followed by a . . . . .	117	2
Dream vision's soothing . . . . .	495	1
Dreamlike . . . . .	517	1
Dreaming of love . . . . .	122	2
Dreaming state . . . . .	575	4
Dreams, all day long I think of my . . . . .	117	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Dreams, fancy's .....	168	.. 3
Dreams, I see thee in delicious .....	343	.. 3
Dreams, I see not the features that haunt my .....	443	.. 3
Dreams, make night-shadows bright .....	246	.. 4
Dreams, morning .....	228	.. 4
Dreams, my, forget that witching look .....	393	.. 1
Dreams of delight, unrealised .....	141	.. 3
Dreams of absent beauty .....	430	.. 3
Dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom .....	236	.. 2
Dreams of my lonely bed .....	318	.. 3
Dreams, of the summer night .....	604	.. 3
Dreams, shadows in our .....	579	.. 4
Dreams, tell her her lover keeps watch .....	604	.. 3
Dreams that bless my view .....	607	.. 3
Dreams, their sweetness .....	121	.. 2
Dreams, what sort of wife dances before me in .....	336	.. 2
Dreamy eyes .....	42	.. 3
Dress and neatness in the married .....	334	.. 3
Dress, the gravest matron fond of .....	329	.. 2
Dressed for the ball .....	26	.. 1
Dressed, in neat attire .....	360	.. 3
Dresses at Scarborough .....	36	.. 1
Drest in the spotless marriage robe .....	333	.. 2
Drink to those they would love to hear .....	428	.. 1
Drink ye to her that e'en all ye best .....	427	.. 4
Drive away this cowardly boy .....	471	.. 2
Drooping and to the grave of love .....	134	.. 1
Dross, let them that list possess such .....	377	.. 1
Brown loves break, living .....	308	.. 2
Duel, thou invited to a .....	183	.. 1
Dull pair with marble forms .....	274	.. 1
Dull numbers shall .....	442	.. 3
Dulness, ever regular .....	190	.. 3
Dumb, the, deserve double pity .....	252	.. 3
Dumb, the man, a cage double pity .....	484	.. 2
Dum, so dull and heavy .....	414	.. 3
Dute humble, dignified by simple grace .....	78	.. 1
Dwelling of a spark of heavenly flame .....	94	.. 2
Dwelling of domestic love .....	146	.. 4
Dwelling in lowly cottage walls .....	616	.. 1
Dying, after all retrieves too late .....	420	.. 4
Dying faith .....	19	.. 3
Dying, in absence .....	338	.. 2
Dying spirits of the .....	368	.. 3
Dying sweets and sweetness all thine own .....	563	.. 3
Dying we met to be parted no more .....	136	.. 3
Dying, with none that loved thee near .....	338	.. 2
Dying wish, a .....	314	.. 2
Each hour a blessing .....	312	.. 3
Each living in the other's heart .....	355	.. 4
Each to each a blessing .....	279	.. 2
Each stood with downcast eyes .....	583	.. 4



## *The Lovers'*

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Endearing arts expressing love .....	279	.. 6
Endearments fond .. .. .	17	.. 1
Endearments of our early days .....	285	.. 1
Ends, foolish old .. .. .	446	.. 1
Endure that flame that falls from heaven .....	483	.. 2
English beauties, few so fair .. .. .	41	.. 1
English love-lit eyes? .....	611	.. 1
Englishmen counted kind .....	5	.. 4
Englishmen's wives counted blast...	5	.. 4
Enjoy the fleeting hour.....	297	.. 9
Enjoyment with Mary .. . . .	193	.. 2
Enshrine her heart of hearts .....	451	.. 1
Enslaved by a charming shape .....	510	.. 1
Envy, what, will pursue us.....	467	.. 1
Equal laws for both sexes .....	277	.. 1
Ere you perished, Barbara !.....	595	.. 1
Ermengarde .. . . .	350	.. 1
Error in love .....	138	.. 4
Error, mine came from thy beauty .....	409	.. 2
Esteem and regret .....	7	.. 3
Esteem, loss of thy .....	379	.. 3
Estrange her once .. .. .	417	.. 2
Eternal love, inwove with woman .....	46	.. 4
Eternal rest is a pure love .....	461	.. 1
Eternity, love to bloom through all.....	101	.. 1
Eternity, time no more remembered in .....	138	.. 2
Eternity, warnings of .....	176	.. 1
Euphelia seems to grace my measure .. .	421	.. 1
Eva .. . . .	341	.. 2
Eve.....	70	.. 2
Eve, few linger till .. .. .	211	.. 1
Eve of autumn's holdest mood .....	517	.. 4
Eve, the hour when maidens woo .. .. .	3	.. 1
Eve's greatness of mind .. .. .	70	.. 2
Even while I strive these wanderings to control .....	439	.. 4
Evening, like a timid bride.....	344	.. 1
Evening ramble .....	1	.. 3
Evening star .. . . .	585	.. 1
Evening's grateful gifts .....	452	.. 2
Evening's silent hours employ in whispered joy .....	452	.. 4
Ever goading thought .. . . .	305	.. 1
Everlasting love, charms that kindle .. .	514	.. 4
Everlasting Love, gave gracious audience .....	528	.. 4
Everlastingly to sound THY praise .. .	461	.. 1
Every black your slave and servant, where .....	557	.. 1
Every feeling shaken .. . . .	113	.. 3
Every hour I glory in my power .. . . .	615	.. 3
Everyone loves to talk about thee .....	521	.. 1
Evil, ah, occupied the room .. . . .	301	.. 1
Evil angels, kill many a heart when young .....	542	.. 2
Evil angels, who quickly hush'd my tongue ..	542	.. 2
Evil, consciousness of one's own .....	21	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Evil-doers, charity in judging .....	21	.. 3
Evil power, I dared not face the .....	302	.. 1
Evil step be taken, lest an .....	547	.. 4
Evil things, hate to look on happiness .....	246	.. 1
Evils, of two, choose the less .....	466	.. 3
Evils, wrought by love.....	204	.. 4
Exert with your husband the same happy skill .....	589	.. 2
Exhaustless love.....	152	.. 1
Explanation how to read a valentine .....	577	.. 4
Extreme of love or hate, give me the.. .....	486	.. 4
Eye, a glorious one .....	365	.. 3
Eye, a lightsome .....	506	.. 2
Eye, a scornful .....	453	.. 2
Eye, a single .....	516	.. 3
Eye, a sudden beam of soul flashed from her .....	133	.. 4
Eye, an, gave the fatal stroke .....	510	.. 1
Eye, an, whose tears with mine are shed .....	594	.. 1
Eye, as violet meek .....	528	.. 3
Eye, bright drop of the soul in the .....	200	.. 4
Eye, beaming with love's witchery .....	453	.. 1
Eye, beauty's pensive .....	150	.. 4
Eye, black regal .....	105	.. 3
Eye, black or blue? difficulty of choice .....	365	.. 1
Eye, Cupid's nest .....	486	.. 1
Eye, dark .....	141	.. 4
Eye, deep blue.....	493	.. 4
Eye, downcast.....	326	.. 1
Eye, dove-like .....	453	.. 1
Eye, droop the doubting .....	555	.. 2
Eye fringes .....	567	.. 1
Eye, from her bright, the soul looks out.....	449	.. 4
Eye, her dark, fills .....	310	.. 2
Eye, her, in the pansy .....	381	.. 4
Eye, her mild and quiet, I meet.....	607	.. 2
Eye, her, now lets drop a tear .....	450	.. 1
Eye, language of an eloquent .....	138	.. 4
Eye, lucid.....	396	.. 2
Eye, more eloquent than words.....	326	.. 1
Eye, my meek .....	218	.. 1
Eye, my love as an, like a star in the sky .....	405	.. 2
Eye, no beauty like love in a young.....	98	.. 4
Eye of a lady described .....	60	.. 2
Eye, of flame .....	344	.. 2
Eye, of hazel .....	358	.. 3
Eye, open in immortality .....	198	.. 3
Eye, prove Cupid's grave.....	486	.. 1
Eye, purifies the heart .....	74	.. 2
Eye, she appeased a strife, with turning of her .....	585	.. 2
Eye, she raised a war, with turning of her .....	585	.. 2
Eye, smile of that lovelit .....	361	.. 4
Eye, so blind her, that still she love me .....	390	.. 1
Eye, so bright.....	499	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Eye so bright, not for me .....	900	.. 3
Eye, soft and blue .....	74	.. 1
Eye, softest blue .....	200	.. 4
Eye, spell within its pupil .....	141	.. 4
Eye, talk in fancy with the speaking .....	397	.. 3
Eye, the beamless .....	393	.. 3
Eye, the bright black .....	365	.. 1
Eye, the liking of an .....	4	.. 4
Eye, the love's firmament .....	11	.. 2
Eye, the magic of her .....	429	.. 4
Eye, the melting blue .....	365	.. 1
Eye, the sprightly hope that gleamed from my .....	398	.. 4
Eye, thine angel-gifted.....	296	.. 1
Eye, thine, from slumber waking.....	442	.. 1
Eye, thou'st a thief in either .....	287	.. 4
Eye, to mark our coming .....	525	.. 1
Eye, two suns thou hast, one in each .....	415	.. 3
Eye, unconscious of my wistful .....	500	.. 3
Eye, unproved .....	227	.. 1
Eyebrow .....	396	.. 2
Eyebrows, the space between, blend imperceptibly.....	566	.. 4
Eyelash, silken .....	133	.. 4
Eyelid, like a cloud .....	493	.. 4
Eyes, a mutual soul confessing .....	499	.. 3
Eyes, and my dream.....	349	.. 1
Eyes, and their lovers .....	365	.. 1
Eyes, answering.....	145	.. 3
Eyes at Scarborough.....	36	.. 4
Eyes at Scarborough.....	37	.. 1, 2
Eyes, beaming with delight .....	38	.. 1
Eyes, beauteous .....	323	.. 4
Eyes, beauty's.....	411	.. 3
Eyes, black and blue, what they can do .....	366	.. 1
Eyes, blue.....	365	.. 2
Eyes, blue.....	366	.. 3
Eyes, blue.....	349	.. 1
Eyes, blue as heaven.....	553	.. 3
Eyes, blue, modest beam .....	391	.. 3
Eyes, bonnie stars .....	3	.. 2
Eyes, bright alchemists .....	211	.. 3
Eyes, bright, shall fail in force .....	376	.. 1
Eyes, bright stars .....	479	.. 2
Eyes, charm the more their glance forbids.....	342	.. 3
Eyes, cloud in tears .....	26	.. 3
Eyes, cruel .....	419	.. 4
Eyes, dark, beaming .....	542	.. 1
Eyes, darker.....	401	.. 2
Eyes, dearest, for us that sweetest smile .....	366	.. 1
Eyes, dim and worthless your possessing .....	499	.. 3
Eyes, dim, with woe, not age.....	499	.. 3
Eyes, downcast in silent shade .....	259	.. 3
Eyes, downcast, sedate, and sweet.....	321	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Eyes, doth love live in beauty's?	431	.. 2
Eyes, dreamy .....	42	.. 1
Eyes, fair, my love's immortal light .....	394	.. 1
Eyes, feelings are words for .....	311	.. 4
Eyes, full .....	42	.. 1
Eyes, full of heaven .....	211	.. 2
Eyes, gentle weeping o'er the clay ..	356	.. 2
Eyes, give the wounds they will not cure .....	262	.. 3
Eyes, he knows not love who has not seen her .....	459	.. 3
Eyes, her, flashes a beam of rapture .....	450	.. 3
Eyes, her, like angels .....	385	.. 1
Eyes, her sweet .....	249	.. 2
Eyes, his, speak waiting a reply .....	260	.. 3
Eyes, how to be gazed upon .....	187	.. 1
Eyes, him thine .....	577	.. 2
Eyes, look for spirit in her ....	421	.. 3
Eyes, kind, or weeping, quite indifferent to .....	221	.. 2
Eyes, kindled in the upper skies .....	342	.. 2
Eyes, language of the ....	211	.. 2
Eyes, languid, to sweetly smiling .....	489	.. 3
Eyes, laughing .....	362	.. 2
Eyes, laughing, shut so close .....	429	.. 1
Eyes, long since in his, read it .....	615	.. 2
Eyes, look love in every glance .....	349	.. 1
Eyes, look not on mine. ....	301	.. 4
Eyes, love in the moon's eternal .....	247	.. 4
Eyes, lustrous ..	577	.. 4
Eyes, lustre, must look on me.....	479	.. 4
Eyes, make a captive.....	183	.. 2
Eyes, meek .....	539	.. 1
Eyes, meek brown .....	153	.. 3
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.....	441	.. 1
Eyes, my weeping ..	418	.. 3
Eyes, not the languid brightness of thine .....	319	.. 4
Eyes, not so blue as thine .....	551	.. 4
Eyes, of blue .....	150	.. 4
Eyes of evening & starry blue.....	173	.. 3
Eyes, of thine, I made my mirror .....	409	.. 2
Eyes, one pair that tease me .....	464	.. 2
Eyes, power of light in dark ..	12	.. 1
Eyes, pledges of love .....	4	.. 1
Eyes, radiance of those .....	507	.. 4
Eyes, radiant as thine .....	444	.. 4
Eyes, radiant, not to be concealed.....	384	.. 2
Eyes resolve, overthrown.....	483	.. 1
Eyes, sapphires ..	606	.. 3
Eyes, send home my long-strayed .....	281	.. 3
Eyes, shame the stars with thine .....	341	.. 4
Eyes, so radiant .....	190	.. 4
Eyes, so rich their bine.....	441	.. 1
Eyes, soft and tender.....	336	.. 3
Eyes, soul-full.....	346	.. 3



	PAGE	ORDER OF PAGE
Eyes, star-like.....	597	.. 4
Eyes, stars of twilight .....	171	.. 4
Eyes, starry gems .....	26	.. 1
Eyes, still in my, be twenty-one .....	299	.. 1
Eyes, sweetly unwise.....	26	.. 2
Eyes, sunny .....	418	.. 2
Eyes, tears in mine .....	375	.. 4
Eyes, ten hanging men accused dark .....	365	.. 2
Eyes, ten hanging men said blue .....	365	.. 2
Eyes, that glow .....	448	.. 4
Eyes, that glow with love's own fire .....	183	.. 4
Eyes, that light love's world .....	386	.. 4
Eyes, that oft beguile .....	505	.. 4
Eyes, that would give thee light .....	209	.. 2
Eyes, the fairest thing in mortal .....	588	.. 1
Eyes, the living lustre of her .....	512	.. 4
Eyes, the martyr of your.....	332	.. 1
Eyes, thine, o'ershade .....	505	.. 4
Eyes, their conquests, undone by an idle tongue .....	183	.. 2
Eyes, their heavenly light .....	3	.. 3
Eyes, their liquid melancholy.....	211	.. 2
Eyes, their lustre .....	49	.. 3
Eyes, those beauteous .....	230	.. 1
Eyes, through them the soul rises to primal love .....	461	.. 3
Eyes, thy flaming, afford me light.....	481	.. 4
Eyes, thy large dark .....	248	.. 1
Eyes, too long my wand'ring, to gaze on thee .....	410	.. 3
Eyes, two twinkling stars .....	253	.. 1
Eyes, were they melodious .....	441	.. 2
Eyes, when first my, her worshippers became .....	401	.. 1
Eyes, when love darts from your .....	258	.. 3
Eyes, when these met thine .....	460	.. 2
Eyes, which a maiden liked.....	365	.. 3
Eyes, why are my, dissolv'd in tears .....	260	.. 1
Eyes, why to be retained .....	281	.. 3
Eyes, winsome .....	26	.. 2
Eyes, you love best .....	146	.. 1
Eyes, your virtuous .....	420	.. 2
Eyes, your, were full of tears.....	590	.. 2
Face, a heavenly, conceals a little mind .....	231	.. 4
Face, a heavenly paradise .....	585	.. 4
Face, a, not fair but lovely to behold .....	482	.. 3
Face, a, proclaims more love than words can speak .....	593	.. 4
Face, a pure white .....	26	.. 1
Face, a, to speak without words .....	482	.. 3
Face, a, where awful honor shines .....	421	.. 4
Face, altered .....	334	.. 1
Face and figure, compliments on .....	252	.. 4
Face and mind altered .....	264	.. 3
Faces at Scarborough .....	36	.. 3
Face beloved, to a .....	351	.. 2
Face, counterfeited in a dream .....	511	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Face, designed for conquest	420	.. 3
Face, grace shed through the	187	.. 1
Face, her mind as perfect as her	232	.. 3
Face, her was a n' guy	581	.. 2
Face I can't look in thy sweet	422	.. 3
Face, every I found a dart	509	.. 4
Face like a great Indian when she touch'd	133	.. 4
Face, no ray beam from thy beauteous	508	.. 1
Face read her true truth and grace, in her	422	.. 4
Face, effaced with beauty a glow	547	.. 4
Face, that all hearts command	534	.. 4
Face, the all'round ocean winds	262	.. 4
Face that look'd, with sad	483	.. 4
Face, one fair, with all	470	.. 1
Face, the fairest to me	430	.. 1
Face, the fairest, the fairest until	278	.. 1
Face, the fairest, of that	459	.. 2
Face thy, so fair, as grown	191	.. 1
Face thy sweet and the sceptic's creed	422	.. 3
Face, to brighten light	441	.. 1
Face, to give back to sweet	441	.. 1
Face, to face change to sweet	185	.. 2
Face, tracks of age appear	116	.. 3
Face, where power and sweet new moon	411	.. 4
Face, whose beauty is a reflection, a tale	591	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	434	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	432	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	156	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	549	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	41	.. 3
Face, with a fair look	231	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	41	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	457	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	146	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	143	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	143	.. 2
Face, with a fair look	491	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	178	.. 2
Face, with a fair look	633	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	671	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	461	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	207	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	413	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	183	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	420	.. 2
Face, with a fair look	160	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	521	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	616	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	179	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	179	.. 1
Face, with a fair look	530	.. 4
Face, with a fair look	126	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Fairest, the .....	39	.. 4
Fair tresses men enslave.....	63	.. 4
Fairy bird.....	209	.. 1
Fairy bird, violet pinions.....	209	.. 1
Faith .....	165	.. 3
Faith and hope make love immortal .....	574	.. 1
Faith and trust .....	406	.. 4
Faith, dying.....	19	.. 3
Faith, female .....	250	.. 3
Faith, if, be like to mine .....	410	.. 2
Faith in love .....	396	.. 3
Faith, makes love immortal .....	438	.. 2
Faith perished yesternight .....	302	.. 3
Faith, that mounts on angel-wings .....	246	.. 4
Faith, the generous, that glows in woman's breast .....	251	.. 1
Faith, warm and generous .....	581	.. 4
Faithful flame, her heart approves my .....	236	.. 3
Faithful heart, the, kept young by love .....	311	.. 4
Faithful love .....	153	.. 2
Faithful lover, a, seldom found .....	222	.. 4
Faithful Valentine, be my .....	227	.. 2
Faithless woman.....	224	.. 1
False, how, she is .....	328	.. 3
False inconstant lover, the.....	510	.. 2
False maid, a frail .....	222	.. 4
False mistress, the poet to his .....	224	.. 1
False, most, of creatures .....	347	.. 1
False one, the flower he gave her .....	310	.. 3
False or free, call me.....	531	.. 4
False, prove, as thou dost now .....	282	.. 1
False, she was .....	235	.. 1
False vow.....	83	.. 3
Falsehood, a cruel guest .....	271	.. 2
Falsehood and rivals.....	276	.. 2
Falsehood is more than hate .....	289	.. 1
Falsehood, how it will be treated .....	516	.. 1, 2
Falsehood, love hoar, in the frost of.....	474	.. 1
Falsehood of man, lamented .....	242	.. 4
Falsehood, only, left a mistress .....	224	.. 3
Falsehood, sweet, that endears consent .....	423	.. 3
Falsehood, who does not know thy .....	419	.. 2
Falsehood's cant of fabled pain .....	79	.. 1
Fame .....	232	.. 2
Fame, empty air.....	232	.. 4
Fame, loss of, unrewarded .....	230	.. 4
Fame, shall record how thou hast loved me .....	518	.. 4
Fame's dearest joy is in thy moistened eye.....	548	.. 1
Fan, a, an engine of love.....	218	.. 1
Fan, a, what it gives.....	218	.. 2
Fan, a, wounds more than Cupid's bow .....	218	.. 1
Fancies and high hopes, fly.....	137	.. 3
Fancies ebb and flow.....	412	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Fancies, sweet, all our pulses thrill	379	3
Fancy	252	3
Fancy a lover's	248	4
Fancy a the strains that sing	247	1
Fancy fate and love	574	1
Fancy hath tamed her fury gleams	198	2
Fanny never can restore the light of the dead	212	2
Fanny said, I stand croun	457	4
Fanny's dreams	168	1
Fanny's enchantments	521	4
Fanny's flight ever wi' n'y Jean	119	1
Fanny's remains, what are before us in	293	4
Fanny's spring	402	1
Fanny	74	1
Fanny	111	1
Fanny, buying a love	160	1
Fanny, chosen in mirthful moments	175	4
Fanny declared her lover too grim	106	2
Fanny, deserted	305	1
Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair	447	3
Fanny lively deal and the offer	106	2
Fanny sat there	446	4
Fanny's hand	171	1
Far parted been, from our steps	579	1
Farewell	114	1
Farewell	103	1
Farewell	444	1
Farewell	476	1
Farewell	199	1
Farewell	614	1
Farewell a long	471	1
Farewell and think no more on me	577	1
Farewell find	110	1
Farewell care and farewell war	124	1
Farewell, uttered a name	110	1
Farewell like a	388	1
Farewell my joy	475	4
Farewell my life	475	4
Farewell one, for ever	118	1
Farewell, (in	453	1
Farewell the w' l bed	271	1
Farewell then betwixt farewell kings	442	1
Farewell to thee	544	1
Farewell only fancy	412	1
Farewell, w' l and eternal	139	1
Fare-thee we	119	1
Fare-thee we	121	1, 4
Fare-thee we	122	4
Fare-thee we	126	2
Fare thee well hope and beauty	413	2
Fash - changes of	129	2
Fashioned in the lady's mould	611	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Fatal nights and days .....	394	.. 3
Fate, fancy, and love .....	576	.. 1
Fate, fickle .....	444	.. 1
Fate, has bid us part.....	364	.. 1
Fate, I would brook the sternest .....	219	.. 3
Fate, makes it spring, where Chloris resides.....	262	.. 3
Fate of one who never loved .....	100	.. 4
Fate oft divides they who live and love the best .....	298	.. 1
Fate, reverse my strange, untoward .....	282	.. 4
Fate robs not our wretchedness of this last kiss .....	572	.. 3
Fate, stern decree of unrelenting .....	456	.. 4
Fate, the gunner of love's craft .....	62	.. 4
Fate, wretched, of the fair .....	242	.. 4
'Father!' .....	122	.. 4
Father, my poor old .....	318	.. 3
FATHER of spirits, hear! .....	439	.. 2
FATHER, thou must lead .....	461	.. 1
Father, rather than lover .....	236	.. 2
Father's knee .....	147	.. 1
Father's sigh .....	526	.. 3
Faults, defaced by many .....	122	.. 2
Faults in choosing.....	243	.. 4
Faults, you and I have our own.....	219	.. 4
Faultless fraud of love .....	372	.. 1
Favors to none but smiles to all .....	63	.. 2
Favors, thy, like the wind .....	490	.. 3
Fawn and flatter for disport .....	491	.. 3
Fear, a language of .....	441	.. 2
Fear and sorrow .....	151	.. 1
Fear, none, that does not dread for thee.....	244	.. 3
Fear that love's vows were transient .....	179	.. 4
Fears of fate .....	515	.. 2
Fears, jealous .....	533	.. 1
Fears and hopes .....	151	.. 2
Fears, the anxious, you feel .....	558	.. 1
Feather of the blue, a .....	506	.. 2
Features, expression of.....	206	.. 2
Features, in a dreamt of wife .....	336	.. 3
Features, that seem my own .....	342	.. 3
Feed on thy beauty .....	577	.. 3
Feeding fancy on her charms.....	187	.. 3
Feel, and dream, no more .....	500	.. 2
Feeling, a first.....	339	.. 1
Feeling, woman's life .....	434	.. 1
Feelings, buried .....	339	.. 3
Feelings, more resolved and high .....	475	.. 2
Feelings, once neglected, perish.....	453	.. 3
Feelings spoke, there her.....	554	.. 3
Feelings, souls cannot smother .....	236	.. 4
Feelings, that inspire each breast.....	583	.. 4
Feelings, words for eyes .....	211	.. 4
Feet, at thy, to breathe my last.....	489	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Feet, bluely veined, soft, whitely sweet	601	.. 1
Feet, fairy	150	.. 4
Feet, lay the too small treasure at her	401	.. 4
Feet, lay the fortunes at thy	133	.. 3
Fellow feeling, a tempest all with love	21	.. 3
Ferocity, love the spring heart of all	151	.. 4
Fervent trusts, how to forget them	61	.. 2
Female faith	152	.. 3
Fet of vanity, find	113	.. 1
Feverish third, can absence calm?	491	.. 3
Few grinds beyond affection's care	519	.. 2
Few so fair as English beauties	42	.. 1
Few tany to a nation	241	.. 4
Few years to long for him who serves it well	461	.. 1
Fickle and changing	509	.. 4
Fickle, how, she is	124	.. 3
Fickle, other names may make you	576	.. 1
Fierce as friends	128	.. 1
For of the evening	141	.. 2
Fidelity, in a little woman	406	.. 1
Fidelity, love's fond, proof against time	76	.. 4
File on love	480	.. 4
Fierce words	219	.. 4
Fury thoughts	191	.. 2
Figure a carriage, half undressed	314	.. 3
Finger, little, thence of a	1	.. 4
Finger, the little is small	14	.. 3
Fingers, how a boy an instrument	13	.. 2
Fingers, of use for nothing but to sew?	190	.. 4
Fingers, their hand presents thrilling bands	441	.. 1
Finger tips, likened to red roses	16	.. 1
Finger tips, tiny	34	.. 3
Finish, as the curtain to	127	.. 4
Fire bright, and air pure	446	.. 1
Fire, as, a fell tangle in her hair	540	.. 3
Firefly, this	419	.. 3
Fire goes out, for lack of talkers	411	.. 3
Fire, nature gives us	151	.. 1
Fire, even factitious	467	.. 1
Firm, find this breast can be	219	.. 2
First affection	126	.. 3
First affections, grave of	580	.. 1
First and fairest	79	.. 2
First, and pardon me, love, sweeter than all	516	.. 3
First April day	410	.. 1
First avowal, the	411	.. 3
First born joy, none like it	217	.. 1
First born's birth	511	.. 1
First error, then go	411	.. 1
First cup of wine and first love	511	.. 1
First dear vow, the	319	.. 3
First grief, none like it	117	.. 3

	Page	Number of Lines
First interview .....	49	4
First love .....	192	3
First love .....	392	3
First love and first cup of wine .....	513	3
First love, deep in memory .....	137	3
First love, how it happens .....	353	3
First love, keeps its greenness .....	117	4
First love, no such fondness as .....	285	2
First love, not the real love .....	355	3
First love, naught like it .....	116	4
First love, stands alone .....	526	1
First love, unaltered and fond .....	212	4
First, of everything, its freshness .....	112	3
First sight, love at .....	292	3
First sight, loving at .....	423	3
First tear drops, the .....	339	1
First time of hearing a lover's sigh .....	413	2
First warm glow of boyhood .....	319	3
First young love like an April day .....	430	1
First young love, our .....	430	3
First young vow, recalled .....	432	2
Fits of frantic glee .....	52	3
Fixed on THEM, from that vain worship turns .....	419	3
Flag-flowers, broad .....	426	2
Flame, emboldened will speak my .....	227	4
Flame, beat a hopeless .....	492	4
Flame of wrath .....	579	3
Flame, secret, how betrayed .....	403	2
Flame, the lambent, ascends .....	241	2
Flames must waste away .....	598	1
Flatter, to pass the time .....	491	3
Flatteries, gentle, sweet on every ear .....	294	3
Flattery not to be believed .....	455	3
Flattery's round of fulsome praise .....	79	1
Flavia .....	189	4
Flavia ..	218	1
Flint, the firmest, wears .....	244	4
Flora, my heart's with me .....	39	3
Florinda's charms, reflected on .....	369	1
Florinda's name, written in dust .....	369	1
Florine .....	529	4
Flower, fragrant as the morn .....	226	1
Flower, my love she is lonely .....	401	1
Flower, some good man's bosom .....	584	4
Flower, stay as you are and be loved for ever .....	345	1
Flower that wets its mother's face with tears .....	425	4
Flower, with a Spanish name .....	544	4
Flower-face .....	26	3
Flowers, a cap of .....	407	3
Flowers, a cap of, soon fades .....	408	3
Flowers and love .....	356	3
Flowers and violets .....	425	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Flowers and serpents.....	5	.. 2
Flowers are fresh .....	475	.. 4
Flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold .....	426	.. 1
Flowers bloom and are forgot .....	137	.. 2
Flowers, blush not to own you copy.....	270	.. 4
Flowers, born for pleasure and delight.....	270	.. 3
Flowers, bowed toward the east .....	10	.. 1
Flowers, chaplet of.....	226	.. 3
Flowers, choice ones dreamed of .....	8 .. 2, 3, 4 9	.. 1, 2
Flowers, emblems of beauty .....	270	.. 2
Flowers, emblems of innocence .....	270	.. 2
Flowers fade, and winter comes.....	408	.. 3
Flowers that fade in love's deserted bowers .....	309	.. 1
Flowers, gather them before they wither .....	311	.. 1
Flowers gathered only for thee .....	244	.. 3
Flowers, gay without toil .....	270	.. 4
Flowers, gem, and odours .....	209	.. 3
Flowers grew in Eden's garden .....	270	.. 3
Flowers, in sweetening others grow more sweet .....	355	.. 3
Flowers, life's faded, brightened by song .....	77	.. 2
Flowers, lovely without art.....	270	.. 4
Flowers, love's truest language .....	356	.. 3
Flowers, nature's sole luxury .....	270	.. 3
Flowers, spring to cheer the senso .....	270	.. 4
Flowers, spring to glad the heart .....	270	.. 4
Flowers, strew her pillow with the freshest .....	226	.. 4
Flowers, tells his love to the .....	249	.. 1
Flowers, that kiss her feet .....	249	.. 1, 2
Flowers, the divining rod of love .....	356	.. 3
Flowers, the rose, queen of .....	164	.. 3
Flowers to the fair.....	270	.. 2
Flowers, wreaths of, worn by consenting lovers .....	270	.. 3
Fly from love's smooth tale.....	315	.. 4
Fly the fair sex .....	323	.. 4
For, has one glove sent to him .....	185	.. 1
Follies, look on this world's, with a sober eye .....	501	.. 4
Follow excellence .....	569	.. 4
Folly .....	232	.. 3
Folly and Cupid, at play .....	185	.. 4
Folly, decreed to lead love .....	186	.. 3
Folly, judg'd by Jove .....	186	.. 2
Folly, love's musings .....	147	.. 3
Folly of a coquette .....	87	.. 4
Folly of love, the .....	480	.. 4
Folly, ripe in .....	408	.. 3
Folly to give our best years to one .....	346	.. 1
Folly, to praise in .....	397	.. 2
Folly, wretched man, my trust was .....	409	.. 3
Follying before thee, let me shun .....	600	.. 4
Fond endearments .....	17	.. 1
Fond eyes .....	305	.. 2
Fond female vanity .....	222	.. 1



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Fond heart, vainly may it falter .....	308	.. 1
Fond hopes, dead .....	210	.. 4
Fond illusions .....	433	.. 3
Fond kiss, one .....	18	.. 3
Fond love's alarms .....	225	.. 1
Fond recollection .....	146	.. 3
Fond, tender, good, and true .....	194	.. 1
Fond to meet, how .....	391	.. 4
Fonder, daily growing .....	294	.. 2
Fondly prize, so part a heart as thine .....	553	.. 2
Fondness, once cursed with coward .....	221	.. 4
Fondness, or spite, defied .....	222	.. 3
Fondness, repetition of its assurance desired .....	22	.. 2
Fondness, waste of .....	124	.. 1
Fondness will thy wishes cloy .....	330	.. 3
Fond worship, which linked my soul to heaven .....	345	.. 3
Fool, a, always grinning .....	464	.. 4
Fool and debt, tho' clogg'd with .....	332	.. 1
Fool and saucy Jack .....	373	.. 2
Fool that I was .....	213	.. 4
Fool, the amorous .....	398	.. 3
Fool, to play with fools .....	491	.. 4
Fool when a lover plays the .....	389	.. 3
Foolish girl that thank herself wise .....	168	.. 4
Foolish how very foolish I have been .....	87	.. 4
Foolish to show what none can hide .....	452	.. 1
Foot a la Therse .....	253	.. 1
Foot at the altar .....	527	.. 3
Footstep I know will stir .....	554	.. 1
Footstep, night .....	206	.. 1
Fortune, nor clasp on Mary .....	472	.. 4
Forbidden to begeth my way .....	259	.. 3
Forehead, an ivory .....	566	.. 4
Forehead, charms of her .....	387	.. 1
Forehead, crowned with pride .....	576	.. 4
Forehead ivory .....	606	.. 3
Forehead, marble pale .....	612	.. 4
Forest, fearful gloom .....	233	.. 2
For .....	122	.. 4
Forewarning, sweet .....	603	.. 4
Forget, as else who is forgotten .....	472	.. 1
Forget earthly things of pain .....	297	.. 4
Forget what may never can .....	255	.. 1
Forget, and earn, though you try .....	210	.. 1
Forget-me-not .....	99	.. 1 2
Forget me not .....	165	.. 4
Forget me not .....	305	.. 3
Forget me not, buds of celestial brightness .....	53	.. 4
Forget me not, origin of its name .....	54	.. 2
Forget me not, the flower of love's faculty .....	54	.. 3
Forget me not, the motto of the constant .....	54	.. 3
Forgetting, reasons against .....	59	1, 2, 3, 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Forgive and forget the need to . . . . .	213	2
Forgive a wandering youth a dream . . . . .	278	2
Forgive each other to, the most tender part of love . . . . .	273	1
Forgiveness I accept . . . . .	614	1
Forgiving and forgetting . . . . .	195	1
Forgot I never can forget and would not be . . . . .	364	2
Forgot reason to be, when dead . . . . .	307	4
Forgot but art not . . . . .	363	4
For that when I seen . . . . .	175	1
For love of her he can not sleep . . . . .	514	4
Form by day and night . . . . .	503	1
Form dream, when gazing on thy . . . . .	500	4
Form, give me an ideal . . . . .	431	4
Form like the willow . . . . .	105	2
Form of a lady . . . . .	70	1
Form of an ideal wife . . . . .	316	3
Form of woman, thy . . . . .	344	3
Form, no art . . . . .	477	4
Form so light not of no . . . . .	500	1
Form that so heavenly fair . . . . .	489	3
Form the maker of that . . . . .	459	2
Form by the grace . . . . .	311	1
Formation, a lover, a new love may get . . . . .	127	2
Formation by the . . . . .	122	2
Formation the refuge of the . . . . .	122	1
Formation, the, typified by a withered leaf . . . . .	101	1
Formation the, with not spirit . . . . .	101	4
For changed this world not have her . . . . .	422	1
For thy dear sake I will wait patiently . . . . .	107	4
Fortune and love . . . . .	494	3
Fortune busy . . . . .	494	4
Fortune busy to join the gentle to the rude . . . . .	494	3
Fortune change not . . . . .	444	1
Fortune every man a guest . . . . .	157	1
Fortune flow, my . . . . .	577	1
Fortune for once hear my prayer . . . . .	494	1
Fortune let us soon in an elate the scene . . . . .	334	1
Fortune may say my love are paid to thy . . . . .	580	4
Fortune my hand I struggle for to be worthy of her . . . . .	401	2
Fortune my hand . . . . .	170	1
Fortune unwilling for to love . . . . .	494	2
Fortune a tear then should not most . . . . .	200	4
Found a lodgment here . . . . .	561	3
Front of the eye? . . . . .	111	3
Front of the love scene . . . . .	293	2
Front and two streamlets from me . . . . .	20	2
Fragrance my love is full of . . . . .	401	1
Frankness . . . . .	324	4
Frankness . . . . .	217	4
Frankness who has learned to pardon . . . . .	160	4
Frank over the faultless . . . . .	572	2
Frank, though so, a luxury waste, so were best . . . . .	198	4

	PAGE	NOTED OF PAGE
Freedom, less for mankind . . . . .	277	.. 1
Freedom, more for womankind . . . . .	277	.. 1
Freedom of lovers and slaves . . . . .	222	.. 2
Freed slaves, and lovers, smile at their fetters . . . . .	222	.. 2
Freeze, to, when near . . . . .	306	.. 4
Fresh as April . . . . .	435	.. 1
Fresh blooming flowers . . . . .	328	.. 2
Fresh thoughts that early die . . . . .	328	.. 1
Freshness of the first . . . . .	328	.. 1
Friend, a . . . . .	253	.. 2
Friend, a faithful . . . . .	410	.. 2
Friend and love, lost at one time . . . . .	234	.. 4
Friend, companion, wife . . . . .	270	.. 1
Friend, I will remain thy, until death . . . . .	410	.. 2
Friend, since I have sworn to be thy . . . . .	410	.. 1
Friend, what matter? 'tis pleasant to us . . . . .	446	.. 2
Friends, cheap keepakes from . . . . .	446	.. 1
Friends, fall, like leaves in winter . . . . .	182	.. 1
Friends, fictitious, desert a death-bed . . . . .	122	.. 1
Friends, let us strike hands as hearty . . . . .	582	.. 4
Friends, reason, and duty . . . . .	170	.. 1
Friends, remembrance of departed . . . . .	181	.. 1
Friends, we were only friends . . . . .	539	.. 4
Friendship and true love, the same . . . . .	257	.. 2
Friendship charm of gentle . . . . .	422	.. 4
Friendship grew with years . . . . .	212	.. 1
Friendship, seeds in mutual loves . . . . .	274	.. 4
Friendship, offered by a forsaken one . . . . .	99	.. 2
Friendship, preferred to passion in a wife . . . . .	170	.. 2
Friendship, professed . . . . .	609	.. 2
Friendship used to warm my soul . . . . .	332	.. 4
Friendship's angel guise . . . . .	261	.. 1
Friendships, broken . . . . .	224	.. 4
Friendship's early bier . . . . .	79	.. 1
Friendship's good . . . . .	582	.. 4
From His high throne of glory . . . . .	597	.. 3
From thy kindred early torn . . . . .	224	.. 1
Front, a, beset with love and courtesy . . . . .	252	.. 4
Froth, Venus's beauty was but . . . . .	229	.. 1
Frowns, her, are sweeter than other maiden's smiles . . . . .	609	.. 2
Fruit, the tree at first will bear no . . . . .	412	.. 4
Fruits, pleasant . . . . .	585	.. 4
Fugitive from love, the . . . . .	159	.. 3
Full cracks give but little sound . . . . .	542	.. 3
Full of pity as may be . . . . .	380	.. 3
Fur-lined slippers . . . . .	407	.. 4
Future, glimpses of a golden . . . . .	546	.. 1
Gait, her swan-like . . . . .	449	.. 4
Gales blowing, to bear me far from thee . . . . .	493	.. 2
Gallant cavalier . . . . .	202	.. 1
Garden in her face . . . . .	585	.. 4
Garden she walk'd across . . . . .	544	.. 1

	PAGE	ADDITION OF PAGE
Garbener hall, love of a . . . . .	493	1
Gardens, belia, banks, and bowers . . . . .	469	2
Garland on her brow . . . . .	206	4
Garland me wreaths . . . . .	468	1
Garland twice my native hands a . . . . .	226	2
Garlands vanished . . . . .	142	2
Gather flowers in youth . . . . .	354	4
Gather theummings of woodland life . . . . .	521	1
Gay and pleasant . . . . .	565	2
Gay passage to results . . . . .	194	3
Gaze and grieve . . . . .	141	1
Gaze at sacred distance only will I . . . . .	227	1
Gaze not on my pale brow . . . . .	371	1
Gaze, scarce returned our . . . . .	370	1
Gaze to fix the tender . . . . .	197	1
Gazing in vain . . . . .	538	2
Gem, every to Neptune known . . . . .	229	4
Gem flowers, and odours . . . . .	209	1
Gems of the soul . . . . .	100	4
Gems, for power, or hair . . . . .	10	2
Gems not ore as compare with your crown . . . . .	511	1
Gems rival galaxies to eyes . . . . .	665	4
Gems what are they to the diamond? . . . . .	107	2
German impulses . . . . .	210	1
German nature, fire . . . . .	151	1
German past . . . . .	509	2
German poem his sweetest strain . . . . .	441	1
Gentle carriage . . . . .	269	1
Gentle blood . . . . .	174	1
Gentle god of soft desire, invoked . . . . .	261	1
Gentle happy beatrice . . . . .	120	1
Gentle love song . . . . .	225	1
Gentle presence of unspotted mine . . . . .	511	1
Gentle sister . . . . .	415	4
Gentle words, their prayers asked . . . . .	177	4
Gentle spirits invited to tell a lover a love . . . . .	156	4
Gentle spirit of the rule . . . . .	156	1
Gentle things as I can in letters . . . . .	508	1
Gentle woman's tongue . . . . .	374	1
Gentle words, to leave the flame . . . . .	156	1
Gentle words vain to cure love . . . . .	156	2
Gentle youth and maiden's gay . . . . .	228	2
Geat's word my fair . . . . .	190	1
German . . . . .	511	3
German trust, son of the 'Forget-me not' . . . . .	51	1
German of rest in the heart . . . . .	20	1
Gift, magic power of a . . . . .	114	4
Gift that I should not forget . . . . .	116	2
Gift to a happy wife . . . . .	6	4
Gift to the love . . . . .	377	1
Ghost, beyond for, a . . . . .	564	2
Ghost, old lover's . . . . .	229	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse ? .....	577	.. 1
Girl, lost her senses .....	236	.. 1
Girl, with dark eyes beaming .....	542	.. 2
Girls, the voice of .....	525	.. 2
Give back thy love .....	577	.. 8
Give me back my angry vow .....	259	.. 1
Give me but thy love .....	443	.. 1
Give me more love, or more disdain .....	487	.. 1
Give me your heart .....	298	.. 3
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free .....	440	.. 1
Given thee my heart .....	481	.. 1
Glad chorus of loves .....	228	.. 4
Gladness half requests to weep .....	574	.. 4
Glance, better understood than words .....	550	.. 4
Glance, by art untamed .....	524	.. 3
Glance, each soft, not a look of love .....	228	.. 3
Glance, effect of one cordial .....	282	.. 2
Glance, heavenly music from that .....	441	.. 2
Glance, humble, of love .....	228	.. 1
Glance, one short, whole volumes it avows .....	441	.. 1
Glance of love, its language .....	228	.. 1
Glance, the tender .....	489	.. 3
Glance, that dwelt on me so kindly .....	496	.. 1
Glance, gazing with a timid .....	354	.. 1
Glances, full of morning light .....	612	.. 4
Glass, a, an image of the breast .....	290	.. 1
Glass, a, what it teaches .....	290	.. 1
Glass of perfection .....	379	.. 1
Gilding stream .....	354	.. 1
Gloom, cold world clothed in .....	145	.. 1
Gloom, deeper, to-morrow .....	437	.. 4
Gloom of our winter days .....	580	.. 1
Glory, from His high throne of .....	597	.. 3
Glove of the dead lady, the .....	478	.. 4
Glove, one for a foe, two for a love .....	185	.. 1
Glove, the .....	454	.. 1
Glove, the, and the knight .....	454 & 455	
Glove, the, let fall .....	455	.. 2
Glove, the, recovered .....	455	.. 3
Glove, the, toss'd in the lady's face .....	455	.. 4
Gloves, best of .....	479	.. 1
Gloves, unpleasant smell of cleaned .....	24	.. 3
Glories turned to bays .....	479	.. 3
Glory of a life well spent .....	198	.. 2
Glowing image .....	391	.. 4
Glow, my bosom, while I gaze .....	504	.. 1
Go, free as air, as angel free .....	597	.. 2
Go, forget me .....	424	.. 4
Go! join the joyous revel .....	308	.. 2
Go, my verse, tell her what she was .....	376	.. 1
Go, valentine, and tell that lovely maid .....	429	.. 1
God, approving, bless'd the holy joy .....	529	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
God, bends on us both his watchful eye	548	.. 3
God changing not for everlasting	211	.. 4
God hath portioned out our sorrows and tears	600	.. 3
God send an ungenerous happy chance	411	.. 3
God, trust in	141	.. 1
God's gift to man, true love	131	.. 4
God's knowledge of our souls	20	.. 4
God's restraining hand crime...	20	.. 1
God's trial of sin everywhere	27	.. 1
God of love's faithful and kind attendance	293	.. 4
Goddess spawns from a bubble	129	.. 1
Gold and sapphires	528	.. 1
Gold, borrowed, and ladies' lace	119	.. 4
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove	512	.. 4
Gold in a little lump of much value	465	.. 4
Gold long since had won thee	510	.. 1
Gold, my love who lacks	606	.. 1
Gold, the blood hardened into	19	.. 3
Gold, women fight for	512	.. 1
Golden laws of love	516	.. 1
Golden showers and Danais	470	.. 4
Golden token that proves me happy now	547	.. 4
Golden words	604	.. 3
Gondwanan song an ear of Adonis	514	.. 4
Gone before to that unknown and silent shore	61	.. 4
Gone from the dreams of the world	82	.. 4
Good and ill in the soul	25	.. 4
Good to the lovers	167	.. 3
Good inwardly as outwardly, be as	137	.. 3
Good nature	160	.. 1
Good night	413	.. 4
Good night, dear wife	600	.. 3
Organs of music in the mellow organ pipes	195	.. 1
Gown of wool	407	.. 4
Gown of wool, and forgotten	408	.. 3
Grace of the humble dust	78	.. 1
Grace of mind, or face, not to be concealed	184	.. 1
Grace in a woman	460	.. 1
Grace in the flesh, and movement	120	.. 1
Grace every man's face	633	.. 4
Gracefulness in art conceals	120	.. 3
Graces that end so	112	.. 4
Graces that are loved by Venus for a beauty	121	.. 4
Granted me to know he loved me	564	.. 3
Grave alone, when all faces in thy	202	.. 3
Grave a lonely in summer and winter	111	.. 2, 3
Grave of our first affections	430	.. 2
Grave, that is only	118	.. 2
Grave the earth may be meant to save	150	.. 3
Grave, the refuge of the forsaken	102	.. 1
Grave the world appears my	115	.. 1
Grave thoughts of Fanny in her	34	.. 4

	Page	Number of Lines
Graver thoughts and duties.....	301	.. 4
Great are the sea and heaven.....	495	.. 1
Great love, kings subject to .....	Bank of 700	
Great, what the grandeur of the .....	449	.. 1
Greedy fair, won by guilty presents.....	231	.. 2
Green arms round the bosom of the stream .....	422	.. 1
Green petticoat .....	12	.. 1
Green's the end, and can't's the clay .....	495	.. 4
Greatest depths of country cheer .....	431	.. 4
Greenness of first love .....	217	.. 4
Greenwood, logs of.....	294	.. 2
Greeting, mournful .....	212	.. 1
Greeting the Hebrew bridegroom.....	32	.. 4
Grey hair .....	22	.. 4
Grief .....	208	.. 3
Grief .....	149	.. 4
Grief and joy, date of .....	221	.. 1
Grief, conspire with, to stop my breath .....	420	.. 2
Grief, infectious .....	315	.. 4
Grief, secret.....	149	.. 4
Grief, sigh of pensive .....	140	.. 1
Grief, the joys of .....	132	.. 4
Grief, the pains of, still deeper lie .....	571	.. 3
Grief, weary eye of ..	495	.. 1
Grieve, some one left to .....	212	.. 1
Grieve to gaze in the glass .....	376	.. 2
Grieved, neither pleased nor .....	221	.. 2
Groan, each speech a.....	373	.. 4
Groomsmen eyed the virgins at her side.....	562	.. 1
Groomsmen, his thoughts .....	562	.. 2
Groomsmen, the, to his mistress .....	567	.. 3
Groomsmen, gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden .....	562	.. 2
Grove, thousand songsters rise from yonder .....	227	.. 1
Guard well thy soul .....	617	.. 2
Guardian spirit .....	17	.. 1
Guardians of the village glade .....	39	.. 2
Guerdon, ours, in good or ill .....	587	.. 1
Guest, the ungentle .....	570	.. 1
Guide my life .....	17	.. 2
Gulleless look, and speech sincere.....	500	.. 1
Guilt's attraction .....	20	.. 1
Guilty passions begun not in the heart but head .....	451	.. 4
Guilty presents win the greedy fair .....	231	.. 2
Guitar, tuned my, 'neath her window.....	563	.. 2
Gunga's mimic sea.....	574	.. 3
Gunild .....	169	.. 1
Habit of pleasant meetings .....	583	.. 2
Hadst thou been mine .....	344	.. 4
Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.....	550	.. 3
Hail, brisk coquettes.....	329	.. 4
Hail her, sleeping .....	227	.. 1
Hair, a rose in her.....	447	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Hair, beauty draws men with a single	63	4
Hair, bedowed with shimmering gems	565	4
Hair, beautiful	141	3
Hair, curls of jet	236	1
Hair, dark black	401	2
Hair, dusky	171	4
Hair, encircled by golden stream of the day	317	4
Hair, every a love death hand	486	1
Hair, glossy, in tresses fair	523	6
Hair, golden	163	3
Hair, golden brown	34	1
Hair, golden waves to a river wire	126	1
Hair, golden like of wavy	106	1
Hair, golden encircled her face	263	1
Hair, gold among her	491	4
Hair, gray, not to lose their	549	4
Hair, that then a symbol of her golden	600	4
Hair, in waves of golden light	553	3
Hair, its garlands	110	1
Hair, encircled by a kiss	242	3
Hair, luxuriant	171	3
Hair, no two but not with an's, when his love faith	251	1
Hair, not so pleasant as playing with thine	503	4
Hair of a lady	60	3
Hair of golden hue	251	1
Hair, once ruffled fell from thy	217	1
Hair, raven	75	3
Hair, rippling gold	26	3
Hair, waves draped on	26	4
Hair, that binds the brows of sunny	607	1
Hair, shining, a loose discovered ringlets	223	1
Hair, shken	22	4
Hair, shken sources of thy soul	324	3
Hair, shken sources of thy soul	324	4
Hair, the ocean, coyette	516	1
Hair, the glass trapped from her golden	24	1
Hair, the Indian's right back	612	2
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	10	2
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	418	3
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	311	4
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	356	4
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	321	5
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	479	3
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	14	2
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	602	1
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	217	1
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	245	1
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	546	1
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	498	1
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	181	4
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	554	2
Hair, the beauty, wait for the	554	2



	PAGE	NUMBER OF PAGE
Hand, fine and fairy .....	343	.. 4
Hand, grateful, press again .....	480	.. 1
Hand, hardened, yet bland .....	624	.. 4
Hand, her .....	554	.. 1
Hand, I was not so happy as in taking thine .....	554	.. 2
Hand in hand, heart in heart .....	340	.. 4
Hand in hand they travelled on .....	341	.. 1
Hand, my, it trembled to each touch of thine .....	539	.. 4
Hand of power .....	579	.. 3
Hand, on a refusal to show a .....	271	.. 3
Hand, press her, a minute .....	249	.. 1
Hand, pure rosy .....	479	.. 1
Hand, snowy, but warm .....	479	.. 3
Hand, soft and pure, I must press it .....	480	.. 1
Hand, softer than a glove .....	479	.. 1
Hand, that one loved .....	297	.. 4
Hand, the pressure of the thrilling .....	195	.. 3
Hand, thy, knows the subtle art .....	278	.. 1
Hand, whiter than kid .....	479	.. 1
Hand, work wrought by thy .....	277	.. 4
Hand, your little, remains confidently in mine .....	557	.. 4
Hands, I kissed your .....	541	.. 3
Hands, silver .....	606	.. 3
Handsome anger .....	69	.. 4
Handwriting and heart stealing .....	225	.. 4
Hang the maid! .....	472	.. 4
Hannah, rosy .....	391	.. 3
Hannah, rosy, is my own .....	392	.. 1
Hannah's cheek of rosy hue .....	391	.. 4
Happier years, for one another's sake .....	606	.. 1
Happiness, badge of, name of the loved one .....	440	.. 3
Happiness, beyond desert .....	532	.. 4
Happiness, earthly, the golden key of .....	147	.. 1
Happiness, evil things hate to look on .....	246	.. 1
Happiness, love and music .....	433	.. 2
Happiness, our poor dream of .....	572	.. 2
Happiness, the only key of earthly .....	616	.. 2
Happiness, their only dower .....	551	.. 3
Happiness, time of boundless .....	99	.. 3
Happy home, a .....	521	.. 2
Happy love, what it is .....	130	.. 4
Happy, more, thou if we had never met .....	605	.. 3
Happy smiles, all lost .....	247	.. 3
Happy souls .....	573	.. 1
Happy they who break with the first fall .....	550	.. 2
Happy thoughts of a lover when dropping asleep .....	251	.. 2
Happy wife, a .....	6	.. 3
Hare-bells dyed, banks with .....	616	.. 2
Harp's melodious thrill .....	607	.. 1
Harmless folly of the time of May .....	11	.. 3
Harsh thoughts, to be checked .....	27	.. 1
Harsh, unfeeling, thoughts .....	519	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Hartshorn tea	220	.. 2
Hast! hast! no phalanx!	216	.. 8
Hate the angels for these evil days?	340	.. 1
Hate the power in heaven?	461	.. 4
Hate them forgot me	113	.. 1, 2, 3, 4
Hate them forgot him but will spot?	133	.. 1
Hate them forgot our early love?	133	.. 1
Hate Caput's second shaft	478	.. 1
Hate, I cannot	307	.. 3
Hate, let me perish by thy	222	.. 6
Hate not to become a Juliet had	133	.. 1
Hate to-morrow we	411	.. 2
Hate I said no physician!	216	.. 2
Hate at Scarborough	16	.. 1
Hate, we are a goodly life	376	.. 4
Hate we found them changed	182	.. 1
Head, now off from sorrow bend the	224	.. 4
Health and peace	221	.. 1
Hear and rid / I have over too well	419	.. 2
Hear and rid / of my vain fondness	439	.. 5
Hear from one another	112	.. 1
Hear me, adored one!	504	.. 3
Heavenish to bow to an idol	145	.. 1
Heavenly breast	123	.. 4
Heaven all other charms by thine creates	461	.. 1
Heaven, oh well, never part again	297	.. 3
Heaven, a love	111	.. 1
Heaven on earth, his love	411	.. 1
Heaven, own thou art my	463	.. 1
Heaven, possessed of / released from hell	427	.. 1
Heavenly grace, ornaments of	141	.. 1
Heavenly thought	113	.. 1
Heaven, grant the peace, wanted here	113	.. 4
Heaven, I wish thee, as content	189	.. 1
He only returned to his cottage again	127	.. 4
He sat with his dart	174	.. 3
He trusted her in such watery ways	508	.. 2
He gave me a full one beam of light	121	.. 2
He had a low wings and a quiver	500	.. 4
He lived, he loved, and was undone	215	.. 1
He loved me well	124	.. 4
He lives on earth and has restriction	125	.. 1
He lives, but gives me no relief	125	.. 4
He never showed my entrance	126	.. 1
He only made the cure	174	.. 4
He, my, gave the wound	174	.. 1
He smothered most who hides his smart	424	.. 1
He tells me his face is fair	294	.. 4
He that loves me not is blind	278	.. 1
He the way to go	126	.. 1
He who is brave and bold with the ady	469	.. 4
He who is forgot by love all else forget	471	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
He who serves brave and bold, is understood .....	470	.. 1
He who wanders never truly loved .....	311	.. 4
He'd won the game—and lady too! .....	561	.. 3
He'll say I am a woman .....	516	.. 1
He'll say I cared not for his token .....	516	.. 1
He'll say my virgin troth was broken .....	536	.. 1
He's gone! .....	235	.. 1
Heart, a, as light as a bird on the wing .....	97	.. 1
Heart, a base, vile, treacherous .....	370	.. 2
Heart, a, breaks not, but leaves some one to grieve .....	212	.. 1
Heart, a cold unfeeling, I could not love .....	552	.. 1
Heart, a, in each leaf .....	195	.. 2
Heart, a light word may break a breaking .....	27	.. 1
Heart, a love bought for a .....	167	.. 1
Heart, a love torn, pursuing .....	499	.. 2
Heart, a mother's .....	57	.. 1
Heart, a, of gall .....	408	.. 1
Heart, a ribbon fires your .....	331	.. 4
Heart, a simple .....	516	.. 1
Heart, a spotless, .....	72	.. 2
Heart, a, that loves, thee .....	209	.. 6
Heart, a, that ne'er betrays .....	396	.. 1
Heart, a, that's hankering .....	222	.. 1
Heart, a, to sell .....	160	.. 1
Heart, a, to sell, very cheap .....	160	.. 3
Heart, a vulgar possession .....	28	.. 1
Heart, a warm .....	125	.. 4
Heart, a weak in time destroyed .....	439	.. 1
Heart aches, my .....	540	.. 2
Heart, adored for a warm .....	201	.. 5
Heart, alas! there is no instinct like the .....	550	.. 1
Heart, an altered .....	309	.. 1
Heart an eye in bier and coffin lie .....	456	.. 4
Heart an mind, what wounds my .....	406	.. 1
Heart and soul to slug in me .....	120	.. 1
Heart and spirit both diseasing .....	431	.. 1
Heart, barren clay .....	460	.. 4
Heart beat high, her .....	413	.. 1
Heart bent, in the silence I could hear my .....	590	.. 1
Heart, beauty engraven in the .....	162	.. 4
Heart, bereft of by a blush .....	201	.. 1
Heart, bleeds for wrong .....	21	.. 1
Heart, blessed by a smile .....	208	.. 4
Heart, bound by virtue .....	179	.. 1
Heart breaking, with love and sorrow .....	541	.. 4
Heart, broke with a load of love .....	390	.. 3
Heart burning away .....	137	.. 1
Heart cannot soften her hard .....	245	.. 1
Heart, charm my, with magic art .....	505	.. 4
Heart, come unto my great, little maiden .....	456	.. 1
Heart, could press the dead to a .....	202	.. 2
Heart, couldst thou thy joys conceal? .....	160	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Heart, dear as when I clasp'd thee here	164	1
Heart, described as betrayed	516	1, 1, 4
Heart, desire my, without thy soothing love	605	1
Heart, disswool	281	4
Heart, echoes of the	432	4
Heart, first deceived, by thy false tears	409	2
Heart, fired in this devoted	164	2
Heart from heart, what keeps kindred	146	2
Heart, germs of even in the	25	2
Heart, give me back my	271	1, 2
Heart, give me but one	216	3
Heart, give me mine again	210	3
Heart, give me y	291	1
Heart, give me your own	210	2
Heart, give thee my	481	2
Heart, greater than heaven and sea	466	1
Heart, her soft tones sink in the	450	1
Heart, has is a treasure	475	2
Heart, his, whose worth is past measure	405	2
Heart, hopes to steal me by stealing the hand	224	4
Heart, how are my, dost thou	217	4
Heart, I have her, and she has mine	186	1
Heart, I have thee in my heart	150	1
Heart, I will hate thee	413	1
Heart, I will wear thy beauty on my	414	3
Heart, I would not hate one portion of my	199	4
Heart, impart the balm of love to my bleeding	492	1
Heart, in early youth	179	1
Heart, heart, and it hand	147	4
Heart, in the, that part it is described	177	4
Heart, is breaking thy my my	143	4
Heart, is heart, present	411	1
Heart, is best heard	228	1
Heart, is a heart, heart, love	146	1
Heart, is worship, I do	114	1
Heart, language of the	125	1
Heart, left mournfully to break	299	4
Heart, let my, alone	419	1
Heart, let thy, no more be stirred	436	2
Heart, let me in a bitter waters	143	2
Heart, love at the door of my	95	1
Heart, love me best and brightest boon	412	2
Heart, mine was true	116	4
Heart, my, heart, load and fast	427	2
Heart, my, heart, to see	464	1
Heart, my, doth faint upon thy breast	248	2
Heart, my heart, shall part for you	192	1
Heart, my, wish to still, or break	197	2
Heart, my, hath his own	435	1
Heart, my, presence knows	467	4
Heart, my, melting will love	436	2
Heart, must have something to love	27	3

	PAGE	END OF PAGE
Heart, my poor weak, I feared would burst .....	221	.. 4
Heart, my, sting went through.....	275	.. 2
Heart, my, will break .....	235	.. 1
Heart, my, will return to thee .....	364	.. 2
Heart, never at ease with too much to lose .....	370	.. 4
Heart, never rebel against thee .....	121	.. 4
Heart, never to depart .....	423	.. 1
Heart, no more goes pit-a-pat .....	221	.. 1
Heart, not call another's my own.....	463	.. 4
Heart, not disgrace the man .....	219	.. 2
Heart, not persuaded by worth.....	231	.. 3
Heart, of an ideal wife.....	336	.. 4
Heart, of gracious thoughts the chosen home .....	431	.. 3
Heart, once caught, should ne'er be freed ? .....	278	.. 1
Heart, one .....	400	.. 3
Heart, one, the gift of heaven .....	400	.. 4
Heart, playing with a .....	44	.. 3
Heart, quivering like a flame.....	13	.. 2
Heart, regards thy weal .....	196	.. 2
Heart responds to heart .....	444	.. 2
Heart, robbed me of my .....	230	.. 2
Heart, ruined, by fraud or consent .....	516	.. 4
Heart, save hope, the same .....	197	.. 1
Heart, scared in .....	123	.. 3
Heart, send home my harmless.....	281	.. 4
Heart, send me back my .....	387	.. 3
Heart, shadows sink within the.....	350	.. 3
Heart, shivered to little bits .....	25	.. 1
Heart, sickening.....	127	.. 4
Heart, simple, the prey of love .....	396	.. 1
Heart stealing and handwriting .....	225	.. 4
Heart, stealing by a .....	262	.. 2
Heart still turns to the stars of youth.....	580	.. 3
Heart, stranger to disguise .....	234	.. 1
Heart, sunk beneath the storm .....	235	.. 4
Heart, taking one by talk .....	86	.. 4
Heart, telling of a loving .....	247	.. 2
Heart, tender, hath ever fled to love.....	239	.. 4
Heart, that changes before rose-buds wither .....	83	.. 4
Heart, that could have died for thee .....	127	.. 2
Heart, that he claims his own .....	361	.. 4
Heart that lo'ed me, mouldering in dust.....	496	.. 1
Heart, that lov'd in vain .....	247	.. 2
Heart, the, and first love.....	117	.. 3
Heart, the beating of the.....	432	.. 4
Heart, the brave, may ache through love .....	249	.. 4
Heart, the, enlarged by love .....	<i>Back of Title</i>	
Heart, the forsaken .....	137	.. 2
Heart, the home in a lost wife's.....	15	.. 4
Heart, the, its feeling of wrong and sorrow .....	20	.. 4
Heart, the nymphs, bare to every blast .....	265	.. 1
Heart, the pure wish of a virgin .....	458	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Heart, the secrets of his . . . . .	260	4
Heart the spear that pierced, and broke, my . . . . .	494	1
Heart, the, torn by heartstrips, none . . . . .	216	4
Heart, the torn, can bleed but not forget . . . . .	12	4
Heart the, wounded by love, but not the skin . . . . .	266	4
Heart, the yours to mine . . . . .	417	2
Heart the I that have the wounded . . . . .	374	1
Heart to heart . . . . .	132	3
Heart to her for help my, was fled . . . . .	401	4
Heart, tokens of a youthful . . . . .	26	1
Heart, tokens like Janus' face . . . . .	316	4
Heart, thine, that thine with mine . . . . .	400	4
Heart, thou must break when thou art gone . . . . .	107	1
Heart, thou mine shalt take . . . . .	415	1
Heart, tutored not to weep . . . . .	148	3
Heart unholy, with lily vows . . . . .	49	1
Heart unconscious of my swelling . . . . .	300	2
Heart unstable as feathers . . . . .	402	1
Heart, untouched by tenderness . . . . .	145	1
Heart, varied hopes of the untutored . . . . .	110	1
Heart, vast as hills my, in thrall . . . . .	414	4
Heart waste of the . . . . .	165	4
Heart, weary wandering, worn . . . . .	119	2
Heart weave nets to catch the . . . . .	278	1
Heart what I could feel . . . . .	140	4
Heart, what changed it . . . . .	74	1
Heart when asking . . . . .	32	3
Heart, when love paints from sour . . . . .	156	1
Heart with heart, sink I . . . . .	159	1
Heart why so constant . . . . .	177	2
Heart why to be retained . . . . .	181	4
Heart whose love is innocence . . . . .	21	4
Heart, woman's in love's first spring . . . . .	241	1
Heart wrung tears . . . . .	12	3
Heart yet true to me . . . . .	121	1
Heart young feelings stolen from the . . . . .	191	4
Heart, your, in true love's knot . . . . .	117	1
Heartfelt raptures described . . . . .	120	4
Hearts a change of . . . . .	418	4
Hearts a tithe of the ten of . . . . .	216	1
Hearts, and flowers, in season . . . . .	152	1
Hearts and athletes contrasted . . . . .	112	4
Heart's best treasure rich in the . . . . .	119	1
Hearts broken by a smile . . . . .	208	4
Hearts, clothe our, with love . . . . .	250	2
Hearts deeper love . . . . .	211	4
Heart's emotions . . . . .	118	1
Hearts exquisite to drain the honey from young . . . . .	140	1
Hearts first love . . . . .	251	1
Hearts, how seldom pains, for mutual love . . . . .	243	1
Hearts, in the germ of change . . . . .	520	1
Hearts, in union . . . . .	9	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Hearts, knit by kind love .....	<i>Back of Title</i>	
Hearts, like the ivy .....	212	.. 3
Hearts, like young birds may be tamed to your will .....	589	.. 2
Hearts, made for one another .....	98	.. 1
Hearts, made pure and hallowed .....	460	.. 1
Hearts, not torn away suddenly .....	122	.. 2
Hearts, of which only half the worth is known .....	605	.. 4
Hearts, our, were true .....	442	.. 3
Heart's repose.....	245	.. 3
Hearts, secure in trifles .....	231	.. 4
Hearts sighing .....	575	.. 4
Hearts, that beat .....	448	.. 4
Hearts, that ever knew love .....	448	.. 4
Hearts that love no more .....	579	.. 2
Hearts that rove, kindled by careless love.....	153	.. 1
Hearts, the, first bloom of love.....	326	.. 3
Hearts, the ties that link our.....	443	.. 4
Hearts, their great, to fail .....	549	.. 4
Hearts, three true .....	22	.. 3
Hearts, two bleeding, wounded by men .....	572	.. 4
Hearts, two blended .....	340	.. 4
Hearts, two, both must heave, or cease to beat.....	594	.. 2
Hearts, two, in each fond hope combine.....	100	.. 3
Hearts, two, in unison .....	594	.. 2
Hearts, undim'd midst the blighted.....	212	.. 3
Hearts, weak and strong .....	203	.. 1
Hearts, we both will give our, to love.....	333	.. 4
Hearts, when lightest .....	145	.. 1
Hearts, who wins our .....	360	.. 4
Hearts with equal love combined .....	598	.. 1
Hearts, women's, bought and sold .....	512	.. 3
Heart's-ease, its origin .....	69	.. 2
Heart's-ease, turn'd to flowers, by love .....	69	.. 1, 2
Heartstrings, alone, can tie the heart .....	216	.. 4
Heather bell.....	505	.. 3
Headless of treasure a life could not earn .....	345	.. 4
Helen.....	155	.. 4
Helen chosen in time of trouble .....	105	.. 4
Helen, described.....	105	.. 3
Helen, pronounced her lover too gay .....	106	.. 2
Helen, the saint, declined the offer .....	106	.. 2
Her beauty haunts him all the night .....	534	.. 4
Her beauty was the mark .....	374	.. 4
Her chance at every move grows less .....	561	.. 1
Her dear heart .....	249	.. 2
Her dear presence .....	248	.. 4
Her earnest prayer to GOD .....	528	.. 3
Her eye was bright, a well of love .....	609	.. 1
Her frauds, her perjuries.....	235	.. 1
Her feet, the flowers that kiss .....	249	.. 1, 2
Her hand just touch'd love's finger tip .....	560	.. 3
Her heart approves my faithful flame.....	236	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Her laugh rings out .. . . . . .	531	1
Her life on his love is set .. . . .	510	4
Her light step, quickening .. . . .	585	2
Her love not swept away by time .. .	250	4
Her love was less than mine .. . . .	541	3
Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me	609	1
Her lover's safety and his quick return	528	3
Her name .. . . . . .	458	1
Her, O! to live and linger near .. . . .	249	2
Her parents' quakers .. . . . . .	603	1
Her perfection is my wound .. . . .	511	1
Her smile is fate .. . . . . .	235	1
Her sweet name .. . . . . .	458	1
Her voice is Death .. . . . . .	215	1
Here's a parting health to thee .. . . .	504	1
Here's a situation .. . . . . .	563	1
Here's a friendship for you if you like .. . . .	582	4
Here's to thee, my Scottish kinsman! .. . . .	472	4
Heed it thorn, and a dandel .. . . .	522	2
Here's tears .. . . . . .	215	4
Heater .. . . . . .	603	1
Heater a place not easily supplied .. . . .	603	1
Hide thy soul's richness .. . . . . .	451	2
Hate what none can, too foolish to show .. . . .	452	1
High and holy love .. . . . . .	65	2
High heaven will claim its own .. . . .	402	1
High hopes turned blank .. . . . . .	214	4
Highway Mary .. . . . . .	495	2
How tell him how I love .. . . . . .	471	2
How, the love I bear to .. . . . . .	471	2
How who loves you best .. . . . . .	331	1
How, names .. . . . . .	471	4
How .. . . . . .	507	4
How breath had warm'd her cheek .. . . .	560	4
How eyes had been on hers for hours .. . . .	560	4
How favorite wags the winking .. . . .	310	4
How form beside me lies .. . . . . .	457	4
How true as is her presence grows .. . . .	514	1
How name her sweet heart thrills .. . . .	310	1
How words confused .. . . . . .	362	1
How times she thought upon old .. . . .	411	2
How, a gilded cheat .. . . . . .	214	1
How, what are? .. . . . . .	205	2
Howling others than one's self more dear .. . . .	361	4
Holy is noble, all the side .. . . . . .	313	1
Holy vows, but heart unholy .. . . . . .	409	1
How age of a age .. . . . . .	150	4
How age of the world .. . . . . .	511	2
How age to woman, in reverence of our parent .. . . .	311	1
How a temporary heaven .. . . . . .	209	1
How, alone can give thee real .. . . . . .	416	1
How angels, our wives .. . . . . .	9	4



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Home, fond of .....	360	.. 3
Home, I cannot rest so far from.....	548	.. 3
Home! I have none .....	15	.. 4
Home, in a lost wife's heart .....	15	.. 4
Home, ladies never stay at .....	328	.. 3
Home, love that gives a charm to.....	606	.. 1
Home, my heart's, is love with thee.....	548	.. 3
Home of refuge, a fond wife's breast.....	15	.. 4
Home, picture of .....	247	.. 1
Home, that blighted love endears .....	151	.. 2
Home, the rude mariner's thoughts of.....	606	.. 3
Home-like joys banished .....	75	.. 3
Honied words, that women love to hear .....	294	.. 3
Honey and poison from the same source.....	116	.. 3
Honey left on my lips .....	275	.. 2
Honour and love.....	82	.. 1
Honour, incites to love .....	82	.. 2
Hope .....	523	.. 2
Hope, a .....	339	.. 1
Hope, a language of .....	441	.. 2
Hope and beauty, fare ye well .....	425	.. 2
Hope and strong desire.....	459	.. 4
Hope, be thy guide.....	146	.. 1
Hope, brooding, like a beauteous dove.....	432	.. 1
Hope, cannot endure another's .....	283	.. 4
Hope, combined in two hearts .....	100	.. 3
Hope, each star has its own prophecy of.....	432	.. 4
Hope, every, that earthward clings .....	246	.. 4
Hope, fear, and joy .....	504	.. 1
Hope flown .....	127	.. 4
Hope, from first to last .....	124	.. 1
Hope, how soon can it persuade .....	234	.. 2
Hope, its feathers from fortune's wings .....	478	.. 2
Hope, lamp of .....	499	.. 2
Hope, landmarks of .....	296	.. 3
Hope, led beauty to implore him .....	445	.. 1
Hope, less of, than despair .....	246	.. 3
Hope, lives not through scorn .....	476	.. 1
Hope, may be turned to despair.....	411	.. 1
Hope, makes love immortal .....	438	.. 2
Hope, may scatter all shadows .....	443	.. 4
Hope, memory of that, no more mine .....	305	.. 2
Hope, never can, to call thee mine .....	368	.. 4
Hope, no, that does not dream for thee .....	244	.. 2
Hope, none, without love.....	187	.. 2
Hope of help .....	406	.. 2
Hope of joys above.....	520	.. 1
Hope or fear.....	247	.. 1
Hope or fear, my heart could never bear .....	389	.. 1
Hope, own thou art my .....	469	.. 1
Hope, sheds a beam to gild each cloud.....	297	.. 2
Hope, star of .....	18	.. 3

	PAGE	FRACTION OF PAGE
Hope, stir her pulses .....	110	1
Hope, the sprightly, where now ? .....	121	4
Hope, the star of .....	441	2
Hope the tale of told by a sigh .....	124	2
Hope, though hope were lost .....	167	1
Hope, though as I thought .....	167	1
Hope, time of trust .....	97	1
Hope, thy tale of told by extechn date down .....	309	1
Hope towards far heaven of love .....	197	4
Hope, well serve long .....	413	4
Hope, when it is near, soon plays the tyrant .....	198	1
Hope, while they learn .....	139	1
Hope, with power ! keep away .....	118	1
Hope, with power ! keep away .....	516	1
Hope, as love and the headship .....	161	1
Hopeless love without despair .....	141	1
Hopeless though, yet proud of my choice .....	114	2
Hopeless yet alone .....	118	1
Hopeless yet alone .....	147	1
Hopeless and fears .....	151	1
Hopeless and love .....	161	1
Hopeless, like in the wreck of all our .....	171	1
Hopeless, compared to ships that never came to shore .....	147	1
Hopeless glittering toys .....	411	2
Hopeless, other than ours, and fate .....	191	1
Hopeless, now I .....	161	1
Hopeless, a life, paid in a moment .....	41	1
Hopeless, of deep and solemn import .....	146	1
Hopeless of the untutored heart .....	126	1
Hopeless once a trust, revised by song .....	97	1
Hopeless, were thwarted .....	441	1
Hopeless thwarted .....	111	1
Hopeless sweet delusive chimes .....	194	1
Hopeless, set on a word .....	44	1
Hopeless till death .....	430	4
Hopeless, happy, that makes thee mine .....	140	4
Hour, I bid thee each lone .....	100	2
Hour, lovely .....	131	1
Hour that brings thee back .....	159	1
Hour when a cross's all atoning power .....	171	1
Hour when science at the grave .....	459	4
Hour, woman's love buds and withers in an .....	481	1
Hours I sigh and heartily languish .....	110	1
Hours flew over me and un-learned .....	401	1
Hours for thee and heaven .....	141	1
Hours golden, on angel wings .....	491	1
Hours, I sang, of the luxury .....	170	1
Hours, sad, and true .....	110	1
Hours, sad, and true .....	101	1
How a lover became indifferent .....	111, 111	
How can a town thus paralyzed ? .....	100	1
How can I give you what I have not got ? .....	521	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF 1200
How can I love her more? .....	345	2
How can I love thee more? .....	516	4
How dear thou art.....	597	3
How dear thou wert .....	597	3
How dear thou must be to this heart .....	597	1
How dear I love thee .....	506	4
How d'ye do? .....	390	3
How few that love us have .....	355	4
How are her eyes .....	560	4
How flash her soul .....	560	4
How have I thought of thee? .....	302	3
How I dream of thee .....	412	4
How love is nourished .....	187	3
How love was caught .....	168	4
How many times do I ....	608	3
How much, how dear, I love .....	907	1
How much I loved thee .....	462	3
How shall I charm the interval.....	569	1
How shall I woo her? .....	343	4
How shall I woo thee? .....	303	1
How the god of soft desire should come .....	261	3
How the rose got its thorn .....	164	3
How to confine my soul to prison .....	417	2
How to cure love .....	256	2
How to hallow love and longing .....	590	3
How to love true .....	382	4
How to mark silent love .....	140	4
How to read silent love .....	140	4
How to reign a goddess .....	229	3
How warm this woodland wild recess! .....	538	3
How you could seem a hawk and be a kite.....	376	4
Lines, mingled, or opposed, as in nature .....	426	3
Human love .....	112	1
Human love, a memory .....	112	2
Human sight and immensity of space .....	175	2
Human sympathies, all felt by love .....	115	3
Humanity a lovelier aspect wears.....	402	3
Humble duty, dignified by grace .....	78	1
Humble glance, of love.. ..	223	1
Humble lot, the .....	127	3
Humbled, by love .....	529	4
Hunger, a sign of love .....	383	4
Hungry, I eat when I'm .....	189	2
Hunting for mates .....	243	4
Hurt or heal, power of love can.....	459	3
Husband, a, a life worn man .....	23	1
Husband, a, in manhood's prime .....	33	1
Husband, a wife's appeal to her.....	609	2
Husband and children, the delight of a wife.....	294	1
Husband, and his bride... ..	340	3
Husband in opening life, a .....	23	1
Husband, the happy .....	532	3

# Dictionary.

683

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Husband's prayer, a	519	B
Husband's, stolen, dogged, shy	286	3
Husband's tomb, affection's hottest light spot on	295	2
Hymen	151	1
Hymen	151	2
Hymen, brants the shafts of Cupid	155	1
Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love	589	1
Hymen trades in mercenary hearts	286	4
Hymen's song the	227	2
Hymen's address to Cupid	266	2
Hymen, thankful, sung by birds	10	2
I alone would weep	359	1
I am descending to the tomb	314	1
I am happy now	547	1
I am loved for thee, th' dainty rose	375	2
I am the tear, not	217	2
I am transfigured into a being like thine	217	1
I am unblest	506	2
I am weary, Barbara	506	4
I ask not for a kinder tone	610	1
I ask thy pity - be firm to thee	510	4
I ask not for less fragrant fare	610	1
I ask not for more gay attire	610	2
I bow before thine altar love	503	4
I can see thee now alone	490	1
I can only think of thee	548	1
I can weep and let her go	378	2
I cannot say the crown is white	373	1
I clasped his hands and dried his tears	500	4
I clasp thy waist	248	1
I could not deeper love	176	1
I could not love alone	309	1
I could not weep for tears	149	2
I cut my fingers steel of steel	519	2
I dared not breathe aloud	524	2
I did confess thee soft smooth and fair	490	2
I do love, in vain	143	1
I do love a wanderer	228	4
I do love, then	175	4
I do not wear a woman's colour	171	4
I do not sweat or rave	219	2
I dream, I know not how	547	4
I dream, I see, I feel that thou art there	517	1
I dream, I thee	41	2
I dream, I winter was changed to spring	425	3
I fear I shall	170	1
I fear to tell what moves my troubled spirit	45	4
I feel her hazy melodious thrill	607	1
I feel thy brow's heat	223	1
I feel thy nose of white	243	2
I feel thy face's restless flame	501	4
I felt a pride to name thy name	522	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
I for you all else forgot.....	467	-- 1
I gave thy form grace .....	224	-- 2
I hastened to thee with eager feet .....	392	-- 4
I have found a prize divine.....	467	-- 3
I have her heart and she has mine .....	328	-- 1
I have no further claims on your young heart .....	613	-- 2
I have no heart?.....	522	-- 2
I hold the shell against my ear .....	541	-- 3
I joy'd too much.....	375	-- 2
I kneel thy kneeling form beside .....	548	-- 4
I knew that love could never change .....	302	-- 4
I lay at thy feet .....	590	-- 2
I lie, in night of death .....	471	-- 3
I linger at thy feet .....	248	-- 1
I listen for thy hasty step .....	300	-- 2
I look'd for thee ere now! .....	599	-- 3
I lost a frail, false, maid .....	222	-- 4
I love her that loves me .....	288	-- 4
I love him, yet he knows not .....	44	-- 2
I love my love .....	72 .. 3, 4	73 .. 1
I love my love, because he loves me .....	405	-- 1
I love thee .....	404	-- 2
I love thee .....	577	-- 3
I love thee no more .....	211	-- 1
I love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.....	446	-- 4
I love you dearly.....	531	-- 1
I lov'd a beautous maid .....	231	-- 3
I loved, in silence, on .....	524	-- 3
I loved and for this love have lost.....	613	-- 2
I may not curse, I cannot hate .....	305	-- 1
I may not need it long .....	610	-- 1
I meet his gentle look of love.....	457	-- 3
I meet my bosom friends in pain .....	332	-- 4
I met, I loved you .....	539	-- 1
I miss thee at the dawning .....	574	-- 4
I miss thee in the twilight .....	574	-- 4
I miss thee most beneath the pale lamp's beam .....	574	-- 4
I miss thy kind, approving eye .....	575	-- 1
I miss thy meek, attentive ear .....	575	-- 1
I must learn Spanish, for that sweet name's sake .....	544	-- 4
I must love her that loves not me.....	288	-- 4
I must love on, O GOD! .....	440	-- 1
I ne'er rise hungry.....	389	-- 2
I never can forget and would not be forgot .....	364	-- 2
I never loved you, John .....	582	-- 1
I never said I loved you, John .....	582	-- 1
I never will grieve thee .....	405	-- 3
I no worldly sorrow know .....	402	-- 2
I only live to love thee.....	507	-- 2
I ope mine arms and thou art gone .....	537	-- 3
I pace the sands and wring my hands .....	541	-- 3
I, pitiful, arose, unto the lad benighted .....	570	-- 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
I pursue my soul's desire .....	261	4
I pray for thee .....	40	4
I saw and saw I saw admird .....	321	3
I saw the marble in love's eyes .....	301	1
I scarcely dared to look to heaven above .....	113	2
I see thee and forget .....	141	3
I seek thee only .....	317	2
I should have you'd .....	377	1
I shall often think of thee .....	501	2
I shall think of thee at even .....	501	1
I should not be alone .....	106	4
I sigh'd to I. u. before me .....	547	2
I sang of thee .....	41	1
I softly seized the unguarded rover .....	424	1
I spread the net in which myself was caught .....	224	2
I spurn'd thy love it was my only wealth .....	591	3
I spurn'd thee! .....	591	2
I stand bow'd o'er Barbara! .....	595	1
I struggle knowing we must part .....	311	0
I swear I love thee .....	404	1
I swear to love no more .....	471	6
I swore that I would love no more .....	474	2
I then might hope to call thee mine .....	597	2
I think of thee .....	40	1
I think of thee at evening .....	344	1
I think of thee at night .....	344	2
I think of thee at noon .....	344	1
I think of thee, when morning springs .....	341	4
I to thee my love will give .....	541	2
I tremble when I touch thy garment's hem .....	242	1
I was not hard to eloquent .....	349	5
I was once of thee .....	224	1
I was pale, you wept and never spoke .....	501	1
I water and tend the flowers o' my bonnie Lady Ann .....	472	4
I wept so .....	551	4
I will bow before the holy shrine .....	549	2
I will ease your pain and smart .....	420	2
I will lay hold of all good men .....	579	1
I will marry a man to my mind .....	654	1
I will never the more despair .....	372	2
I will plight my faith to none .....	464	2
I will punish thee no more .....	147	3
I will resign .....	410	2
I will tell thee what it is to love .....	433	1
I will try all high and holy strains .....	507	4
I wish to love no more .....	474	1
I wish I never turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair .....	447	1
I wish thee at a man should was .....	210	3
I work for thee .....	60	4
I would pass at thy foot .....	572	1
I would be all vanity and all grace to thee .....	315	2
I would hear thee speak and yield my passing sigh. ....	564	3

	PAGE	SECTION OF BOOK
I would not have her weep in heaven .....	903	.. 3
I would wear her in my breast .....	408	.. 1
Iambics .....	687	.. 4
I'd be a bird, were birds thy joy .....	314	.. 4
I'd be a gem, if gems thy fancy won .....	314	.. 4
I'd be the happiest star that ever look'd on thee .....	315	.. 1
I'd court you in a gallant strain .....	589	.. 4
I'd lay my crown of spray pearls at thy feet .....	315	.. 1
I'd rather answer 'no' to fifty Johns than 'yes' to you .....	581	.. 3
I'd sigh my life away for thee .....	314	.. 4
Ideal dream of a suitor .....	33	.. 4
Ideal form, the universal mould .....	460	.. 3
I depart from the world so soon .....	590	.. 1
Idle minutes, love's gain .....	268	.. 1
Idle tongue, what it undoes .....	183	.. 2
Idol, worshipped, of my heart .....	124	.. 3
If all the world and love were young .....	408	.. 2
If life's a flower, I choose my own .....	592	.. 3
If my heart can warm your heart .....	610	.. 3
If not rich and great, wise and kind .....	610	.. 3
If of herself she will not love .....	418	.. 1
If she love me I will die ere she shall grieve .....	378	.. 2
If she slight me when I woo .....	378	.. 2
If she will not hear, adieu, ye muses .....	231	.. 2
If she will not love, nothing can make her .....	418	.. 1
If still a voice is near .....	439	.. 4
If the poet loves what his love is like .....	380	.. 1
If this be love .....	375	.. 3, 4
If thou are not struck dumb, love anew .....	383	.. 1
If thou dost not mistake defects for graces .....	383	.. 2
If thou dost not quake, love anew .....	383	.. 1
If thou dost not speak twice over, love anew .....	383	.. 1
If thou lovest me too much I fear the end .....	543	.. 1
If thou wert by my side .....	574	.. 3
If thy flame still the same, love anew .....	382	.. 4
If women could be fair and yet not fond .....	491	.. 2
If woman's glass why try if she can be broke? .....	470	.. 3
If you are what men say be not proud .....	485	.. 3
If you become a nun a friar I will be .....	575	.. 2
If you will read I'll sit and work .....	610	.. 2
Ill ware, good cheap .....	413	.. 2
Ill-coupled folks .....	286	.. 2
I'll ask thee of thy father .....	523	.. 1
I'll be alone .....	307	.. 2
I'll bless thee if I die .....	72	.. 1
I'll die for thee .....	41	.. 3
I'll ever doat and write on you .....	294	.. 2
I'll fetch a breeze to inspire you .....	607	.. 4
I'll fetch a tale that won't tire you .....	607	.. 4
I'll fix my empire here .....	424	.. 3
I'll fondly try with all my heart to bless thee .....	449	.. 2
I'll leave love for my betters .....	481	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
I'll live in peace, if not in joy . . . . .	271	1
I'll love no more . . . . .	79	4
I'll love no more . . . . .	474	1
I'll love thee, dearest, while I live . . . . .	72	1
I'll make thee fairer, by my sword . . . . .	516	1
I'll make thee glorious, by my pen . . . . .	516	1
I'll meet thee not in life or death . . . . .	521	1
I'll meet you, my love, to-night . . . . .	323	1
I'll meet you, my love, to-morrow . . . . .	405	3
I'll pick you sweet flowers to wear . . . . .	167	4
I'll speak of her to every flower . . . . .	501	2
I'll sing of love . . . . .	391	3
I'll sing of heroes and of kings . . . . .	447	4
I'll sing to him . . . . .	100	1
I'll sing you sweet songs . . . . .	168	1
I'll twist a wreath . . . . .	505	2
I'll wish you, in a dream, to visit me . . . . .	628	1
Images change from . . . . .	154	4
Images, not to be a dream . . . . .	521	2
Image, for a love . . . . .	35	1
Image, taking, oft will meet my mind . . . . .	124	3
Image, too kind . . . . .	511	2
Imitation, good, with good . . . . .	125	4
Immediacy and human thoughts . . . . .	175	1
Improve, no grace can your form . . . . .	420	4
Impulse, sad, master of love's craft . . . . .	51	4
Improve . . . . .	549	1
Improve, my son . . . . .	265	4
In any case you run, look for me . . . . .	575	2
In every face I found a part . . . . .	529	4
In herself was so complete . . . . .	522	1
In marriage, gold is gold . . . . .	227	1
In oil, the heart is turned away . . . . .	510	4
In the wilderness, lonely . . . . .	521	2
Increase will go nothing, the . . . . .	571	3
Incline our hearts to every good . . . . .	519	1
Inconstancy . . . . .	412	2
Inconstancy, how to treat . . . . .	50	1
Inconstancy, men's hearts not to blame for . . . . .	244	1
Inconstancy, the cause of . . . . .	242	4
Index, and love . . . . .	376	1
Index, does to a lady going to . . . . .	566	2
Index, does to an . . . . .	416	4
Indian, many, the . . . . .	42	3
Indian, many of man's love, saying . . . . .	251	1
Indifference . . . . .	572	4
Indifference and passion . . . . .	170	2
Indifference, courted . . . . .	370	2
Indifference, excused . . . . .	451	1
Indifference, the triumph of . . . . .	220	4
Infants, as, various, dream . . . . .	423	2
Infant's kisses . . . . .	122	3



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Infernal Bowerer ! .....	564	.. 3
Infinite love .....	152	.. 1
Influence divine, thy dear thought an .....	570	.. 1
Influence of a virtuous woman .....	74	.. 4
Influence in absence .....	475	.. 2
Ingredients of Cupid's elixir .....	523	.. 2, 3
Innate lustre and the surface gleam .....	565	.. 4
Innocence, angel .....	494	.. 1
Innocence, emblems of .....	270	.. 2
Innocence, the nest of .....	346	.. 3
Innocence, white rob'd .....	240	.. 2
Innocent mind, mirror'd in the face .....	559	.. 3
Innocent and lonely .....	521	.. 1
Inquiry, the, of love .....	381	.. 3
Insincere vows .....	234	.. 4
Intelligence, strange, of tones and signs .....	496	.. 4
Interest not to change .....	277	.. 3
Invocation of St. Valentine .....	226	.. 4
Invocation to love .....	114	.. 1
Invocation to Venus .....	103	.. 1
Invitation, in distress, by one forsaken .....	99	.. 2
Invitation to Eliza's wedding .....	331	.. 3
Iron bars, no cage where love is .....	8	.. 1
Iron, she could turn to gold .....	585	.. 2
Isabella Markhame to John Haryngton .....	405	.. 4
Is she happy ? .....	540	.. 3
Is it she ? .....	576	.. 4
Is life a plant ? .....	217	.. 4
Is life a stream ? .....	217	.. 3
Is thy heart so strong to leave me thus ? .....	483	.. 1
It once lay in her breast .....	540	.. 4
It speaks of you no more .....	541	.. 3
It speaks to me about the sea .....	541	.. 3
It will break at last .....	427	.. 2
It's naught but play .....	530	.. 3
Italian forehead ? .....	612	.. 2
Italian night-black hair .....	612	.. 2
I've changed .....	596	.. 1
I've nothing .....	577	.. 2
I've nothing left .....	577	.. 3
I've nothing to reproach or to request .....	613	.. 3
I've knelt before thy window, at midnight .....	590	.. 4
Ivory neck .....	183	.. 4
Ivory, my love's forehead .....	606	.. 3
Jarring souls of angry mould .....	274	.. 3
Jealous, the man grows, and with cause .....	286	.. 3
Jealous fears, deceiving .....	181	.. 3
Jealous smarts, a thousand .....	411	.. 2
Jealousies, steal from her rosy cheek by needless .....	437	.. 1
Jealousy and love .....	181	.. 3
Jealousy, Cupid's fourth arrow .....	478	.. 2
Jealousy, no touch of .....	379	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Jealousy of others .....	108	1
Jealousy, start with, and wildly rove .....	397	2
Jealousy, the metal of this arrow, from hell .....	474	1
Jean .....	319	1
Jean, her loveliness ..	319	2
Jean, what reminds him of his .....	319	2
Jessamine, a type of pearl .....	119	3
Jest, proved true ..	393	1
Jesters, will worship at love's shrine .....	91	7
Jewel of my deating breast.....	127	3
Jewelled caves ..	209	1
Jewels and odours, tear them from thee .....	566	7
Jewels, bride owes no charms to .....	240	2
Jewels, what are they to the diamond? .....	89	1
Jewish reverence .....	440	2
Jilt, a ..	268	4
Jilt, a common curse..	221	4
Joan, should be fashioned of coarsest household stuff.....	591	4
John Maryngton to Isabella Markhame .....	405	4
John, no thank you ..	582	1
Join'd in pleasing fetters ..	293	3
Journey, my, brightened .....	405	2
Journeying on, wasted, weary, and alone .....	150	2
Jove, employ'd his best clay to form a beauty .....	261	4
Jove made men and women in pairs .....	243	2
Jove's frankincense, thy breath .....	189	3
Jove's materials for a beauty ..	261	3
Joy ..	232	2
Joy, a court of, and pleasure's ark .....	414	4
Joy, a language of ..	441	2
Joy after woo ..	219	1
Joy and sadness at the end of courtship .....	581	2
Joy, back in, through calm unclouded hours.....	239	2
Joy, beyond all language .....	581	4
Joy, burning .....	274	1
Joy, care and grief tread on the heels of.....	234	3
Joy, calm, serene ..	581	4
Joy cras'd her song of glee ..	128	1
Joy expands my breast ..	236	3
Joy, fires of ..	339	2
Joy in heaven earth cannot yield ..	464	4
Joy in her soul ..	560	1
Joy is fled ..	198	4
Joy of hearts each to each a blessing .....	279	2
Joy or grief ..	247	1
Joy, her soul was ..	234	3
Joy, how faithless is the lover's.....	324	1
Joy I feel when thou art kind ..	259	2
Joy, love, rules my heart with tumultuous .....	471	2
Joy, lovers come to it by degrees .....	276	2
Joy, not so strong as pain and pride .....	26	3
Joy, no, that is not shared by thee .....	244	3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Joy, see my, with closed eyes .....	511	.. 2
Joy shall be thy guest .....	527	.. 1
Joy shall bless us .....	448	.. 3
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes .....	590	.. 4
Joy, strive to hide the, my bosom feels .....	260	.. 3
Joy, tempts the gentle violence of the .....	423	.. 3
Joy, time measured by .....	224	.. 1
Joy, to be quenched in tears .....	187	.. 2
Joy to impart, no other voice hath power .....	300	.. 2
Joy, unutterable .....	449	.. 3
Joy, whispered, in evening .....	452	.. 4
Joy, with its dark buds and leaves .....	426	.. 1
Joyous hours of winter eve .....	616	.. 2
Joy tints, no longer fresh and fair .....	393	.. 3
Joys die, in the twinkling of an eye .....	382	.. 1
Joys, dream of those he's had or hopes to share .....	422	.. 1
Joys far too bright to last .....	295	.. 2
Joy's first dreams .....	392	.. 2
Joys, I ne'er can know .....	368	.. 4
Joys of angels, that I may taste the .....	406	.. 3
Joys, pure hopes and quiet .....	358	.. 2
Joys, transient .....	533	.. 1
Joys, that lovingly may last .....	405	.. 3
Joys unknown to courts or kings .....	234	.. 3
Jubilate, I am loved .....	615	.. 2
Judgment, book of .....	175	.. 3
Julia, apostrophised .....	565	.. 2
Julia, came to serenade my .....	563	.. 2
Julia dear, my, reclines .....	564	.. 1
Julia, her lover wishes her a long repose .....	565	.. 3
Julia's letter .....	613	.. 1
Julia's lips, where cherries grow .....	78	.. 4
Juliet, amid her window flowers .....	205	.. 4
July, the burning .....	218	.. 3
Jungles and of vast hills, land of .....	557	.. 1
Juno, her pace .....	252	.. 4
Just cause never to love more .....	517	.. 4
Justice, the stroke of, may humble you .....	232	.. 2
Kate began to scold .....	143	.. 3
Kate, bonnie, I prize thee .....	219	.. 2
Kate, jaunt to Windsor with .....	143	.. 2
Kate, sylph-like image of blooming .....	142	.. 2
'Keep it for my sake' .....	125	.. 2
Keep love holy, veiled .....	306	.. 3
Keepsake, magic power of a .....	124	.. 4
Keepsake, no matter what it is .....	125	.. 1
Keepsake, the scenes of former bliss renews .....	125	.. 1
Key, golden, of earthly happiness .....	147	.. 1
Key, the only, of earthly happiness .....	616	.. 2
Killed thee, a cursed river .....	595	.. 1
Kind captivity .....	5	.. 1
Kind love, knits hearts .....	Back of Title	

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Kind thought wasted .....	416	.. 2
Kindest, loveliest, best .....	548	.. 1
Kindness, grows a vigil and a cure .....	245	.. 3
Kindred heart from heart, what keeps .....	246	.. 1
King Francis and his court .....	454	.. 1
Kingdom, a snug little, up four pair of stairs .....	445	.. 4
Kings and heroes yield to love .....	311	.. 2
Kings, subject to love .....	Back of Title	
Kiss, a, not to be changed for nectar .....	4	.. 2
Kiss, a pledge in a cup .....	4	.. 1
Kiss, at love's beginning .....	575	.. 4
Kiss, can danger lurk within a? .....	423	.. 1
Kiss, composition of a .....	523	.. 1
Kiss, containing both poison and honey .....	116	.. 3
Kiss, delicious .....	478	.. 3
Kiss, each suit'ring .....	419	.. 2
Kiss, half invited by the lips .....	183	.. 4
Kiss, honeydew .....	205	.. 2
Kiss, how delicious is the winning of a .....	575	.. 4
Kiss, its joy wastes so soon .....	478	.. 2
Kiss, last .....	572	.. 3
Kiss, long and silent .....	561	.. 4
Kiss me into faintness .....	248	.. 1
Kiss, melting .....	478	.. 3
Kiss, moonbeams, the sun .....	427	.. 3
Kiss, my soul leaped up beneath thy timid .....	590	.. 3
Kiss, my vow greeted with a .....	147	.. 2
Kiss, not a, but poison-bears .....	267	.. 4
Kiss, of an ideal wife .....	337	.. 2
Kiss of love, the sweet soft murmur of a .....	458	.. 1
Kiss, one fond, and then we never .....	18	.. 3
Kiss, one, said and sigh'd. ....	423	.. 1
Kiss, one kind, ere we part .....	391	.. 2
Kiss, passions thrilling .....	349	.. 3
Kiss repeated, on another lip than mine .....	147	.. 2
Kiss, soft .....	478	.. 3
Kiss, sugared .....	478	.. 3
Kiss, sweet as the sunshine's golden .....	249	.. 4
Kiss that falling tear, let me .....	391	.. 1
Kiss, the .....	423	.. 1
Kiss, the .....	478	.. 2
Kiss, the fervor of affection's .....	318	.. 1
Kiss, the greeting .....	17	.. 1
Kiss, the mountains, high heaven .....	427	.. 3
Kiss, the parting .....	391	.. 1
Kiss, thy hair is loosened by that .....	248	.. 2
Kiss, thy lips, I .....	577	.. 1
Kiss time away, I do not .....	542	.. 3
Kiss, to last for ever .....	478	.. 3
Kissed me, you .....	590	.. 1
Kisses .....	166	.. 4
Kisses .....	248	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Kisses, a creature for .....	172	.. 2
Kisses, a thousand sows and reaps .....	418	.. 2
Kisses and honey .....	275	.. 1
Kisses and smiles .....	216	.. 2
Kisses and welcome you'll find .....	607	.. 3
Kisses, early, on May morning .....	11	.. 2
Kisses, for a glove .....	478	.. 4
Kisses, leave to take them back .....	290	.. 4
Kisses, let thy love rain .....	427	.. 2
Kisses, Love will shoot himself with .....	267	.. 2
Kisses, nectar breathing .....	423	.. 2
Kisses, playing at cards for .....	252	.. 1
Kisses, the precious compound's name .....	523	.. 3
Kisses, upon senseless clay .....	213	.. 3
Kisses, waken the zephyrs .....	395	.. 1
Kisses, wet with morning's .....	430	.. 4
Kissing, wish to die .....	478	.. 3
Kiseth everything .....	490	.. 3
Kite, be a, and seem a hawk .....	376	.. 4
Kittens squeak .....	143	.. 3
Kitty and Nancy, described .....	86	.. 4
Kitty's dreaming voice and face .....	86	.. 3
Knell me to an early tomb .....	126	.. 3
Knicknacks, worthless old .....	446	.. 1
Knit and knot that should not slide .....	482	.. 3
Knit our hearts .....	519	.. 2
Knot, the, tied so fast .....	272	.. 4
Knot there's no untying .....	575	.. 4
Knowledge of love .....	386	.. 2
Know not why you love .....	381	.. 2
Kytes, haggard, that cast the lure .....	410	.. 3
Lace, borrowed .....	329	.. 4
Ladies, a new simile for the .....	328	.. 1
Ladies, be you blithe and bonny .....	414	.. 2
Ladies, by fancy, weighed and measured .....	385	.. 3
Ladies, every hour delight to change .....	329	.. 3
Ladies, fair books, their receipts .....	216	.. 2
Ladies never stay at home .....	328	.. 3
Ladies, on two beautiful .....	463	.. 2
Lady, a, self-examination by .....	260	.. 1
Lady Ann, loved and blessed .....	493	.. 1
Lady asleep, on a .....	429	.. 1
Lady, be sister to the night .....	341	.. 4
Lady, lines written under the portrait of an unknown .....	141	.. 1
Lady, the, watch'd her lover .....	536	.. 4
Ladye-love, the student's song to his .....	362	.. 3
Lakelet of love .....	25	.. 2
Lament, give my tongue leave to .....	411	.. 1
Lament, tones of sad .....	456	.. 3
Lamp of memory .....	580	.. 1
Lamp, brazen old, from the Tiber .....	446	.. 3
Land, melodious with song .....	218	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Land, servants, and gold.....	399	.. 4
Languish, sweetly to.....	396	.. 3
Languishing with love.....	435	.. 1
Language, a, so chaste.....	441	.. 2
Language, a, so kind..	441	.. 2
Language, a, so refined..	441	.. 2
Language, a, so sincere.....	441	.. 2
Language, a, so soft ..	441	.. 2
Language, a, so touching ..	441	.. 2
Language, a, so wistful..	441	.. 2
Language, known to lovers..	550	.. 4
Language, not read, but felt ..	441	.. 7
Language, not uttered, but betrayed ..	441	.. 1
Language of a glance ..	228	.. 1
Language of a virgin ..	441	.. 1
Language, that looks a sigh ..	441	.. 2
Language, that weeps without a tear ..	441	.. 2
Lark, the ... ..	325	.. 2
Lark, above the cloud ..	72	.. 3
Lark, sweet chirps the ... ..	226	.. 3
Lave, a rosy ..	391	.. 3
Lavie I love best, lives in the west ..	319	.. 1
Last blessing ..	429	.. 4
Last farewell o' my sweet Highland Mary.....	495	.. 3
Last look ..	17	.. 3
Last prayer of a lover ..	177	.. 3
Last quadrille over ..	142	.. 2
Last sigh ..	146	.. 3
Last time we shall meet ..	602	.. 3
Last words of love....	146	.. 1
Lasting as the gloom of mine.....	424	.. 4
Lasting joy, thy presence ..	499	.. 1
Latakie, sit in a fog made of rich....	446	.. 3
Later ties may be bright and strong.....	520	.. 3
Laugh, a more melodious.....	554	.. 1
Laugh, her ..	554	.. 1
Laugh, soft and slow ..	14	.. 4
Laughter, looks like rosebuds filled with snow ..	526	.. 3
Laughter swimming in thine eye ..	197	.. 3
Laughter, well turned to....	241	.. 1
Laura.....	223	.. 3
Laura ..	229	.. 2
Laura's album, lines in.....	321	.. 2
Laura's looks, pondered o'er by the student ..	321	.. 4
Laura's voice formed to please ..	223	.. 4
Laurel tree, the ..	552	.. 3
Leaf, this, the only trace of her and me ..	175	.. 4
Leafy woods..	28	.. 1
Learn to check the frown ..	219	.. 4
Learn to reason, rather than blase ..	219	.. 4
Learn to win a lady's faith nobly ..	532	.. 1
Learned fool, no ..	270	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Leave me all benighted .....	415	.. 1
Leave me, unmook'd, unpitied, to my fate.....	602	.. 1
Leave thy home and come with me .....	414	.. 4
Leaves fall from her one by one.....	490	.. 4
Leaves, gems in abundance.....	10	.. 1
Leaves, jewels for gown, or hair .....	10	.. 2
Leaves of an album, stained and unstained .....	140	.. 2
Legacy, sweet is a .....	525	.. 3
Legend of the lover's tree .....	(note) 371	.. 2
Legions of loves .....	394	.. 1
Leisure and love .....	592	.. 7
Leoline, my sweet friend .....	539	.. 4
Lesson in wooing .....	33	.. 2
Lessons from thy holy mind .....	606	.. 1
Lessons of love .....	362	.. 1
Let me thy sadness share.....	304	.. 2
Let my heart alone .....	419	.. 1
Let not oaths make a breach .....	516	.. 2
Let riches meaner beauties move .....	513	.. 1
Let the love he beareth me, lead us both to <b>THEE</b> .....	615	.. 4
Let time roll on so that thou changest not.....	444	.. 3
Let us love one another .....	212	.. 2
Let us love one another .....	212	.. 1
Let's love one another .....	212	.. 4
Letter, Love's last .....	126	.. 3
Liberty, given and received in vain.....	230	.. 4
Liberty in love, angelic freedom .....	8	.. 2
Liberty, in prison .....	7	.. 3
Life, a dreary waste without woman .....	49	.. 1
Life, a feast .....	371	.. 1
Life, a lasting, in colours or in stone .....	462	.. 3
Life, a thing divine .....	432	.. 1
Life a trance .....	402	.. 4
Life, but a bitterness.....	611	.. 1
Life desolate and lonely deprived of thee.....	444	.. 1
Life, every path of, inviting .....	279	.. 1
Life, fluttering to depart .....	127	.. 4
Life hath quicksands.....	354	.. 3
Life hath snares .....	354	.. 3
Life, here and above, confounded .....	112	.. 1
Life is short .....	11	.. 3
Life of life.....	494	.. 2
Life, once lost, can ne'er be found again.....	11	.. 4
Life or death, equal measure in love.....	390	.. 4
Life pleasureless .....	443	.. 2
Life, prepare to part with .....	126	.. 4
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream .....	136	.. 1
Life, she chid, she cherish'd, she gave .....	585	.. 2
Life, the balm of mortal .....	100	.. 4
Life, the cares of, assuaging .....	465	.. 2
Life, the five stringed lyre of .....	534	.. 2
Life, the light of, is o'er .....	357	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF VOLUME
Life, the mystic thread of . . . . .	591	4
Life, the thornless rose of . . . . .	127	4
Life, to be valued calmly . . . . .	370	4
Life without a man . . . . .	106	4
Life, what a betwixt Love and his mistress . . . . .	174	1
Life yields nothing but . . . . .	516	1
Life with man a short husband . . . . .	21	1
Lifeless are those heartless things . . . . .	171	1
Life's barriers . . . . .	579	4
Life's joys and woman's fervour . . . . .	145	1
Life's most amiable soul . . . . .	246	2
Life's faded flowers . . . . .	77	2
Life's fairy flowers . . . . .	239	2
Life's joys and harms . . . . .	574	4
Life's joys are the wife's song . . . . .	141	1
Life's path, the longest in those who long to die . . . . .	557	2
Life's little hour . . . . .	174	1
Life's roses I'd fain see thee wear . . . . .	170	4
Life's short hour not to be spent in vain . . . . .	466	1
Life's storm or calm shared with thee . . . . .	444	1
Life's sweets, the sweetest of all . . . . .	411	1
Life's thorns leave me to bear . . . . .	170	4
Life's vanished track . . . . .	358	2
Life's world of bitterness . . . . .	210	2
Light after darkness . . . . .	219	1
Light and life as long was light and Mary . . . . .	465	1
Light to all in thee . . . . .	146	1
Light's fantastic form . . . . .	24	4
Light's heart is . . . . .	77	1
Light's spirit assumed a beautiful . . . . .	401	1
Light's dark eyes . . . . .	12	1
Light's my heart . . . . .	607	4
Light left far behind . . . . .	170	4
Light of day is darkness to me . . . . .	457	2
Light not when it is . . . . .	170	2
Light's love's power . . . . .	149	4
Light word may break a breaking heart . . . . .	17	1
Like a dream to see them play . . . . .	559	4
Like an angel's halo . . . . .	511	1
Like the abuse of a saint . . . . .	447	2
Likeless how many trace brothers . . . . .	171	4
Lily in answer returned by a . . . . .	71	1
Lily as the rose-changing hue of a cheek . . . . .	151	1
Lily bow thy head . . . . .	241	4
Lily droops . . . . .	114	1
Lily pale emblem of you . . . . .	595	1
Lily the before pale hands have touch'd it? . . . . .	187	1
Lilled cheek . . . . .	111	4
Lilies as the . . . . .	1	4
Lilies pale . . . . .	420	1
Lilies, that tend to view their own white shadows . . . . .	54	1
Lips, lifeless are those beautiful . . . . .	271	3



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Limbs see clean, thy .....	907	.. 2
Limbs, that with such grace and ease did move .....	272	.. 3
Limes, close woven arches of .....	2	.. 1
Lincoln green, a doublet of the .....	906	.. 2
Lines, for future ages .....	225	.. 3
Lines, the, hold a treasure .....	578	.. 1
Lines to Mary, Queen of Scots .....	88	.. 4
Lingering lovers laugh and smile .....	413	.. 2
Linnets, sing cheerily .....	475	.. 4
Link'd heart with heart .....	359	.. 1
Lion, where he howleth .....	556	.. 3
Lip, a sweeter berry .....	479	.. 2
Lip a, that if you'd let me, I would press .....	554	.. 2
Lip, a, that kissing seeks .....	567	.. 1
Lip, dear coral .....	292	.. 2
Lip, graced with delight .....	253	.. 1
Lip, how little will it reveal .....	435	.. 3
Lip, love's standards borne in the .....	373	.. 4
Lip of heaven falter .....	351	.. 4
Lip, pouting, or smiling, quite indifferent to .....	221	.. 2
Lip, quivering, mask'd with ready smile .....	313	.. 2
Lip, red .....	201	.. 1
Lip, ripe as the moorland bell .....	97	.. 1
Lip, sweet ruby red .....	253	.. 1
Lip, there is a, mine only .....	594	.. 1
Lips and eyes, paradise of .....	601	.. 1
Lips, coral .....	384	.. 4
Lips, half invite a kiss .....	183	.. 4
Lips have said it .....	615	.. 2
Lips, her, in the tulip .....	381	.. 3
Lips, I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly .....	496	.. 1
Lips, I kiss thy .....	577	.. 1
Lips, like a red rose-bud .....	3	.. 2
Lips, love on her .....	418	.. 2
Lips of bliss .....	183	.. 4
Lips nectar, hope to sip .....	479	.. 4
Lips, parched and pale .....	254	.. 3
Lips, perjur'd ne'er know the magic of love's sway .....	311	.. 4
Lips, press her, to mine .....	349	.. 3
Lips, red roses glow'd on .....	26	.. 2
Lips reviving breath .....	126	.. 3
Lips, rubies .....	606	.. 3
Lips, smile on the .....	423	.. 3
Lips that thrill at your caressing .....	499	.. 3
Lips, the hinnie .....	492	.. 1
Lips, the smile of truth on thy .....	355	.. 1
Lips, thy rosy, wear a smile .....	429	.. 1
Lips, thy tempting .....	507	.. 2
Lip, what word is on thy .....	351	.. 1
Lips we adore .....	22	.. 1
Lips, when they would curse, bless thee .....	304	.. 4
Liquid melancholy, of the eyes .....	211	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Listen, closed the book and sat us down to .....	546	.. 1
Little girls and boys .....	141	.. 3
Little mind beneath a heavenly face .....	231	.. 4
Live and love in heaven .....	337	.. 4
Live and love in quiet .....	272	.. 4
Live, as long as he could .....	327	.. 3
Live by fame .....	129	.. 1
Live, by thy kindness .....	282	.. 4
Live, delighted, for an ideal wife .....	337	.. 1
Live, my greatest burden is to .....	462	.. 1
Live, study how to .....	189	.. 2
Live, tells me how to .....	422	.. 4
Live, to, is to love .....	189	.. 2
Lived so free from taint, her who .....	532	.. 3
Lived to love thee more .....	179	.. 2
Lively fancy and the feeling heart .....	321	.. 1
Lives, our future .....	244	.. 3
Living on love .....	510	.. 1
Lloyd, Mrs., lines to .....	261	.. 3
Loath to part, how .....	392	.. 4
Lobster-salad .....	24	.. 3
Locks, auburn .....	486	.. 7
Locks, black .....	576	.. 3
Locks bright enough to make me mad .....	600	.. 4
Locks, change of hue .....	486	.. 1
Locks, dark long rolling .....	60	.. 2
Locks, gold .....	606	.. 3
Locks so softly twined .....	486	.. 1
Locks, two graceful .....	61	.. 1
L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois .....	342	.. 3
London, its pleasures .....	2	.. 1
Lone and lowly home .....	210	.. 2
Lone and sad death bed .....	122	.. 3
Lone gliding spectres .....	126	.. 3
Lonely and sad .....	272	.. 3
Lonely grave, that .....	338	.. 2
Long, long, thro' the night we talk .....	446	.. 3
Long and lasting anguish .....	510	.. 1
Long, sweet, story of our love .....	583	.. 1
Longings, vain are my .....	441	.. 4
Look, can with a single, inflame .....	429	.. 1
Look before we leap .....	413	.. 2
Look, downcast .....	557	.. 4
Look, feed upon thy lovely .....	415	.. 2
Look, her, was love .....	234	.. 1
Look, not one, but love can read .....	75	.. 1
Look on me .....	404	.. 4
Look on the fountain of the burning tear .....	439	.. 2
Look on the inmost soul .....	419	.. 2
Look, soft and downcast .....	222	.. 1
Look, speaks reliance on my truth .....	552	.. 3
Look, that, live it for ever .....	126	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Look, that witching .....	393	.. 1
Looks delight, sweet illusion of her .....	394	.. 1
Looks delightful, for a wrinkled face .....	409	.. 4
Looks demure .....	321	.. 1
Looks, despotism, of them, over .....	221	.. 3
Looks, downward, memorials of despair .....	375	.. 3
Looks, eager, my secret soul discover .....	489	.. 2
Looks estranged .....	580	.. 1
Looks, her, are coy and cold .....	609	.. 2
Looks, love will steal into their very .....	451	.. 4
Looks, nameless charm of .....	475	.. 2
Looks, quickly lost and gained .....	409	.. 1
Looks, saintly, sweet, and pure .....	3	.. 1
Looks, sober, a face with .....	422	.. 3
Looks, soft consenting, betray .....	259	.. 4
Looks, touched with woe .....	150	.. 1
Looks, unkind, freeze affection .....	476	.. 1
Looks, your, the force they have .....	217	.. 1
Looks, well and ill .....	417	.. 4
Looks were feigned, now I find thy .....	409	.. 1
Looks, what do the ladies with their? .....	216	.. 1
Looks, while on those lovely, I gaze .....	390	.. 3
Looks, with thoughtful reason mixed .....	321	.. 1
LORD, the, His forbearance .....	19	.. 4
Loss of fame, not rewarded by a smile of love .....	230	.. 4
Lost, for ever, lost .....	344	.. 4
Lost love .....	19	.. 3
Lost my love .....	94	.. 3
Lost the right to call thee dear .....	392	.. 3
Lot of loves to sell .....	166	.. 3
Lot of utter wretchedness .....	313	.. 3
Love, a balm .....	205	.. 1
Love, a creature for .....	172	.. 2
Love, a dream .....	65	.. 1
Love, a felon .....	194	.. 3
Love, a flower, born to die .....	180	.. 3
Love, a fountain and well .....	484	.. 3
Love, a game where none doth gain .....	485	.. 1
Love, a gentle master .....	322	.. 1
Love, a grief .....	205	.. 1
Love, a, his cheek inebriate with dew .....	424	.. 1
Love, a hypocrite .....	199	.. 1
Love, a language of .....	441	.. 2
Love, a lassie's thoughts of .....	98	.. 2
Love, a little boy .....	266	.. 3
Love, a magician .....	311	.. 3
Love, a minster wrought, my .....	587	.. 4
Love, a mystery .....	288	.. 1
Love, a, placed on Sara's breast .....	424	.. 1
Love, a plant that with most cutting grows .....	413	.. 3
Love, a prize that passeth to and fro .....	485	.. 2
Love, a recollection of a holier affection .....	170	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION
Love a refiner of the thoughts	Back of Title	
Love a four-leaf of	227	1
Love a mystery within a rose	451	6
Love a morning angel	41	4
Love a morning bell	484	1
Love a sporting fang	483	1
Love a storm of	487	1
Love a sweet star at its birth	145	4
Love a thing that cries	485	1
Love a thing for one a thing for none	485	1
Love a thing will go away	485	1
Love a time and place in the matter of	165	2
Love a technique of such path	484	4
Love a torment of the mind	431	4
Love a very tyrant judge	133	1
Love a wild and wayward thing	178	4
Love a white	200	1
Love a with a wreath of laurel hips	434	1
Love a work in holiday	484	4
Love a you and may	485	1
Love shows the union of a gentle and savage mind	274	1
Love, please reason but not against it	177	2
Love swept by the universal heart	115	1
Love as a gift and gift	51	1
Love and his great self	167	4
Love and other passions but vain	131	1
Love a 't with' your and pride	411	1
Love almost naked waiting blind	200	1
Love a covering for the just	431	4
Love an appeal	114	4
Love an untimely frost	111	4
Love and a woman, her front	111	4
Love and a woman	111	4
Love and if I have a combat	113	4
Love and hate	129	1
Love and hope	150	1
Love and Hymen, their quarrel	154	1
Love and Hymen seldom wedded together	154	1
Love and a woman	181	1
Love a woman's dream	130	1
Love and a woman's happiness	411	1
Love and a woman's love were at strife	174	1
Love and a woman's love	197	1
Love and a woman's parents	91	1
Love and a woman	132	1
Love and a woman	137	1
Love and a woman's friends	141	1
Love and a woman's friends	157	1
Love and a woman's friends	160	1
Love and a woman's friends	166	1
Love and a woman's friends	166	1
Love and a woman's friends	166	1
Love and a woman's friends	166	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love and the sea, contrasted .....	273	.. 4
Love, and the tranquil mind .....	397	.. 3
Love and time.....	423	.. 3
Love and virtues of a lost wife .....	16	.. 2
Love and wealth.....	450	.. 1
Love, and war.....	359	.. 4
Love, and wine .....	360	.. 1
Love, and wisdom .....	360	.. 1
Love and write, I must both .....	394	.. 4
Love and you .....	293	.. 2
Love, appears as virtue's self .....	322	.. 2
Love arose to view his future home in thee .....	463	.. 1
Love, aspiring, and humble.....	210	.. 1
Love at first sight, described .....	291	.. 1
Love, at perfect rest in heaven .....	131	.. 2
Love, at the door of my heart.....	95	.. 3
Love, be like to mine.....	410	.. 2
Love, bears its blossom into winter .....	207	.. 2
Love, best in bloom .....	145	.. 2
Love betters what is best.....	460	.. 3
Love bid reason take the helm .....	62	.. 3
Love, blighted, never blows again.....	476	.. 2
Love, blooms everlastingly .....	194	.. 1
Love, born in heaven.....	170	.. 2
Love, born of darker days, we cherish.....	438	.. 1
Love, born of purity and truth .....	358	.. 1
Love, breathed against thy cheek .....	207	.. 4
Love, breathed in sighs alone.....	524	.. 1
Love, brightens the bosom's home.....	145	.. 2
Love, brooding o'er the board, grows dull .....	560	.. 2
Love, burns for ever bright above.....	234	.. 2
Love, by absence killed.....	157	.. 1
Love, called base.....	147	.. 3
Love, called blind .....	147	.. 3
Love, called cruel .....	147	.. 3
Love, called the soul's young visions into play .....	100	.. 2
Love, calm deceiver .....	279	.. 4
Love, came from heaven .....	131	.. 2
Love, can read looks .....	75	.. 1
Love, cannot be changed by change of scene.....	38	.. 2
Love, cannot die.....	114	.. 3
Love, cannot go .....	485	.. 2
Love, careless .....	153	.. 1
Love, celestial .....	100	.. 2
Love, chain that unites creation .....	152	.. 1
Love, chained passion to the deck.....	62	.. 3
Love, changed his whistle for a rattle .....	87	.. 1
Love chaplet.....	75	.. 4
Love, clapp'd his wings for joy .....	424	.. 2
Love, clothe our hearts with .....	250	.. 2
Love comes but once .....	326	.. 3
Love, comes in silence and alone .....	353	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love comes, just as fate or fancy carries.....	576	.. 1
Love compared with a rose-bud .....	306	.. 1
Love, confidence inspired by, in birds .....	3	.. 4
Love, conquered on earth, glorified in heaven .....	116	.. 1
Love, consoling .....	239	.. 3
Love, cooled by reason .....	158	.. 3
Love, cruel and kind .....	266	.. 3
Love, December match'd with May .....	484	.. 4
Love, decreed to be led by folly.....	186	.. 3
Love, described .....	266	.. 2
Love, description of it makes it less. ....	513	.. 1
Love, despair, and madness, meet in this .....	572	.. 3
Love despair'd of ..	512	.. 1
Love, dies not ..	399	.. 2
Love dies when faith is dead .....	302	.. 3
Love, disguises of .....	399	.. 1
Love, disowns artifice ..	399	.. 3
Love, does not glow and cool in a moment .....	513	.. 2
Love, dreams of heaven ..	210	.. 1
Love, driven from the heart by death, only .....	264	.. 2
Love, each soft glance not a look of .....	228	.. 3
Love, early on May morning .....	17	.. 2
Love, early symptoms of .....	386	.. 1
Love, emblem of God.....	151	.. 4
Love, enlarges the heart .....	Back of Title	
Love, entirely blest ..	151	.. 1
Love, enduring all ..	151	.. 1
Love, essence that binds the uncreated THREE .....	151	.. 4
Love, ever-during .....	17	.. 1
Love, ever-growing .....	151	.. 1
Love, every chord is whispering .....	300	.. 2
Love, eternal ..	151	.. 1
Love, eternal, and woman .....	46	.. 4
Love, exalted ..	147	.. 3
Love, exhaustless ..	151	.. 1
Love, expired on reason's breast .....	159	.. 3
Love, faithful ..	151	.. 2
Love, fantastic and perverse .....	198	.. 4
Love, fatal to human quiet.....	321	.. 4
Love, fate, and fancy ..	576	.. 1
Love, feels all human sympathies.....	115	.. 1
Love, fills my soul with pleasure .....	147	.. 2
Love, finds a resting-place above .....	264	.. 2
Love, finds time a conquering foe .....	589	.. 4
Love, for a woman's reason.....	181	.. 1
Love, for all seasons alike .....	207	.. 2
Love for love ..	479	.. 4
Love, for more than one .....	491	.. 2
Love for what end, to mortals, given ? .....	169	.. 1
Love, force of ..	241	.. 1
Love from the soul indivisible by time .....	264	.. 1
Love, from, we learn to swell the lyre.....	258	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love-freighted bark, its loss .....	25	.. 4
Love-gift, my, on your wrist .....	595	.. 1
Love, give me back my heart .....	271	.. 1
Love, gives itself .....	352	.. 4
Love, glides past, like a stream .....	180	.. 1
Love, glowing, only, for a deceased husband .....	295	.. 3
Love, God's gift to man .....	131	.. 4
Love, grown blind and aged .....	51	.. 2
Love, happy .....	152	.. 1
Love, harvest time of, in heaven .....	131	.. 2
Love has bliss .....	576	.. 1
Love has perished .....	303	.. 2
Love, has power to conquer me .....	375	.. 1
Love has rueing .....	576	.. 1
Love has saved me, Barbara ! .....	596	.. 2
Love, has his seat in reason .....	<i>Back of Title</i>	
Love, hates none like reason .....	267	.. 4
Love, hath no home on the seas .....	157	.. 1
Love, hears and keeps secrets .....	452	.. 3
Love, heaven on earth .....	432	.. 1
Love, heaven's halo .....	170	.. 1
Love, heeds not the colour of his screen .....	365	.. 4
Love, her look was .....	234	.. 1
Love, his crown of simple flowers .....	450	.. 4
Love, his shield of jet .....	365	.. 4
Love, his azure veil .....	365	.. 4
Love, homeless .....	115	.. 1
Love, hoping .....	152	.. 1
Love, hopeless .....	410	.. 1
Love, how it lasts .....	433	.. 2
Love, how to identify .....	266	.. 4
Love, humble glance of .....	228	.. 1
Love, hung .....	162	.. 2
Love, I am elected to thy .....	216	.. 4
Love, I dare not even write... ..	207	.. 4
Love, if this be, to live a living death .....	375	.. 4
Love, ill befits .....	480	.. 4
Love, immortal, by faith and hope .....	574	.. 2
Love, in a drowsy mood one day .....	445	.. 1
Love, in a little woman .....	466	.. 1
Love, in a young eye, no beauty like .....	98	.. 4
Love in age .....	238	.. 4
Love, in all her outward parts .....	418	.. 2
Love, in childhood .....	386	.. 2
Love, in courts .....	156	.. 4
Love, in fortune's day .....	250	.. 4
Love, in halls .....	131	.. 2
Love, in hamlets .....	131	.. 2
Love in idleness .....	592	.. 3
Love, in peace .....	131	.. 2
Love, in its prime .....	430	.. 3
Love, in spring-tide .....	100	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love, in the fields .....	357	.. 2
Love, in the moon's eternal eyes ..	247	.. 4
Love, in the soul, trembles into being.....	449	.. 3
Love in the sunshine.. ..	218	.. 4
Love, in war .. .	131	.. 2
Love, in war .....	356	.. 4
Love, indestructible .....	111	.. 1
Love, infinite ..	352	.. 1
Love is a law .....	480	.. 2
Love, is an April's doubtful day .....	359	.. 1
Love, is dead .....	592	.. 4
Love is dead and gone .....	303	.. 2
Love, is heaven .....	131	.. 3
Love, is judicious ..	<i>Back of Title</i>	
Love is like a stranger guest .....	546	.. 4
Love is not bought .....	352	.. 4
Love is not gotten in haste .....	421	.. 2
Love is timid .....	502	.. 2
Love is shy .....	502	.. 2
Love, its ailments .....	186	.. 1
Love, its better reign done .....	474	.. 1
Love, its effects .....	18	.. 4
Love, its effects .....	102	.. 2
Love, its glory .....	249	.. 3
Love, its madness .....	102	.. 2
Love, its own great loveliness .....	207	.. 1
Love, its pangs are sweetest pleasures .....	249	.. 2
Love, its regrets .....	18	.. 4
Love, its very pain endears.....	250	.. 1
Love, kisses the closed eyes.....	353	.. 1
Love, knowledge of .....	186	.. 2
Love, joy, and kindness ..	521	.. 4
Love, liberty enjoyed by angels .....	8	.. 2
Love, lifts the shadows deep .....	353	.. 1
Love, like a torch .....	181	.. 1
Love, like sunshine .....	342	.. 4
Love, like the glass .....	432	.. 1
Love, likened to the waters of a stream..	75	.. 1
Love, lingering .....	412	.. 1
Love, lives in the present ..	151	.. 1
Love, lives not in the humour of the eye .....	207	.. 1
Love, load of, heart broke with.....	190	.. 3
Love, loses his eyes, in combat .....	186	.. 1
Love, lost ..	19	.. 1
Love, lost his seeing in beauty's eyes .....	411	.. 1
Love, lost in art .....	474	.. 1
Love, lurking in ambush .....	81	.. 3
Love, made of fine emotion .....	210	.. 1
Love, made of gold ..	472	.. 1
Love, made immortal by faith and hope .....	432	.. 2
Love made sublime by adversity .....	430	.. 2
Love, made sublime by adversity .....	574	.. 2



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love, made ten times worse by marriage .....	481	.. 1
Love, maidens start and tremble at.....	147	.. 4
Love, maidens take it for what it is worth .....	33	.. 4
Love, makes all beautiful .....	432	.. 3
Love, master of the human breast .....	322	.. 3
Love, master sound of .....	442	.. 1
Love, may decay.....	122	.. 2
Love, may make the brave heart ache.....	249	.. 4
Love me, and love no more .....	516	.. 3
Love me little, love me long .....	542	.. 4
Love me still .....	301	.. 4
Love me, sounded like a jest .....	531	.. 4
Love me, yet she ne'er knew why.....	190	.. 1
Love, mine ever grows with his.....	405	.. 3
Love, more swayed by, than ruled by wit .....	360	.. 4
Love, more than words can speak.....	593	.. 4
Love, more we enjoy it, more it dies .....	413	.. 4
Love, mortal, in all but death .....	114	.. 3
Love, most, in fortune's decay .....	250	.. 4
Love must be plied.....	413	.. 2
Love, must be treated like a viper's sting .....	256	.. 2
Love, my, fairer than pearls and stars.....	456	.. 2
Love, my matchless .....	399	.. 2
Love, my mistress, and beauty .....	374	.. 2
Love my trembling heart betrayeth.....	305	.. 2
Love, mysterious .....	152	.. 1
Love, needs no oaths, nor sighs.....	451	.. 3
Love, nestles 'mid the flowers.....	210	.. 1
Love, never to be parted with .....	96	.. 3
Love, never told.....	524	.. 1
Love, never told, yet known .....	103, 104	
Love, never went within .....	418	.. 2
Love, no charms to fascinate the heart .....	474	.. 1
Love, no child but a giant .....	204	.. 4
Love no more, I swear to.....	473	.. 4
Love, no sudden start of pain .....	513	.. 2
Love, — no thank you, John .....	582	.. 4
Love, no transient taper .....	145	.. 2
Love, not against reason, but above.....	237	.. 2
Love, not dared reveal the secret of my .....	227	.. 3
Love, not found in the sad sonneteer .....	513	.. 2
Love, not gold, Damon's store .....	512	.. 3
Love, not meant for people in their wits.....	480	.. 4
Love, not well, full or fasting .....	413	.. 4
Love not what I am but what I wish to be .....	315	.. 3
Love, not won by chivalry .....	366	.. 3
Love, not won by courtesy .....	367	.. 2
Love, not won by merchandry .....	367	.. 3
Love, not won by minstrelsy .....	366	.. 4
Love, not won by pedantry.....	367	.. 1
Love of loves!.....	616	.. 2
Love, often in a heart .....	96	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love one which did scorn	183	1
Love, only knows perpetual spring	261	4
Love or love, either extreme of	486	4
Love, our what it is	361	1, 2
Love, our what it is	562	2
Love, owns no December and no May	200	2
Love, painted on a wall	220	1
Love, painted by the sun	189	1
Love, parts with reason	158	4
Love, pursuing	474	4
Love, pursuing	485	1
Love, pursued	417	4
Love, playing by her sunny eyes	418	2
Love, plays the tyrant when he sports with	19	2
Love, power of, over death	126	1
Love, powerless against wealth	51	3
Love, prevents a most eminent from	151	1
Love, propensity to	241	1
Love, pure and holy	147	1
Love, put in prison	161	1
Love, puts the torch of Hymen out	155	3
Love, qui kins al, below and above	241	4
Love, quits my with love again	480	1
Love, raised	147	1
Love, reasons ought not to	177	2
Love, refined	147	1
Love, reign with justice or mercy	173	2
Love, reigns a tyrant	187	4
Love, rules and reigns despotic	642	3
Love, rules men as w	111	2
Love, rules wants above	111	2
Love, rules the court, the camp, the grove	111	1
Love, rules the passions above	434	2
Love, rules in ashes	156	2
Love, returned to heaven	111	2
Love, rewarded by heaven	154	4
Love, sacred syn pat y	132	3
Love, seeks the blessed one	131	1
Love, seeks to heal the wound he makes	112	2
Love, with w to the heart	60	2
Love, seeks to the heart of the heart	187	2
Love, with a wound a breast of marble	95	4
Love, shown by feathered ones	480	4
Love, sick, loves as that, the	195	4
Love, signs of, water-fly, night, &c	144	4
Love, shown a new of the heart	117	4
Love, shown by power of the heart	157	1
Love, shown of some to reward a loss of fame	230	4
Love, some of the heart	147	1
Love, shown by the heart	111	1
Love, shown by the heart	116	3
Love-song, gentle, gay, gay, lullaby	126	2

	Page	Section or Page
Love, sole monarch of the heart .....	326	.. 2
Love, sovereign power of .....	305	.. 1
Love, soweth here with toil and care .....	331	.. 2
Love, spring-head of all felicity .....	291	.. 4
Love, steadfast and true .....	438	.. 2
Love, struggled to escape .....	404	.. 3
Love, sunshine mixed with rain .....	424	.. 4
Love, sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss .....	249	.. 4
Love, sweetens earth. ....	210	.. 1
Love sympathies .....	426	.. 3
Love tarries, just as fate or fancy curries .....	576	.. 1
Love, tempers all .....	21	.. 3
Love, that cannot perish .....	342	.. 4
Love, that gives a charm to home .....	406	.. 1
Love, that had an early doom .....	247	.. 1
Love, that he should die, seems strange .....	308	.. 4
Love, that knows no bounds .....	123	.. 4
Love that lasteth till 'tis old feareth not in haste .....	543	.. 1
Love, that left no harvest but despair .....	344	.. 4
Love that ne'er grows cold .....	580	.. 3
Love, that overpast speech .....	124	.. 1
Love that springs from a fancy .....	64	.. 3
Love, that towers o'er time .....	123	.. 4
Love, that we cherish .....	574	.. 1
Love, the beautiful, the free .....	351	.. 1
Love, the bed of his maturity .....	91	.. 4
Love, the best and brightest boon to the heart .....	412	.. 2
Love, the best gift of heaven .....	91	.. 1
Love, the child of God .....	359	.. 2
Love, the concentrated strife of .....	136	.. 2
Love, the cooler shades of .....	10	.. 4
Love, the crown of all humanity .....	351	.. 1
Love, the cure of .....	256	.. 1
Love, the decreed feast of .....	227	.. 4
Love, the diffidence of .....	414	.. 4
Love, the earliest gift of heaven .....	91	.. 1
Love, the eloquence of .....	107	.. 4
Love, the fetters of, riveted by Hymen .....	589	.. 3
Love, the gem of the soul .....	100	.. 4
Love, the great disturbing spirit of the world .....	204	.. 4
Love, the heart's first bloom of .....	326	.. 3
Love, the hope it cherished .....	124	.. 1
Love, the lakelet of .....	25	.. 2
Love, the passionate shepherd to his .....	407	.. 2
Love, the power of, can hurt or heal .....	459	.. 3
Love, the pride of .....	433	.. 2
Love, the soul's search for .....	145	.. 4
Love, the tale of, told by a sigh .....	104	.. 1
Love, the tenderness of .....	421	.. 4
Love, the three seasons of .....	197	.. 3
Love, the trance of .....	445	.. 3
Love, the victor over death .....	86	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love, the wrongs of	310	1
Love, the youngest brought by old Tabitha	167	8
Love, the way and the world	577	3
Love, the evermore	416	1
Love, thou for ever as thou wert me	405	1
Love, they indeed who pause to say they	374	1
Love, the end with dust and grief	424	3
Love, the woman's whole existence	611	1
Love to be true to her future king	31	1
Love to be true to his future queen	10	1
Love, to bloom through an eternity	151	1
Love, today, we	413	3
Love, to a (to) strict sleep	421	1
Love, to (to) what I is to	197	3
Love, to fix on earth the mind's	169	4
Love, to a to go to school to weep	431	3
Love, to, to wear letters	431	7
Love, to turn the heart to heaven?	194	4
Love, to taste the pure joy of	424	1
Love, to which we soon consent	430	2
Love, to thy sweet worship	104	3
Love, too deep for words	148	1
Love, too deep for words to waste	543	4
Love, too much to love	410	4
Love, too pure for tears	143	1
Love, tried and purified on earth	111	2
Love, tried by sorrows	470	4
Love, tried by time	470	4
Love, tried on a miserable lamb	97	2
Love, try to weeper	164	2
Love, turns my heart out to my strings	443	1
Love, two years cherished in the heart	96	3
Love, unadorned	259	6
Love, unadorned with	101	1
Love, unadorned for	179	4
Love, unadorned, repudiated	79	4
Love, vain to invade the course of	241	2
Love, Venus run away	266	3
Love, we both will give our hearts to	111	4
Love, we soon refuse	480	1
Love, we know not any more revelation	21	6
Love, what I feel but can't define	511	1
Love, what I know but can't express	511	3
Love, what I wish to be	175	3
Love, what it is	91	1
Love, what it is and how	374	4
Love, what it is to	116	4
Love, when nature shall cease to	243	3
Love, where love reigns	157	5
Love, where it is and out the way	29	4
Love, where peace and rejection dwell	424	3
Love, who pays thy worth must pay in	311	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love will be the bishop .....	575	.. 3
Love, will not please without pain and trouble .....	330	.. 3
Love, will the universe control .....	264	.. 2
Love, winds round the form we woo.....	111	.. 4
Love, wins love .....	367	.. 4
Love, with a lady played at chess .....	559	.. 2
Love, with joy and mirth, may perish.....	438	.. 1
Love, with mirth and joy, may perish.....	574	.. 1
Love, within .....	418	.. 3
Love, without hope .....	139	.. 1
Love, without measure .....	249	.. 2
Love, word that sums all human bliss.....	151	.. 4
Love, worn and grey.....	50	.. 4
Love, would be given to recall one dead.....	177	.. 2
Love, wounds the heart, but not the skin .....	266	.. 4
Love, wove his wreaths and strung his bow .....	445	.. 2
Love, you queen of, shall be .....	467	.. 2
Loved, believed, and was undone .....	235	.. 3
Loved by none .....	491	.. 2
Loved in wealth and woe.....	483	.. 1
Loved once .....	213	.. 3
Loved, she said she.....	234	.. 2
Loved thee better than fame or God .....	590	.. 3
Loved, unknown by the object .....	44	.. 2
Loved, when bliss was on your brow .....	250	.. 3
Loved, when your tones taught every heart to thrill .....	250	.. 3
Lov'd, courted, prais'd .....	127	.. 1
Loveless and Lady Jenny.....	248	.. 3
Loveless innocence.....	231	.. 2
Lovelier, thou art, than the fairest flowers .....	558	.. 4
Lovelier, thou art, than the orient crimson'd morn.....	558	.. 4
Loveliness and grace.....	234	.. 1
Loveliness and grace .....	459	.. 2
Loveliness of eve .....	70	.. 1
Loveliness itself .....	321	.. 1
Loveliness, my fair one comes in her .....	467	.. 4
Loveliness when dressed for the ball.....	26	.. 1
Loveliness which others cannot understand .....	534	.. 3
Lovely and fearful thing, the love of women.....	537	.. 1
Lovely, as all excellence .....	380	.. 3
Lovely in spirit and form .....	295	.. 3
Lover, a faithful, seldom found .....	222	.. 4
Lover, blessed .....	207	.. 4
Lover, condition of a.....	259	.. 3
Lover, content wherever he may be .....	113	.. 3, 4
Lover, description of the restless estate of a .....	403	.. 1
Lover, fond, be thou the oak .....	453	.. 3
Lover, last prayer of a .....	177	.. 3
Lover, live by thinking on his loss .....	487	.. 4
Lover, long ago the worms have eat him .....	129	.. 2
Lover, reward of a bold .....	70	.. 4
Lover, some other might beguile .....	419	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OR PAGE
Lover, the, and his Muse	213	1
Lover, the, and the channel	329	7
Lover, the despairing	317	1
Lover, the messiah	369	1
Lover, the student	161	2
Lover, the timid	199	1
Lover, the true	264	1
Lover, the, up a tree	361	1
Lover, through a husband	127	4
Lover, who find out the way	90	4
Lover, wanders wrought for him	171	2, 1
Lover, were not what can he do?	216	1
Lover, you'll not stay a	9	4
Lovers, a, burning each heart for the first time	431	1
Lovers all but ever disdain	451	4
Lovers and apophry	144	1
Lovers delight in repeating their avowals	21	4
Lovers die or live incognito together	116	4
Lovers & the summer sea	521	4
Lovers, the, need the pen and	540	1
Lovers a fairer life than the	171	1
Lovers hearts, you be of in	411	2
Lovers hearts love a food	267	1
Lovers in ten posts rest	276	1
Lovers like waves, break at the first furthest chance	322	1
Lovers, like soldiers	221	1
Lovers in their stars must wait	285	4
Lovers parted their remembrance	447	1
Lovers plague the worst of	241	1
Lovers prove themselves	444	1
Lovers should use love a one	451	1
Lover's shame, mostly triumph in a	157	4
Lovers, see of their dangers when over	222	1
Lover's tenderness a	315	4
Lovers, their destiny	214	1
Lovers, three who adored well	21	1
Lovers, the, who	114	1
Love and desire	467	1
Love a fair protection sought a	145	1
Love a ambition	168	1
Love a mighty lord	529	4
Love a woman's balm	219	1
Love a attraction	329	1
Love a low and artless person	45	4
Love a low, quiet, and artless	267	1, 1
Love a breeze, the richest odour	111	1
Love a bird's wing	511	1
Love a heart	326	1
Love a wife's joy	176	4
Love a companion	551	1
Love a craft, marked by reason	61	4
Love a craft, marked by reason	61	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Love's craft wrecked.....	62	.. 2
Love's cries, heard by Venus .....	126	.. 1
Love's crown, crown us with .....	250	.. 2
Love's darts and Chloe's quill.....	225	.. 2
Love's darts neglected lay .....	445	.. 1
Love's dear pain, often tried .....	97	.. 2
Love's dear duty.....	577	.. 3
Love's dear secret .....	435	.. 1
Love's decay, progress of .....	83	.. 4
Love's delicious ecstasy .....	505	.. 1
Love's delight, no rebel to my .....	407	.. 1
Love's departed hours, the shade of .....	308	.. 3
Love's destiny .....	222	.. 3
Love's earthly home of holy rest .....	93	.. 2
Love's eyes in his mind .....	67	.. 1
Love's eyes, the marble in .....	303	.. 1
Love's eyes trace thy dim beauty through the mystic veil .....	537	.. 3
Love's electric chain .....	561	.. 2
Love's falser play .....	268	.. 2
Love's farewell .....	422	.. 1
Love's favourite hue .....	457	.. 2
Love's fidelity, the Forget-me-not.....	54	.. 3
Love's firmament, the eye .....	11	.. 2
Love's fitful ray .....	180	.. 2
Love's flattering wiles .....	185	.. 4
Love's flowers, bathed in the dew of bliss .....	450	.. 4
Love's flowers could bloom for her no more .....	451	.. 2
Love's fond fidelity outlives time .....	76	.. 4
Love's form in every flower.....	125	.. 4
Love's funeral knell .....	303	.. 2
Love's garden .....	585	.. 4
Love's genuine, plaintive, tender tale .....	79	.. 2
Love's gift, a pearl and ruby ring.....	120	.. 1
Loves, glad choirs of.....	228	.. 4
Love's grand sunrise .....	562	.. 4
Loves, hard the fate of him who .....	256	.. 3
Love's insidious method .....	322	.. 2
Loves, legions of.....	394	.. 1
Love's lesson, in thy face, I'll read .....	415	.. 2
Love's lessons .....	395	.. 1
Love's, light and cheap.....	167	.. 1
Love's loneliest hour, to creep upon her in.....	438	.. 3
Love's looks, that more than speak .....	147	.. 4
Love's memories .....	545	.. 3
Love's my petition.....	292	.. 1
Love's native home .....	91	.. 3
Love's nest, within her breast .....	613	.. 1
Love's no irregular device .....	513	.. 2
Love's of the rose and nightingale .....	163	.. 4
Loves of youth that are no more .....	284	.. 4
Love's office .....	288	.. 4
Love's own music, spells ....	209	.. 4

	PAGE	OF VOLUME
Love's own tracing . . . . .	123	1
Love's own words . . . . .	123	2
Love's pains felt by all . . . . .	123	3
Love's power in a lady . . . . .	411	4
Love's power to light and . . . . .	129	6
Love's pure flower . . . . .	62	1
Love's power when time and death shall be no more	264	2
Love's pure spring . . . . .	246	2
Love's purest fortitude . . . . .	167	2
Love's revenge . . . . .	162	4
Love's power to keep the world both God	298	1
Love's sister, the soul . . . . .	264	3
Love's wounds . . . . .	116	4
Love's standard borne in the up . . . . .	173	4
Love's sweet language of a timid girl . . . . .	310	1
Love's sympathy . . . . .	623	2
Love's tale of woe, woman's breast . . . . .	93	2
Love's that will keep . . . . .	167	1
Love's the ruler of time . . . . .	198	1
Love's thrilling tones, whispers in . . . . .	194	4
Love's soul is little east . . . . .	129	4
Love's inquiry . . . . .	606	2
Love's inquiries . . . . .	267	1
Love's truest language, flowers . . . . .	166	1
Love's veins have bound me to heart . . . . .	161	4
Love's wings . . . . .	167	1
Love's . . . . .	126	1
Loving at first sight . . . . .	431	1
Loving heart its telling . . . . .	247	2
Loving learn my art of . . . . .	190	4
Loving more and loving better . . . . .	162	5
Loving, sadly and silently . . . . .	143	1
Loving too much . . . . .	151	4
Love's beautiful form shall be . . . . .	94	1
Love's . . . . .	164	2
Luckless love, my, was truly meant . . . . .	417	1
Lure, her loss . . . . .	123	1
Lure shines among the lower lights . . . . .	591	3
Lure, to, with a new watch . . . . .	124	1
Lure the creature . . . . .	492	1
Lure train down to earth, with subtle oath . . . . .	491	1
Lutes, two end with no or a string . . . . .	146	2
Lure, from my unfurled canvas gentle air . . . . .	448	1
Mad for sweethearts . . . . .	62	1
Mad with love . . . . .	127	2
Mad as a martin, the star of my idolatry . . . . .	419	1
Madness, feeling that moulds to . . . . .	117	1
Madness love despair . . . . .	121	1
Madness sweet . . . . .	551	1
Madness, making each gay and jolly guest . . . . .	108	3
Madness more proud than in love . . . . .	556	1
Madness of evening . . . . .	513	1



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
• Magic loveliness conjured up by love .....	449	.. 4
• Magic of a name .....	190	.. 4
• Magic power of a keepsake .....	124	.. 4
• Magic power of absence .....	184	.. 3
• Magic song, its effects .....	77	.. 3
• Magpie and golden thrush .....	466	.. 2
• Maid, a frail, false .....	222	.. 4
• Maid, a beauteous, desires sordid gold .....	231	.. 3
• Maid, a, half-hidden from the eye .....	173	.. 1
• Maid, a, likened to a violet by a mossy stone .....	173	.. 1
• Maid, a, whom there were none to praise .....	172	.. 4
• Maid, a, whom there were very few to love .....	172	.. 4
• Maid of my heart .....	493	.. 2
• Maid, I strove to meet the lovely .....	391	.. 4
• Maiden, like a lyre with silver strung .....	430	.. 4
• Maid, one, contemns the trifles that I sing .....	231	.. 1
• Maid, one cruel, to gain .....	231	.. 2
• Maid, please my lovely .....	293	.. 1
• Maid, the .....	206	.. 1
• Maid, the humble, adorned .....	240	.. 2
• Maid, the, to my mind .....	269	.. 1
• Maid, the, who her husband can love .....	269	.. 1
• Maiden, a, what could she mean ? .....	365	.. 3
• Maiden beauty, wasting away .....	204	.. 4
• Maiden coyness .....	356	.. 4
• Maiden gladness laid aside .....	526	.. 3
• Maiden, I do love a .....	248	.. 4
• Maiden, like a sweet bird in its nest .....	430	.. 4
• Maiden, like the breathing violet .....	430	.. 4
• Maiden love .....	587	.. 1
• Maiden, lowly born .....	78	.. 1
• Maiden on a marriage plan goes, where the .....	557	.. 2
• Maiden reverie of Rosalie .....	335	.. 4
• Maiden, stranger to the world's unrest .....	430	.. 4
• Maiden, with the dark black hair .....	401	.. 2
• Maidenhood .....	353	.. 3
• Maidenhood, the simple majesty of .....	566	.. 1
• Maidens believers .....	464	.. 1
• Maiden's blush, a .....	38	.. 1
• Maiden's gay, and gentle youth .....	208	.. 2
• Maiden's lips, a .....	38	.. 1
• Maiden's sorrow, the .....	338	.. 1
• Maidens, start and tremble at the name of love .....	147	.. 4
• Maiden's love, take it for what it is worth .....	33	.. 4
• Maids, a pain for them to love .....	276	.. 4
• Maids have got eyes and tongues in vain .....	277	.. 1
• Maids, not to my mind .....	268	.. 4
• Maid's thoughts must burn within .....	277	.. 1
• Make her to see that game at chess .....	560	.. 4
• Make me companion for your soul .....	610	.. 2
• Make me pure for his dear sake .....	615	.. 4
• Make women longer true, or sooner kind .....	271	.. 2

	PAGE	FRACTION OF PAGE
Man, who adores the most love His work . . . . .	461	1
Man, up an impression . . . . .	27	4
Making sure of a lover's heart . . . . .	21	4
Mance . . . . .	412	2
Mammon, power of over beauty . . . . .	51	1
Mammon, tempting men to grasp . . . . .	19	4
Man, a kind generous true . . . . .	212	4
Man, a melancholy single . . . . .	142	2
Man, a one, a self-pictorial . . . . .	186	4
Man, a one, a ship without a steersman or sail . . . . .	186	4
Man, at one, a thing without a human tie . . . . .	186	4
Man alone, a lonely stand . . . . .	186	4
Man alone, devoted to live . . . . .	186	4
Man alone, except to die . . . . .	186	4
Man alone, a vapour on a shoreless sea . . . . .	186	1
Man and life's path . . . . .	251	4
Man and woman know . . . . .	480	4
Man, bowed or cruel in a wild . . . . .	268	1
Man, cannot not her fingers . . . . .	211	1
Man, chosen of a . . . . .	269	4
Man, degrades the eternal God word love . . . . .	214	1
Man, every a fortune asks . . . . .	227	1
Man, forgets in the rainy day, that she is young . . . . .	254	1
Man, or his uttermost wretchedness . . . . .	52	1
Man, to be and too roughly . . . . .	189	2
Man, not played on too much . . . . .	189	2
Man, is not so to her that . . . . .	211	1
Man, will with the best . . . . .	19	1
Man, who forgets to be true hearted dead . . . . .	254	1
Man stays but a moment near . . . . .	251	4
Man to man, woman fly from . . . . .	491	1
Man, too large for mortality, a . . . . .	171	1
Man, the lowest rights of . . . . .	121	4
Man, the best . . . . .	151	1
Man, to be and let him be . . . . .	251	1
Man, wasting from . . . . .	254	1
Man, what a wife can make a . . . . .	222	1
Man, what a marriage, waste making up . . . . .	624	4
Man, who is good to . . . . .	119	4
Man, who is high to . . . . .	144	4
Man, who is low to . . . . .	117	4
Man, who is low to . . . . .	21	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	277	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	161	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	111	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	115	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	98	4
Man, who is low to . . . . .	242	4
Man, who is low to . . . . .	14	2
Man, who is low to . . . . .	254	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	254	1
Man, who is low to . . . . .	251	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Man's love, and woman's love.....	254	.. 2
Man's love, indications of its falling.....	253	.. 2
Man's love is of man's life a thing apart .....	613	.. 3
Man's saying .....	214	.. 1
Man's, the good, paradise, a wife .....	604	.. 4
Man's, the bad, first step to heaven.....	605	.. 1
Man's visits, short, as his love fails .....	253	.. 3
Many so adore thee .....	520	.. 3
Marble forms, a pair with .....	274	.. 1
Marble, a breast of.....	95	.. 4
Marian, can you resist? .....	591	.. 4
Marie Stuart, on the death of her husband, Francis the Second ..	456	.. 3
Marigold, the amorous.....	70	.. 3
Marilia .....	477	.. 3
Mariner, his thoughts of home .....	147	.. 1
Mariner of love, a .....	471	.. 1
Margaret .....	431	.. 2
Margaret, a visible gift of spring .....	431	.. 4
Margaret, her knowledge of nature's beauties .....	431	.. 2
Mark of her fingers.....	545	.. 1
Marks of love .....	266	.. 4
Marks of true passion .....	186	.. 4
Marriage, an early..... (note)	293	.. 4
Marriage, entered in the book of fate .....	567	.. 3
Marriage, makes love ten times worse.....	481	.. 1
Marriage, lines written before .....	240	.. 1
Marriage, love seldom the pretence for .....	287	.. 1
Marriage, on, by Plutus .....	287	.. 1
Marriages, wealthy .....	273	.. 4
Married a twelvemonth.....	334	.. 4
Married dames, attend to my counsel .....	589	.. 1
Married heart .....	343	.. 2
Married, in infancy .....	293	.. 4
Married, logs of green wood are.....	274	.. 2
Married, sixteen years .....	293	.. 3
Marries, a man till he, wants making up .....	604	.. 4
Marry, to, is to make love ten times worse.....	481	.. 1
Marry, while ye may.....	68	.. 4
Martha, of, few lines have bragg'd in versæ .....	591	.. 4
Mary .....	71	1, 2, 3, 4
Mary .....	193	.. 1
Mary .....	571	.. 3
Mary, adieu .....	196	.. 4
Mary and the shepherd .....	471, 472	
Mary Anne, and time .....	238	.. 4
Mary, can their echoes bring, but.....	503	.. 1
Mary cannot hear their strains .....	503	.. 2
Mary, dear departed shade .....	71	.. 1
Mary, highland .....	495	.. 2
Mary, highland, last farewell o' my sweet .....	495	.. 3
Mary, highland, shall live in my bosom's core .....	496	.. 1
Mary, I dare not call thee dear .....	392	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Mary, in girlhood ..	197	4
Mary leads my thoughts astray	474	4
Mary let one ray beam from thy face	508	2
Mary parting from	94	1
Mary Queen of Saints her surpassing beauty	29	3
Mary sweet, art dead	17	4
Mary sweet, thou art dead	203	1
Mary, shall I meet thee north the light	501	2
Mary the girl and wears in the stony world	574	3
Mary the soil and clay that wraps my highland	495	4
Mary warned to prepare	474	2
Mary weep no more for me	477	4
Mary, what can be compared with?	83	3
Mary's dream	477	3
Mary's dream of sandy	477	4
Mary's face, thoughtful and quiet	117	4
Mary's own face bright and fair	53	3
Mary Anne, twenty-one	236	4
Mary Jane O'Connell	25	1
Masters all to be pitied	27	2
Masterpiece of nature	210	1
Mather and her keeping, land of	557	1
Matches two, y. male	286	1
May long wished	594	1
May no man ever find me without a	245	4
May of my heart is over thee	549	1
Matilda	168	1
Matine, and y the little	10	2
Matins her opening of the curtain of the	365	2
Mateer the sweet, fond of	129	1
Matrons, grace, the clouds of snow	329	4
Matrimonial n. at once	286	2
Maud a little, two countries	42	1
May dream on a new romance	41	4
May's heart is sweet the	508	1
May, and the ring	212	11
May's flower and the June	154	1
May I kiss, may it shine softly on thee	501	2
May I would get on well	416	1
May come here with thee	517	1
May not be happy	147	4
May of womanhood	171	4
May's little woman turn to fingersome again?	417	1
May still try anything else to bright	501	1
May the summer of	212	3
May's face is still a little less lit	502	1
May through your brown, looks sweetly clad	221	1
May's soul with your shine	424	4
May's virgin up with the lark to fetch in	12	2
Me I must see her that force not	233	4
Me not favour but slight the rest	231	4
Meaning in her air	421	7

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Mediocrity in love rejected .....	486	.. 4
Meek and gentle as a saint .....	511	.. 1
Meek sadness sat upon her smile ..	168	.. 2
Meek eyed gentleness .....	240	.. 3
Meet again, pledging oft to .....	495	.. 6
Meet each other here .....	372	.. 1
Meet, how fond to .....	398	.. 4
Meet, how sweet to, in after months .....	442	.. 3
Meet, not, on earth, again .....	190	.. 1
Meet, sweet to .....	145	.. 4
Meet, the clock that chimed the hour to .....	299	.. 4
Meet, to part no more .....	25	.. 1
Meet—no—no'er again .....	195	.. 6
Meeting, by night .....	371	.. 4
Meeting, doubtful ..	1, 2	.. —
Meeting, in fear .....	373	.. 4
Meeting in the lane, the ..	583	.. 1
Meeting, not once for nine years .....	391	.. 4
Meeting of old, scarce nine days passed ..	391	.. 4
Meeting of the reader's and the poet's spirits .....	176	.. 2
Meeting, must it be, never before we die ? ..	600	.. 6
Meeting place of love .....	522	.. 2
Meeting rosy Hannah ..	391	.. 1
Meetings, pleasant, had become the habit ..	583	.. 1
Melancholy star ..	335	.. 1
Melody desires to become all, to thee .....	315	.. 1
Melody of woe ..	335	.. 2
Melody, softest, cannot utter a tale of love ..	228	.. 1
Melody, true love's ..	281	.. 2
Melodie my own ..	161	.. 3
Melt away the frost of pride .....	519	.. 4
Melting hand ..	183	.. 4
Melting with love ..	456	.. 2
Memories, love's ..	344	.. 1
Memories of blessed hours ..	313	.. 1
Memories of the woods ..	545	.. 3
Memory, alive to, alone .....	272	.. 1
Memory, clearer than bias ..	149	.. 1
Memory clings, how ..	579	.. 2
Memory now, all rapture then which is but ..	431	.. 3
Memory of all joys departed .....	15	.. 3
Memory of hope no more mine .....	305	.. 2
Memory of love, melts like music on our souls .....	546	.. 4
Memory of Mary .....	193	.. 1
Memory of other days ..	180	.. 4
Memory of scenes by the Ayr ..	78	.. 4
Memory of transcendent joy ..	238	.. 1
Memory of the chain that bound me .....	211	.. 1
Memory, one, round me everywhere .....	305	.. 1
Memory, sting of .....	51	.. 4
Memory, the faith of .....	295	.. 1
Memory, what it recalls .....	133	.. 2

*Dictionary.*

717

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Memory's endearing clime . . . . .	280	2
Memory's eye . . . . .	607	1
Memory's sigh . . . . .	191	5
Men a pleasure for them to love . . . . .	176	4
Men alone who come to wait . . . . .	1	1
Men and Jests of Lewis and . . . . .	140	1
Men and women like to see Justice . . . . .	241	1
Men and women made in pairs to see trouble . . . . .	241	2
Men and women, shaken out of a bag . . . . .	141	1
Men to be ruled by love . . . . .	111	2
Men (and us) poor . . . . .	151	1
Men's eyes ever . . . . .	114	2
Men forget their own for sick women . . . . .	491	1
Men free and taught a lesson . . . . .	11	1
Men free can their thoughts express . . . . .	227	1
Men respect the great Men . . . . .	19	1
Men, the fraud of was ever so . . . . .	414	1
Men to one thing constant never . . . . .	414	2
Men's ill tongues . . . . .	191	1
Men's words not to blame for inconsistency . . . . .	144	1
Men's long eyes, to feel . . . . .	422	1
Men's words . . . . .	26	1
Merchandise not won by . . . . .	707	1
Men hunt a treasure, the . . . . .	411	1
Merry that should have made her, more . . . . .	164	1
Merry's jests in her eye . . . . .	183	4
Merris her make up to forget in her own . . . . .	177	4
Merry had my word to . . . . .	57	3
Merry with the maskery of thy . . . . .	511	1
Merry smiles and merriment . . . . .	522	1
Merryme sent by a rain . . . . .	72	1
Met, where first we . . . . .	112	1
Mistaken the sky . . . . .	166	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	443	7
Metrical feet . . . . .	627	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	101	5
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	457	4
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	516	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	160	2
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	111	2
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	63	3
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	567	2
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	11	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	119	4
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	274	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	521	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	291	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	277	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	214	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	11	4
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	450	1
Met, like I see thee yet . . . . .	176	1

	PAGE	SHORT- OF PAGE
Mind, enchanted by the elegant .....	304	.. 2
Mind, enshrined in the eye .....	141	.. 4
Mind, fold thy pinions light .....	604	.. 3
Mind, its power .....	193	.. 1
Mind, little, beneath a heavenly face .....	237	.. 4
Mind, little, what it produces .....	272	.. 1
Mind, pure and lucid .....	415	.. 3
Mind, rob'd in each serene grace .....	559	.. 1
Mind, smooth and steadfast .....	598	.. 1
Mind, so may my mind your .....	620	.. 1
Mind, the, congealed by time and scorn .....	476	.. 1
Mind, the fairest, the fairest face .....	278	.. 3
Mind, the gentle .....	320	.. 1
Mind, the, haunted by joys first dreams .....	392	.. 2
Mind, the, shall rise .....	401	.. 4
Mind, the tranquil, and love .....	397	.. 3
Mind to mind .....	332	.. 1
Mind, unfold the secrets of your .....	406	.. 2
Mind, what bespeaks a spotless .....	240	.. 1
Mind within, a form that speaks a .....	421	.. 4
Mind, words the image of her .....	292	.. 3
Minds of melancholy strain .....	274	.. 2
Minds, ordered by feeling .....	614	.. 4
Mine and thine, what if t'were both .....	568	.. 4
Mine, never can hope to call thee .....	368	.. 4
Mine own in death .....	18	.. 1
Mine own sweet dear delight .....	405	.. 4
Minstrelsy, love not won by .....	366	.. 4
Mira .....	121	.. 1
Mira, drew my thoughts from folly .....	121	.. 1
Miranda, without thee, no spring or summer .....	498	.. 4
Mirror, a, still returns the light .....	217	.. 1
Mirror, mine, made from thine eyes .....	409	.. 2
Miser, the, and his glittering heaps .....	525	.. 2
Misfortune's barren shade .....	235	.. 1
Misfortune, the couch of .....	113	.. 2
Misfortune's piercing sting .....	457	.. 1
Miss O'Dowd .....	24	.. 2
Missal of love .....	105	.. 1
Mistletoe and hearts, contrasted .....	212	.. 4
Model of all rarest features .....	378	.. 3
Modern husband's wonder .....	294	.. 2
Modest, in her mirth .....	380	.. 3
Modest virtue .....	240	.. 3
Modesty .....	165	.. 3
Modesty, a shielding veil .....	470	.. 1
Mole, the, and the sun .....	481	.. 2
Moment, a fearful .....	591	.. 1
Moment, one short, tells of many days .....	441	.. 2
Moments of sorrow and pain .....	192	.. 4
Money .....	25	.. 1
Mono-polly-logue .....	556	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OFF SET
Montgomery, castle of . . . . .	495	2
Mood indulged my misery	227	3
Moon and stars at the day's	194	3
Moon, covered with hues	25	3
Moon faithful the sun constant to be	229	3
Moon of the summer night	624	1
Moon rising bright	201	2
Moon, sink in silver light	624	2
Moon, sweet to the	226	3
Moon, the	528	1
Moon the sunsets the marigold	70	1
Moon the rising, has hid the stars	162	3
Moonbeam, the	201	3
Moon, beam of moon	396	3
Moonlight garden garden	519	3
Moon's fairy play the	25	2
Moon's light, the sun or and summer	240	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	177	2
Moon's rays the sun's landscape	112	3
Moon's secret reveal the	144	2
Moon of the full moon rising from the sea	229	2
Moon, the full moon	45	4
Moon never a real work	129	4
Moon's great than I have won yet	569	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	436	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	616	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	607	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	207	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	228	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	154	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	490	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	499	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	412	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	180	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	117	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	442	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	27	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	271	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	154	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	517	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	147	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	562	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	113	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	273	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	544	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	219	1
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	161	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	154	4
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	126	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	190	2
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	192	3
Moon's the sun's ray to watch the pole	625	3



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Motto on a seal .....	44	.. 1
Mon', nae gentle nor semple lip maun touch her .....	492	.. 1
Mould every feeling to THY will .....	519	.. 1
Mouldering in dust, the heart that lo'ed me dearly .....	496	.. 1
Mouth, a, which smiles on me alone .....	594	.. 1
Mouth of his love like a cherry .....	34	.. 1
Mountain girl .....	78	.. 3
Mountains, far away .....	209	.. 1
Mournful emblem .....	140	.. 1
Moved, for thee alone .....	399	.. 2
Muffins, a murderous knife to toast, on .....	446	.. 3
Murder .....	390	.. 4
Musa's gift and farewell .....	535	.. 1
Muse, the, and the lover .....	233	.. 1
Muse, my, thy bonnie sell .....	507	.. 1
Music and thy voice .....	508	.. 1
Music at Scarborough .....	135	.. 2
Music ceased .....	142	.. 2
Music, charms all ears .....	479	.. 3
Music from flowers .....	356	.. 4
Music, glad .....	146	.. 2
Music, haunts thee, not thine own .....	436	.. 1
Music in man and a fav'rite guitar .....	589	.. 2
Music in my lonely soul .....	77	.. 3
Music, its consuming ecstasies .....	13	.. 2
Music, like hidden streams .....	149	.. 4
Music like love .....	285	.. 2
Music of the deep .....	503	.. 1
Music of the wood, wake visions of love and thee .....	508	.. 4
Music of thy mirthful voice .....	500	.. 1
Music rolling on for ever .....	53	.. 3
Music, strain of .....	335	.. 4
Music waiting on her steps .....	208	.. 3
Music, wonderful, got from the spinet .....	446	.. 2
Musical tongue .....	1	.. 4
Music-bells and midnight hours .....	590	.. 4
Music's noise .....	260	.. 2
Music's power little known till aided by love .....	433	.. 2
Musing mood, indulged .....	227	.. 3
Musings, a lover's .....	251	.. 2
Mute communion, a .....	441	.. 1
Mute is that harmonious voice .....	272	.. 3
Mutual love, dream of .....	142	.. 3
Mutual love, seldom pairs of hearts for .....	243	.. 1
Mutual promise plighted .....	371	.. 4
Mutual loves fed by friendship .....	274	.. 4
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share .....	219	.. 4
My earliest and my only one .....	548	.. 1
My een are bauld .....	492	.. 4
My every thought, my every prayer .....	333	.. 1
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears .....	613	.. 2
My faded cheek had yet been bright .....	301	.. 4

# Dictionary.

721

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
My fare I do not mind .....	610	.. 1
My flame, her sacrifice .....	510	.. 4
My gutting star o'er life's wild sea .....	301	.. 3
My heart aches for the vanished time .....	540	.. 1
My heart, felt thy love .....	312	.. 1
My heart is all thine own .....	321	.. 4
My heart is feminine .....	614	.. 1
My heart is weary .....	538	.. 1
My heart leaped for joy .....	375	.. 2
My heart no sorrows knew .....	269	.. 3
My heart was elsewhere .....	595	.. 2
My heart were all alone but for its dreams of thee .....	594	.. 4
My heart with love is breaking .....	542	.. 1
My heart, with the sun .....	517	.. 1
My heart would hate him if he loved thee not .....	196	.. 3
My heart's all love .....	292	.. 4
My heart's queen .....	203	.. 4
My lady - Joseph .....	604	.. 1
My lady, wif a son and kindly han' .....	493	.. 1
My life and love shall follow thee .....	263	.. 3
My life is spent .....	577	.. 3
My lord he loves me well .....	547	.. 1
My lost affections back; the dreaming eye .....	440	.. 1
My love, a beautiful thing .....	461	.. 2
My love and faith .....	471	.. 3
My love ever grows with his love .....	405	.. 3
My love, I love, because he loves me .....	405	.. 1
My love is near me .....	192	.. 2
My love loves me .....	72	.. 3
My love, the gentle work of her Creator .....	461	.. 1
My love's withouten measure .....	249	.. 2
My love wad stain her honour'd name .....	492	.. 4
My matchless love .....	399	.. 2
My mind's all love .....	291	.. 3
My petition, is love .....	392	.. 1
My sad and lonely lot .....	549	.. 3
My soul's idolatry .....	144	.. 3
My soul is dumb, deaf, and blind .....	311	.. 1
My soul is sorely shaken .....	547	.. 4
My soul's own radiant deity .....	101	.. 2
My spirit turns to thee .....	101	.. 1
My thoughts all love .....	291	.. 1
My valentine, fairest of the virgin throng .....	226	.. 1
My wife the gentle whose want tints all .....	109	.. 2
My words in faltering accents break .....	160	.. 3
Myrtle, leaves of .....	407	.. 3
Myrtle, leaves of, soon wither .....	408	.. 3
Myrtle roots, their use .....	69	.. 3
Mysterious love .....	152	.. 1
Mystery, a, and a promise .....	512	.. 4
Mystery, when fit to reveal this gentle .....	440	.. 2
Mystic thread of life .....	591	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Name, a.....	526	.. 3
Name, a badge of happiness .....	440	.. 3
Name, a forgotten .....	369	.. 3
Name, a spell was in thy.....	524	.. 3
Name, be wiped out .....	128	.. 4
Name, change of.....	440	.. 3
Name, do not my poor, rehearse .....	308	.. 1
Name, each coxcomb cancels her .....	334	.. 1
Name, enwrapped from every reader .....	577	.. 4
Name, forget every, but thine .....	275	.. 3
Name, her.....	440	.. 2
Name, her.....	458	.. 1
Name, her sweet.....	458	.. 3
Name, hidden, in my heart .....	458	.. 4
Name, his, her young heart thrills .....	310	.. 2
Name, how it shall be proclaimed.....	440	.. 4
Name, how never more forget it .....	275	.. 4
Name, I felt a pride to name thy .....	392	.. 3
Name, I smile to hear thy .....	364	.. 1
Name, its letters form a synonym for truth .....	578	.. 2
Name, magic of a .....	150	.. 4
Name, my fall deified thy .....	419	.. 4
Name, not to be known till marriage .....	440	.. 3
Name of love .....	433	.. 1
Name of wife .....	532	.. 4
Name, softly whispered in some angel's ear .....	440	.. 4
Name, the, a poet's .....	578	.. 2
Name, the dear and cherished .....	299	.. 3
Name, the one loved .....	325	.. 2
Name, thy dear and dedicated .....	532	.. 3
Name, thy, is echoed there .....	364	.. 2
Name, to chant one, in ceaseless lays .....	397	.. 1
Name, unite your, with mine.....	275	.. 3
Name, we will not ask her .....	427	.. 4
Name, washed away by the rain .....	369	.. 3
Name, what a .....	544	.. 4
Name, when half divine .....	275	.. 3
Name, written in the glorious heavens .....	129	.. 1
Name, written in the sand .....	128	.. 4
Names, Christian .....	591	.. 3
Names for unknown maidens.....	534	.. 2
Names of the patient pair that wait .....	567	.. 4
Names, those, which once were so dear .....	210	.. 3
Nancy and Kitty, described .....	86	.. 4
Nancy, nothing could resist her.....	18	.. 4
Nancy's wit and humour.....	86	.. 3
Nanny, when blue-eyed, I deceive .....	496	.. 4
Nanny, when I'll tear her from my heart .....	496	.. 4
Narcissus, a green .....	552	.. 3
Native ease, preferable to pedantic rules .....	223	.. 4
Native grace .....	500	.. 1
Nature, alone to be loved.....	2	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF FAIR
Nature and beauty .....	157	4
Nature full of goodness .....	402	2
Nature gentle, free .....	151	1
Nature invoked for bride and bridegroom .....	14	1
Nature sets her heart full of Syrian memories .....	411	1
Nature loved for a maiden's sake .....	37	4
Nature most to him who loveth her he honours most .....	487	1
Nature makes all yield .....	98	4
Nature, pushes all things on to love .....	242	1
Nature seem'd to adore its Maker .....	517	4
Nature surprised by art .....	461	1
Nature, to her glow'd ever new .....	411	2
Nature when it shall cease to love .....	242	1
Nature wild loss of .....	151	1
Nature's change of seasons .....	163	4
Nature's first decay .....	100	2
Nature's lineage, the beauty of .....	331	1
Nature's open volume .....	111	1
Nature's school she was train'd in .....	601	1
Nature's sole history .....	270	1
Nature's weakness .....	21	1
Naught but love .....	381	1
Nay do not draw the hand away .....	555	1
Neura .....	240	4
Neck, a, once broken can never be set .....	127	1
Neck of alabaster .....	507	1
Neck of snow .....	419	1
Neck ivory .....	181	4
Neck, the ivory plain of Chloe's lovely .....	215	1
Neck white .....	601	1
Nectar and ambrosia .....	521	2
Need he sin ? .....	561	1
Need to forgive and forget .....	112	2
Ne'er must be that girlish thing again .....	527	1
Ne'er should list to other lips .....	515	2
Ne'er smile on other's tale .....	515	2
Neglect I aming and laugh at thy .....	515	4
Neither could I resist alone .....	571	1
Neither dark nor fair yet the fairest there .....	568	2
Neither pleased nor grieved .....	221	2
Neptune in the waters turned, at sight of love .....	267	1
Nete hast catch the swart .....	273	1
Nettle the heads pluck a, for a romp .....	471	1
Never can hope to cast thee dumb .....	168	4
Never dare to tell I love her .....	202	1
Never dreaming to survive while life endures .....	541	2
Never fear to cling to me, I could not be unkind .....	552	1
Never part again .....	477	1
Next shall I kindness wound .....	558	1
Never too late to be happy .....	271	1
Never too late to be kind .....	271	2
New born year, its welcome .....	273	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
New desires .....	30	.. 1
New love, a, may get .....	317	.. 2
New receipt to form a beauty .....	261	.. 1
New ties, won by winning looks .....	146	.. 4
Nightest way is about. . . . .	412	.. 1
Night a.r., the whisper in the cool .....	209	.. 2
Night, I think on thee in the .....	594	.. 1
Night, when first we met .....	206	.. 1
Nightingale, amid the copse .....	72	.. 3
Nightingale and rose, lovers of the .....	163	.. 4
Nightingale, creature of a fiery heart .....	428	.. 2
Nightingale, helped to a valentine .....	428	.. 1
Nightingale, its liquid notes .....	395	.. 1
Nightingale, its notes .....	428	.. 1
Nightingale, listening to the .....	574	.. 1
Nightingale, lost its attraction .....	209	.. 2
Nightingale, mate of love .....	395	.. 4
Nightingale, mate of the moon .....	395	.. 4
Nightingale, now timely sing .....	395	.. 4
Nightingale, O .....	395	.. 1
Nightingale, O! .....	428	.. 1
Nightingale, sonnet to the .....	395	.. 1
Nightingale, sung too late, without reason .....	395	.. 4
Nightingale the, brings an answer .....	72	.. 1
Nightingale, the, fills the lover's heart with fresh hope .....	395	.. 1
Nightingale, the, forget to sing, last .....	384	.. 4
Nightingale, the lonely .....	502	.. 4
Nightingale, the, was mute .....	246	.. 3
Nightingale warbling .....	1	.. 3
Nightingale, what are other birds to the? .....	89	.. 1
Nightingale, where it winters .....	318	.. 1
Nightingales .....	319	.. 1
Nightingale's betrothed bride .....	163	.. 4
Nightingale's complaint, the .....	427	.. 1
Nightingales, hailing the birth of day .....	468	.. 1
Nightingales, hidden amidst the forest .....	468	.. 1
Nightingale's notes, portend successive love .....	395	.. 4
Nightingale's soft lay .....	191	.. 4
Nightingale's song, one of mockery .....	428	.. 1
Nixon, the Gaul by amorous, swears .....	591	.. 1
Noble natures scoured .....	104	.. 4
Noble thoughts .....	210	.. 1
No balls of wildfire to smoke .....	516	.. 1
No beauty so divine that ever did nymph grace .....	585	.. 1
No bishop, but a curate .....	561	.. 1
No castle seeks she, but a cot .....	561	.. 1
No change in death's treasures .....	580	.. 1
No child of fancy .....	173	.. 1
No coquette that's too forward .....	268	.. 4
No distance can our hearts divide .....	548	.. 4
No division in the heart .....	515	.. 1
No gifts get but little love .....	377	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
No gordian knot .....	174	3
No hope, no love .....	187	2
No knight hath swart there but a swan .....	561	2
No laurels to my vanquished heart .....	621	4
No liberty could make a prisoner .....	417	2
No life without jealousy .....	187	2
No love without flame .....	146	3
No lustre like the first .....	430	2
No man can find the way .....	451	1
No merit is due to complain .....	514	1
No mighty joy or pain with, or without, you .....	221	2
No more .....	514	1
No more .....	357	1
No more I sigh and doat and pine .....	225	4
No more of me you knew .....	436	1
No more, I will love her .....	145	4
No more my heart goes pit-a-pat .....	221	1
No more my struggling spirit burns .....	432	1
No more pity on him that loveth thee .....	481	2
No more I like that of love's making .....	546	1
No pity in her for my grief .....	554	1
No power to resist .....	262	1
No power to love .....	317	3
No separate realm, should the mind to my mind .....	269	1
No sorrow so acute as the wrongs of love .....	210	1
No sword ever turned without a mate .....	145	4
No thank you, I do .....	531	4
No 't was whispered .....	421	1
No 't this morn'ng .....	511	1
No time like the present for love .....	11	4
No tomb, no urn, no story tell .....	555	2
No wall to resist .....	252	1
No wrong lies to your charge .....	514	1
Noisy fool no .....	269	4
None defines the tones and signs .....	416	1
None like the first born joy .....	117	5
None like the first grief .....	417	1
None of the wrong passions warm .....	174	1
None near to wipe away a tear .....	226	4
None so dear as lovely Jean .....	119	3
None so lovely or dearest .....	467	1
None so willing to be loved by .....	490	1, 4
None and least of all .....	411	4
None some fade in theirs .....	222	1
None than Jealousy & attachment to .....	711	4
None noble or true .....	456	1
No one best in a tree .....	9	2
No one of us - lady flowers .....	426	2
No one to be presented to whom .....	426	3
Not in old phrase we gave our passion name .....	572	1
Not we like thee .....	171	2
Not we, kind alike to all men .....	258	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Not star-crowned night .....	647	.. 1
Not the clear day, glowing with light.....	647	.. 1
Not the girl that's so foolish to think herself wise .....	268	.. 4
Not the gay birds, happy and free .....	617	.. 1
Not the jilt that's unkind .....	252	.. 4
Not the pert little maid .....	258	.. 4
Not the prude .....	262	.. 4
Not to believe flattery ..	485	.. 3
Not to love, reason sought .....	177	.. 2
Not true love that kills .....	460	.. 1
Not ours the rows .....	571	.. 4
Nothing—all nothing .....	449	.. 3
Nothing could resist Nancy ..	18	.. 4
Nothing in the world is single .....	200	.. 2
Nothing left to speak, as love is .....	104	.. 4
Nothing so strong as pain and ..	26	.. 3
Nothing stir me loved I not thou ..	509	.. 3
Nothing to buy love with .....	512	.. 3
Nothing to me, whose thou art .....	224	.. 3
Nothing to wheedle or sing to me .....	97	.. 4
Nought like first love .....	216	.. 4
Nought would I behold in others .....	399	.. 2
Now I'm like a little queen.....	615	.. 2
Now of two evils choose the less .....	466	.. 3
Now sits she like a thing amazed .....	561	.. 1
Nun and friar .....	575	.. 2
Nymph a dainty, asleep .....	264	.. 4
Nymph I dare not name ..	488	.. 2
Nymphs take advantage while you may .....	485	.. 1
O drooping souls, ye shall be loved again .....	353	.. 2
O fair! O sweet!.....	280	.. 2
O, FATHER, draw to THINE ..	440	.. 1
O fool, I loved thee.....	590	.. 3
O, let me give my heart to love! .....	333	.. 2
O love! love! love! .....	249	.. 1
O slumbering eyes, ye shall be loved again.....	353	.. 2
O soft as love .....	498	.. 4
O so soft! is she .....	187	.. 2
O so sweet! is she ..	187	.. 2
O so white! is she .....	187	.. 2
O' the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my love .....	491	.. 1
O what a face was hers ..	431	.. 3
O what are joy and mirth to me?.....	472	.. 3
O, who would give his heart to love! .....	332	.. 4
O weary hearts, ye shall be loved again .....	353	.. 2
Oath, subtle, train them to our lure with .....	491	.. 1
Oaths steeped in tears do oft prevail .....	315	.. 4
Object of my late and early prayer .....	412	.. 3
Ocean, bound in the moonbeam's chain .....	316	.. 1
Ocean, knows no capricious passion.....	229	.. 3
Ocean, spawned a goddess from a bubble .....	229	.. 3
Occupations, all tease .....	260	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Odd perplexing pangs .....	281	.. 3
Odds, foolish old .....	446	.. 1
Ode to a wife, ours .....	294	.. 1
Odours, flowers, and gem .....	209	.. 3
Odours, gentle, led my steps astray .....	415	.. 3
O'er thy brow a change hath passed .....	435	.. 4
Offence, mad to take ..	582	.. 2
Officers of love's craft .....	61	.. 4
Oh, I am happy now .....	547	.. 3
Oh for thy history now .....	610	.. 4
Oh live! that look for ever .....	126	.. 2
Oh! it is sweet to see him kneeling at my feet .....	615	.. 3
Oh still too fondly—if for ever seen .....	439	.. 4
Oh, that pallid face I .....	595	.. 3
Oh! Thou! whose merciful decree .....	519	.. 2
Old age shall seem as bright as youth .....	333	.. 4
Old and young, great and wise .....	520	.. 3
Old husband, his delight .....	23	.. 1
Old love fades not ..	543	.. 6
Old wine in bottles ..	525	.. 4
Olivia's bosom must be free .....	331	.. 2
Once bound in Elfrida's chains .....	473	.. 4
Once with coward fondness cur'd .....	221	.. 4
One and two in identity .....	61	.. 1
One berry from thy hand .....	583	.. 1
One dark, one fair .....	568	.. 1
One dose, of Lady Wortley's recipe, too much .....	130	.. 3
One evidence of love .....	437	.. 2
One flame of truth ..	333	.. 4
One gay and one and lady .....	463	.. 2
One Girl, one love .....	110	.. 4
One heart ..	400	.. 3
One heart beats truer .....	361	.. 3
One hid her light ..	461	.. 3
One hour in life, the .....	326	.. 2
One I like so well .....	464	.. 2
One influence of will controlling both .....	559	.. 4
One in life .....	156	.. 3
One, just to what he did not win .....	573	.. 3
One kind kiss then, ere we part .....	394	.. 2
One kind wish before we part .....	391	.. 1
One knocked at my gate .....	570	.. 2
One like the fair ideal known of yore .....	674	.. 2
One love, one faith ..	110	.. 4
One loved idea ..	260	.. 2
One memory round me everywhere .....	305	.. 1
One my charms had power to move .....	464	.. 3
One return I crave ..	610	.. 1
One, so good, gentle, kind .....	464	.. 2
One sustaining hope .....	313	.. 4
One thrilling glance .....	524	.. 2
One touch hath done it .....	561	.. 2



	PAGE	SECTIONS OF PAGE
One uncalld sigh from me .....	308	.. 4
One, variety in .....	510	.. 2
One wav'ring thought, thou lov'st amies .....	382	.. 4
One wish, to live for thee .....	41	.. 1
Only for her sake .....	374	.. 4
Only tell her that I love .....	285	.. 4
Oracle, a wondrous spell in my little .....	411	.. 1
Orange blossoms .....	206	.. 2
Orient pearls, dew-locks .....	10	.. 3
Osgood, Francis Sargent, valentine to .....	577	.. 4
Other cares will claim thy thoughts .....	526	.. 4
Other hearts thy love .....	526	.. 4
Other maidens may be lovely .....	467	.. 2
Others praise, is it like mine ? .....	363	.. 1
Others, thy lightest wish may bless .....	314	.. 3
Our dust to dust .....	357	.. 4
Our early loved .....	579	.. 2
Our fancy makes you beautiful .....	385	.. 2
Our first parents and love .....	94	.. 2
Our forms shall rest apart .....	212	.. 4
Our hearts' flame burns in deep sods .....	572	.. 1
Our hope .....	355	.. 4
Our love, no summer flower .....	437	.. 2
Our love, not a fading earthly flower .....	361	.. 1
Our love shall live .....	139	.. 1
Our plighted vows .....	392	.. 1
Our sunset and our dawn .....	356	.. 1
Our sure defence and safeguard be .....	519	.. 2
Our wants are few .....	358	.. 2
Out-of-door delights .....	431	.. 4
Outward beauty shall perish .....	316	.. 4
Ox-lips, faint .....	423	.. 4
Pagan priests .....	224	.. 1
Pagod and rupee, the land of .....	557	.. 3
Pain, alone, and sleepless .....	318	.. 4
Pain, an agon of, for pleasures of an hour .....	271	.. 1
Pain and pleasure of men and maids .....	276	.. 4
Pain and trouble .....	310	.. 3
Pain, bless the salutary, that cur'd my passion .....	221	.. 4
Pain, cruel to prolong .....	276	.. 1
Pain, cured by a good night's rest .....	369	.. 2
Pain, effects of, on women .....	26	.. 4
Pain, falsehood's cant of febled .....	79	.. 1
Pain, fruitless .....	410	.. 3
Pain not the wound .....	608	.. 2
Pain, seemed to share my .....	234	.. 2
Pain, slow creeps the subtle .....	197	.. 3
Pain, strength of .....	26	.. 3
Pain, the cloud of .....	150	.. 1
Pain, thou didst emparadise my .....	217	.. 3
Pain, thou didst force him to live and die in .....	410	.. 4
Pain, when felt no more .....	318	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Pain, when thou art gone .....	216	.. 2
Pains and perils defy .....	448	.. 2
Paint the mistress of my heart .....	566	.. 1
Painted flowers lines with some .....	270	.. 2
Painters shall crowd, her face to see .....	331	.. 1
Patre meet and love, by chance .....	244	.. 1
Palate, garnish the pepper'd, like a pen .....	557	.. 2
Pale the rosy lip .....	496	.. 1
Pang, soothed by love .....	127	.. 1
Pang, that time so surely brings .....	247	.. 1
Pangs, that wrung my tortured soul .....	398	.. 1
Pansies, their origin .....	69	.. 2
Pansy her eye in the .....	384	.. 4
Paradise, a taste of, in a little woman .....	465	.. 4
Paradise, air of breathed on earth .....	460	.. 1
Paradise and Mary's voice .....	508	.. 1
Paradise, blooms on earth from .....	411	.. 1
Paradise, to one in .....	337	.. 1
Paragon .....	585	.. 1
Parental reverence, a homage to woman .....	587	.. 1
Parentage .....	585	.. 3
Parisian's grace .....	082	.. 1
Parrot, where with human notes she, deals .....	550	.. 4
Part, and must we ? .....	397	.. 1
Part, how loath to .....	394	.. 4
Part, one kind kiss ere we .....	394	.. 2
Part, one kind wish before we .....	391	.. 1
Part, soul and heart shall rather .....	506	.. 1
Part, sweet to .....	145	.. 4
Part to meet and part no more .....	337	.. 4
Part us ever, they cannot .....	372	.. 1
Part, we may not .....	307	.. 3
Parted, among chilling looks .....	524	.. 3
Parted from you each moment seems an hour .....	291	.. 3
Parted in death .....	311	.. 2
Parted lovers on the morn .....	497	.. 3
Parted, where last we .....	112	.. 3
Partiality of custom .....	276	.. 4
Parting blessings .....	19	.. 1
Parting for ever .....	19	.. 1
Parting hour .....	124	.. 4
Parting kiss, the .....	391	.. 1
Parting look .....	19	.. 2
Parting look and tone .....	216	.. 2
Parting lover's wish .....	19	.. 1
Parting, sweet sorrow .....	451	.. 4
Parting, the magic power of a gift at .....	124	.. 4
Parting waste of years, the .....	579	.. 4
Parting with Mary .....	94	.. 1
Partners in affliction, kind .....	283	.. 1
Partners love, hated .....	283	.. 1
Pavilion admired .....	514	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Passion and indifference .....	370	.. 2
Passion, capricious, unknown to the sea .....	229	.. 1
Passion, cured of a, for a coquet .....	221	.. 4
Passion, eddying whirls of .....	216	.. 2
Passion, eternal, constant, pure.....	514	.. 4
Passion, friendship unferred to, in a wife.....	370	.. 3
Passion, if lasting, too great for peace .....	370	.. 4
Passion, is there pleasure in love's ? .....	411	.. 3
Passion, quenchless .....	339	.. 2
Passion, marks of true.....	186	.. 4
Passion name, not in cold phrase we gave our.....	572	.. 1
Passion, press a suit with, not a woman's part to .....	473	.. 3
Passion, playthings of .....	339	.. 4
Passion, proclaimed in song .....	222	.. 2
Passion, read fond .....	222	.. 2
Passion, rises o'er and o'er again .....	339	.. 2
Passion, that I dare not tell .....	435	.. 1
Passion, the coxswain of Love's craft .....	62	.. 4
Passion, the merit of, wrong not .....	483	.. 4
Passion, my, ill-controlled .....	399	.. 2
Passion, wild and strong .....	191	.. 4
Passion will die as your beauties decay .....	589	.. 2
Passions, all others but love, vanity.....	131	.. 1
Passion's draught turns to utter woe .....	572	.. 2
Passions flame, women taught to conceal .....	470	.. 1
Passions, kindling the orb within us .....	449	.. 3
Passions, likened to boiling waves .....	204	.. 1
Passions likened to floods and streams .....	483	.. 3
Passions, melting, none of them warms.....	274	.. 1
Passions of after years.....	326	.. 3
Passions of the morning, the, manhood's noon controls .....	546	.. 4
Passions, on the government of our.....	369	.. 4
Passion's sigh turned to Reason's vow.....	179	.. 1
Passion's stain.....	581	.. 4
Passions, the overflow of wakened .....	339	.. 1
Past, a sting in deep words of the .....	210	.. 4
Past bliss .....	295	.. 2
Past, pine and ponder o'er the .....	52	.. 2
Past raptures .....	339	.. 3
Past, tender memories of the.....	546	.. 1
Past, the .....	357	.. 2
Pastorella, in the bandits' den .....	205	.. 4
Paternal love, the purest under heaven .....	297	.. 3
Patience, meek .....	531	.. 4
Patiently waiting .....	600	.. 2
Path, dark and lonely .....	500	.. 2
Path marked with many a tomb .....	579	.. 4
Paths that common lovers tread .....	451	.. 4
Peace fled from the solitary hearth .....	15	.. 3
Peace is with death and thee .....	596	.. 4
Peace! let me go .....	602	.. 2
Peace, sits upon her brow .....	450	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Peace to the soul of the dead .....	82	.. 4
Peach, her blood in the .....	381	.. 4
Pearl and ruby, bound together .....	119	.. 4
Pearl and ruby, lovers of .....	118	.. 3
Pearl and ruby ring, love's gift .....	120	.. 1
Pearl, a boat-shell of .....	25	.. 2
Pearl, described .....	118	.. 2
Pearl, like the moon .....	118	.. 4
Pearl, the modest, and the sea .....	119	.. 4
Pearls, my love's teeth .....	606	.. 3
Pearl's sisters mistaken by Ruby .....	119	.. 3
Pearls, the sea hath its .....	456	.. 1
Pebbles, she could diamonds make .....	585	.. 2
Pedantry love not won by .....	167	.. 1
Pembroke, Countess of, Ben Jonson's epitaph on .....	13	.. 2
Pen, every word of eloquence is written by his .....	315	.. 1
Pen, fame, and praise .....	400	.. 1
Pen, lover overtaken by a .....	225	.. 3
Penance for contemning love .....	529	.. 1
Penmanship superior to the brightest face .....	225	.. 3
Penny Lady Jonny's beauty, the ready .....	148	.. 3
Pensive loneliness .....	198	.. 1
Pensive stranger .....	168	.. 1
Pepper-corn, a, and a little woman .....	465	.. 4
Pepper-nosed dame .....	371	.. 2
Perfect charms .....	421	.. 4
Perfect love, every thought of .....	315	.. 1
Perfect symmetry .....	463	.. 1
Perfect trust, implant deep that .....	519	.. 3
Perfection of all sweetness .....	600	.. 4
Perfection, she's all .....	331	.. 1
Perfection, smiling in love's arms .....	152	.. 1
Perfections most divine .....	378	.. 3
Perfume taken from a young lady's bosom, on a .....	330	.. 4
Perfume, whose very presence is .....	565	.. 4
Perhaps love to visit my love unseen .....	438	.. 3
Perhaps the lady of thy love .....	414	.. 2
Perils, such, find .....	406	.. 1
Peria songs .....	209	.. 3
Perish for a woman's love ? .....	377	.. 4
Perish'd flowers .....	579	.. 3
Perjur'd lips ne'er know the magic of love's sway .....	311	.. 4
Perjury, when, to love thee .....	264	.. 3
Personal appearance of her future king .....	30	.. 3
Persuade thyself she jests .....	383	.. 2
Persuasions to love .....	485	.. 3
Pert little nim .....	268	.. 4
Phills .....	580	.. 4
Philosophy love's .....	427	.. 3
Philosophy of love .....	200	.. 2
Phoenix died in Celia's fragrant breast .....	318	.. 2
Physic, no inducement to win a dame .....	181	.. 1

	Page	Author of Page
Picture, a love.....	600	.. 1
Picture, can but a single glance express.....	174	.. 2
Picture, only fix one moment's flight .....	174	.. 2
Picture, this, thy .....	379	.. 1
Pictures, old.....	446	.. 2
Picturing his future queen ..	29	.. 2
Pierc'd through and through .....	676	.. 3
Pilgrimage of age.....	138	.. 1
Pillage to soldiers .....	525	.. 3
Pillow, notes, picture, and glove, beneath the .....	251	.. 3
Pine and ponder o'er the past .....	51	.. 2
Pine, for true love's purer air.....	308	.. 4
Pine, in liberty I .....	198	.. 4
Pine, to, with grief, anger, or care .....	396	.. 4
Pink, the .....	552	.. 2
Pinks of red.....	468	.. 1
Pious, duteous.....	521	.. 1
Pipes, old .....	446	.. 2
Pity, a language of .....	441	.. 2
Pity, ah! thy smiles I deem'd.....	409	.. 2
Pity, double, deserved by the dumb .....	252	.. 1
Pity, double, for the dumb .....	484	.. 2
Pity, full of, as may be .....	320	.. 1
Pity, look with, on my painful smart .....	245	.. 1
Pity me at your feet ..	420	.. 2
Pity, my plaint doth, move .....	406	.. 3
Pity smiles wrung from pain .....	27	.. 2
Pity, some look of kin'ness may display .....	228	.. 1
Pity sorrow that seemeth joy .....	27	.. 1
Pity, that you cast away .....	315	.. 4
Pity, the heart bleeds for ..	21	.. 1
Pity the pain with which I die .....	269	.. 3
Pity the young .....	17	.. 2
Plain country dress ..	28	.. 4
Plain, love told to the lonely .....	256	.. 3
Plaint, once vouchsafe to hear .....	245	.. 1
Plead, what she bids me when I .....	245	.. 1
Pleasant to idle, anywhere ..	592	.. 2
Please, fair creature formed to ..	278	.. 2
Please, the power to, I lose while I admire .....	260	.. 3
Please, your best empire is to ..	270	.. 4
Pleased, the more that make love to his mistress.....	379	.. 2
Pleasure ..	232	.. 2
Pleasure, all love's pangs are sweetest.....	249	.. 2
Pleasure and pain, ruled by time .....	118	.. 1
Pleasure may change and forsake.....	213	.. 1
Pleasure on the sea .....	208	.. 4
Pleasure, second mate of love's craft .....	61	.. 4
Pleasure, shook his roses o'er him.....	441	.. 1
Pleasures come and cares retreat ..	442	.. 3
Pleasure's day .....	246	.. 4
Pleasures in London .....	2	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Pleasures of fields, valleys, mountains .....	407	.. 1
Pleasure's path strewn with care.....	131	.. 4
Pledge of devoted faithfulness .....	341	.. 1
Pledge, the, we wore.....	195	.. 4
Pledging aft to meet again .....	495	.. 4
Pledging with him .....	4	.. 1
Pluck test truth, ere aloth cast off ..	11	.. 2
Pluck dainties from my grave .....	602	.. 4
Plutus on marriage .....	187	.. 1
Poet, can he sing of aught but love? .....	359	.. 4
Poet, catching inspiration from the zephyrs ..	144	.. 4
Poet, the, recalls all the beauties of his false mistress .....	824	.. 3
Poetry, more tuneful from beauty's tongue .....	1	.. 4
Poets, by .....	578	.. 2
Poets, of .....	578	.. 2
Poets shall wonder at my love .....	311	.. 3
Poet's, the name a .....	578	.. 2
Poison and honey from the same source .....	116	.. 3
Poison and honey in a kiss ..	116	.. 3
Poison of some sort.....	564	.. 2
Pony the, thinks he may ape her airs and graces .....	510	.. 4
Poor an' hovel .....	420	.. 1
Pop the question .....	40	.. 2
Portrait of an unknown lady, lures on the .....	141	.. 1
Portrait the .....	566	.. 3
Powers, a thousand fragrant .....	407	.. 7
Powers, soon break .....	408	.. 3
Possess her virtues and her charms.....	184	.. 4
Possession, each endearment more endear'd .....	551	.. 1
Pouting lip .....	111	.. 2
Power .....	211	.. 2
Power and pride allied with love .....	415	.. 2
Power of kindling loftier thoughts .....	475	.. 2
Power of love .....	85	.. 3
Power of love .....	311	.. 4
Power of love .....	519	.. 1
Power, vanity at best .....	211	.. 4
Praise, a creature for .....	171	.. 3
Praise, find am I to sing her .....	479	.. 3
Praise in folly, to .....	397	.. 2
Praise sweet, a thousand things in .....	467	.. 2
Pray .....	581	.. 1
Prayed to her God, alone.....	419	.. 1
Prayer for the beloved .....	444	.. 3
Prayer, half a .....	146	.. 3
Prayer of a wife.....	609	.. 4
Prayer of an earthly love .....	419	.. 1
Prayer, of repentant love .....	419	.. 1
Prayer of the weak ones .....	19	.. 4
Prayer, the husband's .....	519	.. 1
Prayers for a lover who changed his faith .....	111	.. 1
Prayers, the, of gentle souls, asked .....	177	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Prayers, when sweet .....	460	.. 4
Prayers, upward streaming .....	595	.. 1
Praying-rug, from a Turcoman's camp .....	446	.. 1
Precipice, leap from a .....	327	.. 2
Precious boon, the, of woman's love .....	451	.. 1
Precious stone, in a little, what splendour .....	465	.. 3
Precious ware .....	376	.. 4
Pre-existence .....	236	.. 4
Prepare for bliss so long delayed .....	313	.. 4
Presence, thy, gives eternal spring .....	499	.. 1
Present, love lives in the ... ..	152	.. 1
Press it close to thine again .....	427	.. 2
Pretty fellows bring double care ... ..	130	.. 3
Pretty sex, the, have failings .....	221	.. 4
Price of loves .....	166	.. 4
Price of Susan's love .....	167	.. 1
Pride .....	418	.. 2
Pride and boyish flame .....	197	.. 1
Pride and power allied with love .....	415	.. 2
Pride bows to thee ... ..	123	.. 2
Pride makes angels devils .....	385	.. 4
Pride of a wife's charms .....	22	.. 4
Pride of youth and beauty .....	206	.. 4
Pride or joy .....	603	.. 3
Pride, self-adorning .....	250	.. 4
Pride, strength of .....	26	.. 3
Priest chosen, ere cloth cast off .....	12	.. 2
Priest, the, and his office ... ..	568	.. 1
Prime, carol this sweet hour of .....	227	.. 1
Prints, old .....	446	.. 2
Priscilla, pure, for Quakers .....	591	.. 3
Prithce, why so mute? .....	417	.. 4
Prithce, why so pale? .....	417	.. 4
Prize divine, I have found a .....	467	.. 1
Priz'd, don't desire to be high .....	385	.. 2
Prize-money to seamen .....	515	.. 3
Probable regret of a coquette .....	87	.. 4
Professed friends make me loathe mankind .....	606	.. 1
Proffered love, not scorn his .....	325	.. 4
Prometheus stole the fire for Stella ... ..	320	.. 4
Promise, faithful witness of our plighted .....	371	.. 4
Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer .....	452	.. 3
Proportions, betraying fair .....	567	.. 2
Proud, be not, if you are what men say .....	485	.. 1
Proud, don't be, 'cause we adore you .....	385	.. 1
Proud of my choice, though hopeless .....	514	.. 2
Protection, sought at love's altar .....	245	.. 3
Proverbs xii. 4 .....	74	.. 1
Prude, her character .....	268	.. 4
Prudence, how she can help those in love .....	322	.. 4
Prudence must cherish what beauty has caught .....	589	.. 1
Prudence, our best ally .....	322	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Prudence pointed off the amorous fool .....	308	.. 3
Prudence, 'tis, to be true .....	277	.. 3
Prudent wife .....	23	.. 1
Pulse, every, throbs at thy voice .....	216	.. 1
Pulse is beating against my side .....	576	.. 4
Punishments, of love .....	329	.. 3
Pure hopes and quiet joys .....	358	.. 2
Pure looks .....	3	.. 1
Pure love, elevates all ..	Back of Title	
Pure white face .....	26	.. 1
Purity of love, the .....	581	.. 2
Purple mark of agony ..	595	.. 3
Purse, lays on receipt of ..	277	.. 4
Psalm, rich as incense ..	595	.. 1
Quaint device on an old ring .....	340	.. 4
Quake to say they love, who love indeed .....	374	.. 1
Qualities of the maid to my mind .....	269	.. 1
Quarrel true love's lightest ..	245	.. 3
Quarrel of love and hymn ..	154	.. 4
Quarrels of lovers ..	241	.. 2
Quarrels, sweet to have our .....	525	.. 4
Queen of flowers, the rom ..	164	.. 3
Queen of love .....	467	.. 2
Queen of my cane-bottomed chair .....	447	.. 2
Queen of my heart .....	447	.. 2
Queenlike .....	612	.. 4
Quench the flame of hopeless love. To — ..	168	.. 2
Quenchless passion .....	139	.. 2
Question and reply ..	612	.. 1
Question, the .....	425	.. 3
Quick speed makes waste .....	412	.. 2
Quiet, and brauteous eyes .....	323	.. 4
Quill, wonders of (blue's) .....	225	.. 2
Radiant, rare, and beauty laden .....	248	.. 4
Rage and fear forbid delight .....	276	.. 4
Rail at the world .....	334	.. 4
Rail or weep, am indifferent ..	212	.. 3
Rain, a trifle to a suitor .....	40	.. 1
Rainbow, the ..	535	.. 1
Rainbow, the embrace of sun and shade .....	355	.. 4
Rainbow, the, heavens own forehead braid .....	335	.. 4
Ramble, evening .....	1	.. 3
Ranging from beauty to beauty .....	509	.. 4
Rapture reveals how much love her .....	489	.. 3
Rapture, those who feel .....	536	.. 2
Rave in prose and rhyme .....	349	.. 3
Raven hair .....	75	.. 2
Raven a-wing, tremble like a ..	3	.. 1
Reader the and the poet's spirit ..	176	.. 2
Reading an Indian journal ..	42	.. 2
Reading, neither speech nor song .....	60	.. 4
Reading together .....	60	.. 3



	PAGE	NO. OF LINES
Real life and lesser griefs .....	269	2
Reason and duty .....	370	1
Reason and love .....	237	1
Reason and love, their discourse .....	158	3
Reason approved .....	514	1
Reason, Captain .....	62	1
Reason cooled love .....	158	1
Reason, dull .....	236	4
Reason, foe to .....	409	1
Reason, invited to .....	426	3
Reason, love's pilot .....	62	3
Reason, love's seat .....	Back of File	
Reason masters every sense .....	380	3
Reason, men and women hunt af .....	243	4
Reason, not so strong as pain .....	26	3
Reason restrains me to impart .....	406	1
Reason, rotten in .....	408	3
Reason, turns to frenzy .....	412	1
Reason went to the rescue of Love's .....	62	2
Reason why I can love thee no more .....	516	3
Reasons and perils put apart .....	406	2
Reasons for a maiden being beloved .....	107	1, 2, 3
Reasons for parting .....	87	2
Reasons why a lover can't forget .....	59	1, 2, 3, 4
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew ear .....	594	3
Recipe to cure sorrow .....	329	4
Recollection, faint .....	146	3
Recollection, fond .....	146	3
Recollections, first love's .....	392	2
Recollections of early love .....	386	1
Recollections of love .....	538	3
Reconciliation .....	272	4
Records of love .....	203	1
Records of thy future fate .....	52	4
Red is my cheek .....	607	4
Red lips .....	15	2
Reeds of deep green .....	426	2
Reeking floods .....	88	1
Refined ecstasies .....	92	4
Reflection of exchanging glances of affection .....	550	4
Refrain from looking in her face .....	513	4
Refuge of the forsaken .....	102	1
Regret .....	210	3
Regret and esteem .....	1	3
Regret and soft desire .....	457	1
Regret, wallings of .....	21	2
Reigning alone .....	515	2
Rejected lover, a .....	524	1
Rejects oft but never offends .....	63	3
Relapse, the .....	419	4
Relapsed love .....	513	4
Relief, I rather choose to want .....	424	1

# Dictionary.

737

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Relief, none where all is disdain .....	514	.. 5
Religion not to be changed for love .....	109	.. 4
Remember on beloved remember me .....	305	.. 3-4
Remembered values .....	77	.. 3
Remembrance invoked, .....	305	.. 4
Remembrance never must awake .....	197	.. 2
Remembrancer the, of parted lovers .....	497	.. 2
Remembrances .....	113	.. 1
Reminiscence of the guard's hall .....	27	.. 4
Reminiscences called up by song .....	77	.. 2
Remnant of days departed long .....	141	.. 3
Demonstration, the maid's .....	499	.. 1
Remorse .....	51	.. 4
Rent in my transactions, the .....	565	.. 2
Repeating a declaration .....	22	.. 1
Repet soon, refusing love, .....	420	.. 2
Repetition of the sweet words of fondness .....	21	.. 2
Repose and liberty in love .....	114	.. 2
Reserve and modesty, like clouds .....	471	.. 1
Resign the soul to love .....	533	.. 1
Resigned, scarce half .....	442	.. 1-2
Resolution, the vain .....	471	.. 4
Resolve, the .....	419	.. 1
Resolve, made in despair .....	327	.. 1
Resolved I dare to plight my vow .....	227	.. 4
Best rob the world of .....	207	.. 1
Resting all its hopes on THEM .....	520	.. 2
Restless sea .....	203	.. 4
Restored to my arms .....	441	.. 4
Retired solitude .....	227	.. 1
Retrospect of past times .....	191	.. 3
Return of a Norwegian hunter .....	169	.. 4
Returned, with a cry crowned .....	529	.. 1
Returning tramon urged loved .....	323	.. 2
Revelry, like a woman, all she can .....	556	.. 4
Revealing, venture the .....	484	.. 1
Reveals his thoughts, oft seated by my side .....	260	.. 3
Reverence, especially sweet to women .....	525	.. 3
Revenge, sweet .....	222	.. 3
Revelry and mirth what are .....	448	.. 4
Reward for constancy .....	516	.. 1
Reward for discovering love .....	266	.. 1
Reward of a bold lover .....	70	.. 4
Rhyme, for whom penned .....	577	.. 4
Rhymes of him and him .....	220	.. 1
Ribbon & bows your heart .....	311	.. 4
Rich in the heart's best treasure .....	359	.. 1
Rich in words, poor as a lover .....	483	.. 1
Richmond, a day at never to be forgot .....	39	.. 4
Riddle, you will not read the .....	578	.. 2
Rime and reason in the matter of love .....	166	.. 1
Ring, a .....	526	.. 3

	PAGE	REMARKS OF PAGE
Ring and licence, arms of a lover.....	125	2
Ring, its simple poetry .....	341	2
Ring motto, 'stop thief' .....	230	2
Ring of pearl and ruby, a gift for lovers .....	120	3
Ring, jeweled thy hand .....	527	3
Ring, quaint device on an old .....	340	4
Ring, tale told by an old .....	340	4
Ring, that ancient .....	340	4
Ring, tho, is on my hand .....	547	6
Ring, tho, too wide for the bride's finger .....	14	7
Ring, to a stolen .....	610	4
Ring-dove's note, in solitude .....	439	4
Ringlets, beauty's, and the sphynx .....	144	2
Ringlets, dark .....	75	3
Ringlets, I do not play with your .....	541	5
Ringlets, jetty curls in shining .....	215	6
Ringlets, loose dishevelled .....	223	6
Ringlets of dark and glossy hue .....	566	3
Ringlets, she waves the, frae her cheek .....	492	3
Ringlets, shining .....	61	5
Ripe in folly, rotten in reason .....	408	2
Ripe, richer than the cherry .....	577	2
Rise, a new-born Venus .....	230	1
Rising generation, their expensiveness .....	142	4
Rival arms, doom'd to .....	331	4
Rival, bold, begone! .....	330	4
Rival, no fear of .....	379	6
Rivals and falsehood .....	276	2
Rivals banish'd .....	499	2
Rival's feet, doom'd to meet her lovers at her .....	334	2
Rivals, the worst of lover's plagues .....	223	3
River, the, gleams silver white .....	352	3
Robes of pale purple .....	567	2
Roman nose, her handsome .....	24	1
Romance, in a ball room, out of place .....	28	3
Romantic views .....	168	1
Romeo and Juliet, a peerless tale .....	134	1
Rosalie .....	335	4
Rosamond, what air of fragrance, throws around .....	592	4
Rose, a message sent by a .....	..	2
Rose, a sleeping love within a .....	421	4
Rose, and flowers, to bind my love .....	69	2
Rose and nightingale, loves of the .....	161	4
Rose, blush of a white .....	139	2
Rose, gladdens the cheerless waste .....	579	3
Rose, go lovely .....	20	4
Rose, her blood in the .....	381	4
Rose, how it came to be red .....	164	2
Rose, in a little, the richest dyes .....	465	4
Rose leaf, between two songs of Petrarch .....	540	4
Rose, legend of the .....	163	2
Rose, lessons to be learnt from a .....	81	1, 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Rose, loses its smile at her side . . . . .	474	.. 1
Rose, needless to add perfume to the . . . . .	110	.. 4
Rose, new grown . . . . .	171	.. 3
Rose, revives each spring . . . . .	486	.. 2
Rose, shed thy leaves . . . . .	172	.. 1
Rose, the . . . . .	413	.. 4
Rose, the, blushes to be a soul . . . . .	421	.. 2
Rose, the budding, spring awakened . . . . .	552	.. 1
Rose, the, Cupid and the bee . . . . .	164	.. 2
Rose, the, a poem . . . . .	514	.. 3
Rose, the, last page . . . . .	80	.. 4
Rose, the, nightingale betrothed beside . . . . .	161	.. 4
Rose, the, garden of flowers . . . . .	164	.. 1
Rose, the, tale of the . . . . .	161	.. 4
Rose, the, to a lady . . . . .	161	.. 2
Rose, vain to part the . . . . .	113	.. 3
Rose, where a garden's pride is o'er . . . . .	570	.. 1
Rosebud, tips like a roe . . . . .	1	.. 2
Rosebud, turned to crystal . . . . .	217	.. 3
Rosebuds, shed with snow . . . . .	526	.. 1
Rose . . . . .	38	.. 1
Rose . . . . .	514	.. 4
Rose all turn pale, the . . . . .	573	.. 2
Rose and blue, and white, pass away . . . . .	119	.. 1
Rose and blue may make the men sigh . . . . .	579	.. 1
Roses, beds of, and water . . . . .	408	.. 3
Roses cannot seek the gatherer . . . . .	471	.. 1
Rose, I will make three beds of . . . . .	477	.. 1
Roses, of sixteen . . . . .	161	.. 1
Roses in a dress . . . . .	25	.. 2
Rose, she loves you I know . . . . .	544	.. 3
Rose, to be titled with a Spanish phrase . . . . .	544	.. 4
Rose, their sweetest grew pale . . . . .	128	.. 1
Rose, what are violets to them? . . . . .	19	.. 1
Rose, where they sleep . . . . .	117	.. 4
Rose, with . . . . .	424	.. 1
Rose, wreath of . . . . .	206	.. 1
Rose, you are not so fair after all . . . . .	545	.. 1
Rose mark, on a long wet strand . . . . .	519	.. 1
Rose, look, he that loves . . . . .	577	.. 4
Rose, wreath betrothed on . . . . .	4	.. 2
Rough as Pines . . . . .	496	.. 2
Rough as a . . . . .	517	.. 1
Rose, stretch each energy . . . . .	206	.. 3
Rose, hearts . . . . .	151	.. 1
Ruby, my love, is . . . . .	606	.. 1
Ruby, a little its worth . . . . .	466	.. 1
Ruby and pearl, bound together . . . . .	117	.. 4
Ruby and pearl, lovers of . . . . .	113	.. 2
Ruby and pearl, waters . . . . .	114	.. 1
Ruby, dress of . . . . .	113	.. 2
Ruby finger tips . . . . .	34	.. 3

## The Lovers'

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
by, like the sun.....	158	.. 4
by's offerings.....	119	.. 1
by's history .....	109	.. 1
by engraving .....	371	.. 7
being, love has.....	575	.. 1
Bine, press the, for wine .....	506	.. 2
Ruin, drawn on by to .....	215	.. 3
Ruin, pleasing happy .....	390	.. 3
Rule, absolute .....	515	.. 7
Rural home and its beauties .....	1	.. 1
Sabbath day, on the .....	595	.. 7
Sacharissa, cruel.....	581	.. 2
Sacred delights of Nature .....	3	.. 1
Sacred music, heard upon t.....	450	.. 1
Sacred name conceal, the.....	440	.. 2
Sacred silence of the night.....	226	.. 1
Sacrifices of the forsaken .....	101	.. 4
Sad and silent love .....	148	.. 1
Sad heart, a, hath come to woo.....	304	.. 3
Sad unearthly strain.....	135	.. 1
Saddest tales of love .....	269	.. 2
Sadness, grief, and tears .....	457	.. 7
Sadness hath overshadowed thy once bright eye .....	571	.. 3
Sadness, let me thy, share .....	304	.. 2
Sadness, like angelic bliss .....	315	.. 3
Sadness, nor note my tones of .....	101	.. 3
Sage counsels from a prudent wife .....	23	.. 1
Sailing benighted .....	471	.. 2
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare .....	467	.. 2
Saintly looks .....	3	.. 1
Saints, the pious whispers of, wafted by zephyrs.....	144	.. 4
Saints, above, ruled by love .....	131	.. 2
Sake, for one another's.....	606	.. 1
Salt, thou hast suffered for my.....	605	.. 2
Sand, name written in the .....	118	.. 4
Sands, wet with tears .....	579	.. 4
Sandy's ghost .....	497	.. 4
Sandy's loss, history of.....	498	.. 7
Sapphires, my love's eyes.....	606	.. 3
Sappho .....	540	.. 1
Sappho, her genius, glory, and despair .....	115	.. 4
Sappho's brow.....	115	.. 4
Sara .....	424	.. 1
Sara's lips, and Cupid's elixir.....	525	.. 3
Satins and jewels .....	547	.. 1
Saxon beauty? .....	612	.. 1
Say, always have something smart to .....	170	.. 1
Say nay! .....	422	.. 4
Say thou lov'st me while thou live .....	541	.. 2
Say, to say your, seek a way .....	60	.. 2
Scarf, a fluttering pavilion .....	60	.. 2
Scarborough, a reminiscence of.....	35	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION
Scene, lovely .....	583	1
Scenes to memory dear .....	372	3
Scent and beauty both gone .....	490	4
Scorn and awe .....	564	3
Scorn a crowd and thy sweet face .....	401	3
Scornful and audacious, dost .....	117	4
Scornful the .....	141	1, 2
Scornful .....	141	1
Scornful scorn .....	11	6
Scorn (imp) I've not through .....	494	1
Scorn not thou my ruler tone .....	304	3
Scorn of me never to you .....	511	1
Scorn, thou, now suffered shame .....	419	6
Scorn, what would not? .....	491	1
Scornful eyes .....	471	4
Scornful fair one's hate .....	479	3
Scornful the heart's sweet .....	564	1
Scorn against the cruel power .....	118	2
Sea, vast of the .....	121	1
Sea, constant to the faithful moon .....	129	1
Sea, still the .....	141	2
Sea, calm water .....	556	3
Sea, strong and searching for the .....	10	1
Sea, tells its true love to each shore .....	129	4
Sea, the and the tapers .....	421	1
Sea, the and the great pearl .....	129	4
Sea, (a lady going to bathe in the .....	419	1
Sea, Verna's ring from the .....	119	1
Search learn with the .....	121	1
Search the .....	501	1
Search the world .....	121	1
Search, well the measure .....	121	1
Search in heart .....	121	1
Season of hearts and flowers .....	118	1
Season's fate to with future promises .....	121	4
Seated by my side his thoughts reveal .....	160	1
Secret grief .....	129	4
Secret of my love, not shared with .....	121	1
Secret of thy soul, the .....	419	2
Secret pain .....	121	4
Secret the and by a smile .....	121	1
Secrets of the future .....	146	1
Secrets, hadst thou a tongue to whisper .....	119	4
Secrets, heard and kept by love .....	412	1
Secrets from meeting any tempter .....	119	4
Secure what port can harbor lovers meet? .....	121	1
See if all your wishes can be, all .....	121	1
See my joy with closed eyes .....	511	1
See thee at thy father's side .....	521	1
Seek a way to my yearning .....	470	1
Self-adorning pride .....	117	4
Separation, no longer dreaded .....	111	4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Send a missive scribbled o'er .....	472	.. 3
Send me back my heart .....	387	.. 3
Send me back my heart and eyes .....	282	.. 1
Sense, every, seems dull .....	216	.. 1
Senses, all, controlled by the mind .....	293	.. 3
Senses, moved by beauty .....	179	.. 1
Senses, the, plagued out of measure.....	411	.. 4
Sensitive blush, the .....	201	.. 1
Seraph, a, kneeled .....	529	.. 2
Serenely sweet as vernal air .....	498	.. 4
Sermon, never-ending, my utter detestation .....	464	.. 4
Serpent dangerously coil'd .....	556	.. 4
Serpent, lies at full length .....	556	.. 4
Serpents and flowers .....	5	.. 2
Serve and sue, in vain .....	377	.. 2
Serve long, hope well .....	412	.. 4
Seven long years of sorrow.....	338	.. 1
Sex decays, when .....	581	.. 4
Sex, that dear, our glory, honour, joy .....	587	.. 1
Sexes, equal laws claimed for both .....	277	.. 1
Shade, here I linger in this gloomy .....	429	.. 3
Shadow of a shade.....	175	.. 3
Shadow of sorrowing .....	146	.. 3
Shadow, I talk to thy fancied .....	495	.. 1
Shadow o'er thy brow, lies deep and still .....	435	.. 4
Shadows, in our dreams .....	579	.. 4
Shall I cheat myself to forget the present ? .....	569	.. 2
Shall I die, because a woman's fair ? .....	377	.. 2
Shall I forget life's purposes ? .....	569	.. 2
Shall I play the fool and die ? .....	378	.. 1
Shall I tell you whom I love ? .....	380	.. 1
Shallow murmur, the .....	483	.. 3
Shame and her feelings .....	473	.. 2
Shape, a charming, first enslaved me .....	510	.. 1
Shape, a dancing .....	172	.. 1
Shape, the, alone let others prize .....	421	.. 3
She can't well do without me.....	530	.. 3
She cherishes the flower the false one gave .....	310	.. 3
She chooses an antique.....	236	.. 2
She comes to gather flowers .....	467	.. 4
She coaxes and nestles, purrs and pries .....	531	.. 1
She dances round me.....	531	.. 1
She did it with her eye.....	374	.. 3
She does not know she plays at chess .....	561	.. 1
She doth remain as steel and flint .....	241	.. 1
She doubts me.....	530	.. 2
She flouts me .....	530	.. 2
She hath left her dwelling lone.....	108	.. 4
She heard me breathe my am'rous prayers.....	234	.. 2
She heard my sighs .....	234	.. 2
She is bright as love's star .....	386	.. 4
She is gone .....	108	.. 2, 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
She is in everything that's good.....	381	.. 3
She is not fair to outward view.....	609	.. 1
She is seven, by the kalendar.....	530	.. 3
She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose.....	492	.. 1
She likes contradiction.....	286	.. 3
She listened to the tender strain.....	234	.. 2
She loved as woman rarely loves but once.....	583	.. 3
She loved you in fortune.....	250	.. 4
She loved you most in misfortune.....	250	.. 4
She loves.....	236	.. 3
She loves him yet!.....	310	1 2. 3. 4
She loves till life be o'er.....	310	.. 4
She loves you now.....	250	.. 3
She loves you still.....	250	.. 3
She moves the piece.....	560	.. 1
She mused, more tranquil than the dove.....	559	.. 3
She never can wed another.....	310	.. 4
She only feels she plays with love.....	561	.. 1
She, only, spake the word.....	374	.. 3
She pierced her breast and love found an entry.....	266	.. 1
She plays at random.....	561	.. 1
She ruled the roast.....	375	.. 1
She said she loved.....	234	.. 2
She sat, and she bloom'd, in my cane-bottomed chair.....	447	.. 1
She saw my tears.....	234	.. 2
She seems in all things better than desire.....	534	.. 3
She was the move.....	560	.. 1
She should be, what.....	612	.. 3
She sits in the midst of her bower casement.....	492	.. 2
She starts, trembles, and weeps, in her sleep.....	429	.. 2
She takes whate'er she will.....	560	.. 3
She's too good to let me die.....	285	.. 4
She, t'other way draws.....	286	.. 3
She tore my minnie ere she read.....	472	.. 4
She was a phantom of delight.....	171	.. 4
She was false.....	235	.. 1
She was honoured because of him.....	374	.. 4
She was not forgot.....	314	.. 2
She weeteth not I love her.....	249	.. 1
She will love him yet.....	310	.. 4
She who flies the lover chains the soul.....	398	.. 2
She who for pleasure her husband will alight.....	269	.. 1
She'd a scarf on her neck.....	447	.. 1
She'll ne'er forget.....	310	.. 3
She'll have her will, or have her fits.....	286	.. 3
She's all perfection, everywhere.....	331	.. 1
She's an armfu' fit for heaven.....	492	.. 2
She's extremely handsome.....	388	.. 4
She's fair, but I care not who knows it.....	388 & 389	
She's pleased, and all is clear.....	328	.. 4
Shepherd swain and dainty nymph.....	264	.. 4
Shepherd, the, and Mary.....	471 & 472	



	PAGE	SECTION OF PART
Shepherd, what's love ? .....	484	.. 1
Shepherd's daughter .....	78	.. 1
Shepherd's invitation, the nymph's reply to the .....	408	.. 1
Shepherd's, the, a pleasant life to lead .....	592	.. 1
Sharlock, deceiving .....	189	.. 1
Ships, never came to shore .....	247	.. 3
Shipwrecked once before .....	419	.. 3
Shoes, thy, soon wear out .....	408	.. 1
Shore, I'll wander by the silent .....	501	.. 1
Share, where love is free from doubt .....	498	.. 2
Short inscription .....	371	.. 3
Shoulder, a milky .....	34	.. 3
Shoulder, exquisitely white .....	511	.. 3
Shrine, a, built up with human tears .....	434	.. 1
Shrine, a, deep in my heart .....	457	.. 2
Shrine, a sad heart worships at thy .....	304	.. 3
Stripes of our childhood's stainless .....	520	.. 3
Shun the snares of a tempting fair .....	269	.. 3
Sickening hope .....	114	.. 4
Siege of the heart .....	516	2, 3, 4
Sigh, a lover's burning .....	431	.. 1
Sigh, a sweet, low .....	247	.. 1
Sigh, and grow fonder .....	401	.. 3
Sigh and languish .....	510	.. 1
Sigh, bids the bosom swell .....	598	.. 1
Sigh, drink the warm spirit of her .....	607	.. 2
Sigh, fond, be hush'd .....	398	.. 2
Sigh, fondly murmured .....	325	.. 3
Sigh, from whence this tender ? .....	260	.. 1
Sigh, holy, tender .....	226	.. 4
Sigh, homage of a .....	150	.. 4
Sigh, I remember that sweet madness with a .....	555	.. 1
Sigh in vain .....	122	.. 3
Sigh, language that looks a .....	441	.. 2
Sigh, last .....	146	.. 3
Sigh, my parting .....	364	.. 3
Sigh no more, ladies .....	414	.. 2
Sigh, no unhallowed, shall my bosom move .....	226	.. 4
Sigh not, for your mother .....	558	.. 2
Sigh not so, but let them go .....	414	.. 2
Sigh, of memory and love .....	429	.. 4
Sigh of pensive grief .....	140	.. 1
Sigh, one, ruins more than earthquakes .....	389	.. 1
Sigh, one, doth echo .....	205	.. 1
Sigh, tells the lover's pangs .....	198	.. 1
Sigh, the deep and sacred .....	123	.. 4
Sigh, the herald of the breast .....	398	.. 1
Sigh, the tale of hope and love .....	104	.. 2
Sigh, thy sweet .....	441	.. 4
Sigh, to, and wish, is all my ease .....	262	.. 1
Sigh, to heave the .....	196	.. 4
Sigh, to leave your mother's roof, you .....	558	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Sigh, to pour the involuntary.....	397	.. 2
Sigh, with many a mournful .....	456	.. 4
Sigh'd, all lonely have I .....	227	.. 3
Sighing of the warm .....	25	.. 2
Sighs, amorous, the richest labour.....	331	.. 1
Sighs and oaths, not needed by love .....	451	.. 3
Sighs and tears .....	479	.. 3
Sigh - and their echoes .....	126	.. 1
Sighs and vows, among the knowes .....	319	.. 2
Sighs, breathe delicious .....	429	.. 1
Sighs, burning light and odour give .....	588	.. 1
Sighs, dost hear my .....	577	.. 3
Sighs, dying my secret soul discover .....	489	.. 1
Sighs, faintest .....	601	.. 1
Sighs, her breaths of sweetness .....	457	.. 2
Sighs, my murmurs sink in broken .....	524	.. 1
Sighs of sorrow - what are those whom.....	197	.. 4
Sighs, she heard my .....	334	.. 2
Sighs, that scorched the frame .....	136	.. 1
Sighs, the art of .....	241	.. 1
Sighs, the butter that swell'd my breast .....	399	.. 1
Sighs, the chalice bubbled up in .....	523	.. 3
Sighs, the eloquence of love .....	107	.. 4
Sighs, the heat of, which cannot warm your heart .....	262	.. 1
Sighs, when sweet .....	145	.. 3
Sight is clear, my .....	376	.. 3
Signs and tokens .....	436	.. 3
Signs of a true lover .....	382 & 383	
Signs of growing love .....	514	.. 1
Signs of love .....	310	.. 2
Signs of love .....	404	.. 2
Silence and prayer .....	245	.. 3
Silence, best please hearts that love .....	452	.. 4
Silence, and love proclaim .....	451	.. 4
Silence, shall not break .....	227	.. 4
Silence I love .....	424	.. 2
Silence, more we betray than witty words .....	424	.. 2
Silence, my warmest wish is to conceal .....	227	.. 3
Silence, our short speak ing, all conveys .....	441	.. 1
Silence, the soul of sweet .....	25	.. 1
Silence, the requiem of thought .....	414	.. 1
Silence, what it betrays, in love .....	551	.. 1
Silent love .....	542	.. 2
Silent love, how it can be read .....	140	.. 4
Silent lover, the .....	481	.. 3
Silent lover, reasons for being a .....	541	.. 3
Silent worship told his love.....	104	.. 1
Silken fetters .....	546	.. 2
Silken hair .....	22	.. 4
Silken robes - like your bleeding feet .....	27	.. 2
Silken tie of love .....	152	.. 1
Silly fair, surprised by costly toys .....	231	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF Poem
Silver clouds .....	25	.. 2
Silver mist, dreamed of .....	121	.. 2
Silver, my love's hands.....	606	.. 3
Silvia .....	513	.. 1
Smile, a new, for the ladies .....	318	.. 1
Simple love, our .....	217	.. 2
Sin, art thou free from? .....	19	.. 4
Sin of casting from me God's great gift of time .....	969	.. 8
Sin, to say love can die.....	111	.. 1
Sing alway, to obtain a sight of heaven .....	281	.. 1
Sing and love, to, is all the blessed do, above .....	382	.. 3
Sing no more ditties .....	414	.. 3
Sing, though I shall never hear thee .....	414	.. 4
Singing, reads the cope of heaven.....	13	.. 1
Singing, snatches of delicious song .....	521	.. 1
Singing the saddest tales of love .....	269	.. 1
Single love a curse.....	481	.. 6
Single, pray don't remain, for my sake .....	522	.. 2
Single man, a melancholy .....	142	.. 2
Single, nothing in the world is .....	200	.. 2
Single state, languished for .....	143	.. 2
Single women, have the spleen .....	139	.. 3
Sinning, one falls in love with .....	464	.. 4
Sins and errors, many .....	596	.. 2
Siren pleasant .....	409	.. 1
Siren, strong, a .....	522	.. 4
Sister of my soul, adieu! .....	114	.. 1
Sister, thou hast loved in vain .....	416	.. 2
Sister, weep sweet, on my breast .....	416	.. 3
Sister's tenderness, the low tone of a .....	611	.. 3
Sit near, sit near.....	577	.. 1
Sixteen, the breast of sweet .....	364	.. 4
Skies, all blue .....	25	.. 2
Skies, serene.....	475	.. 4
Skin, thy, soft like wool of wethers .....	409	.. 1
Sky, the, a great drawing-room.....	319	.. 2
Sky, the, and its glories .....	469	.. 2
Sky, the, dark when thou art nigh .....	469	.. 2
Skylark and nightingale, sweeter than all birds .....	406	.. 1
Slander all her sex <i>impromptu</i> .....	314	.. 4
Slave, hugg'd the servile chain ....	230	.. 4
Slaves and palankeening, land of .....	557	.. 1
Sleep, like death without its terrors.....	516	.. 3
Sleep, murmurs in .....	419	.. 1
Sleep my darling .....	563	.. 1
Sleep on, and dream of heaven .....	419	.. 1
Sleep on in secret .....	419	.. 2
Sleep only gives thee to my arms again .....	441	.. 4
Sleep not .....	341	.. 1
Sleep, placid, ne'er know again .....	121	.. 4
Sleep, resembling death, equals all .....	511	.. 4
Sleeping, hail her .....	227	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Sleeping love, give me to approach my .....	326	.. 4
Slaves, like a holy saint .....	439	.. 3
Slighted love .....	437	.. 1
Slighted where she shone. ....	334	.. 2
Slippers, in tatter'd old ... ..	445	.. 4
Slumber, broken, by our child .....	610	.. 1
Small dreams .....	515	.. 2
Small gifts and tongues ... ..	542	.. 3
Smart what breeds my .....	406	.. 1
Smile, meek maiden met upon her .....	168	.. 2
Smile, an insincere .....	234	.. 4
Smile, brightly, and sing to-morrow .....	414	.. 4
Smile beneath thine eye, may they .....	422	.. 4
Smile, broke many more lovers' hearts .....	208	.. 4
Smile, each tempting .....	419	.. 2
Smile, her .....	554	.. 1
Smile, her, is fate .....	235	.. 1
Smile, I miss thy .....	443	.. 3
Smile, imagined in vain .....	17	.. 4
Smile, live upon us, for years .....	186	.. 4
Smile, nameless charm of .....	475	.. 2
Smile no more .....	17	.. 3
Smile no more .....	201	.. 4
Smile, of an ideal wife .. ..	337	.. 2
Smile, of more than angel power ....	554	.. 2
Smile of truth, a smile of God .. .	355	.. 2
Smile, rosy making a quivering lip .....	313	.. 2
Smile, shed a, on her face .. ..	447	.. 1
Smile, sweet thy dimpling .. ..	505	.. 4
Smile, sweet as thy .....	444	.. 4
Smiles that blest one lover's heart .....	208	.. 4
Smile, that told a secret .....	98	.. 2
Smile, there is a, in thy distress. ....	402	.. 2
Smile, though shall not be near thee .....	424	.. 4
Smile, thy fond, a joy can shed .. ..	442	.. 2
Smile, to be remembered for ever .....	201	.. 1
Smile, woman's .....	433	.. 4
Smiles, a creature for .....	172	.. 2
Smiles, all thy, deemed pity .....	409	.. 2
Smiles and kisses .....	216	.. 2
Smiles and sob in the lips and heart .....	26	.. 4
Smiles, bewitching .....	554	.. 3
Smiles, half .. ..	601	.. 1
Smiles, happy, all lost .....	247	.. 3
Smiles on all .....	228	.. 2
Smiles, other, may make you sickle .....	576	.. 1
Smiles that win .....	81	.. 4
Smiles, we love best .....	207	.. 3
Smiles, wrung from pain, to be pitied .....	27	.. 2
Smiling and tender .....	447	.. 3
Smiling, the witchery of thy .....	521	.. 3
Smiles all hearts with blindness .....	522	.. 4

	PAGE	NOTES OF NAME
Smoke and vapour .....	244	.. 2
Snake, the, resumes its skin .....	456	.. 2
Snow, neck of .....	3	.. 2
Snow, the fall of the .....	387	.. 2
Snowy brow .....	206	.. 2
So fresh and so fair .....	447	.. 3
So I can love no more .....	519	.. 1
So many times do I love thee .....	608	.. 4
So, one poor, doth pine .....	205	.. 2
Sober and smiles in the heart and lips .....	26	.. 4
Sober, our heart's flame came in deep .....	578	.. 1
Social, cheerful .....	520	.. 4
Soft, cheerful, and engaging .....	465	.. 2
Softly beaming blush .....	241	.. 2
Solace .....	122	.. 4
Solace of my care .....	422	.. 3
Soldiers and lovers, tell of dangers over .....	222	.. 2
Soldier's mien, a .....	506	.. 2
Soliloquy of a beauty, in the country .....	129	.. 3
Soliloquy of a maiden .....	107	.. 3
Solitary song .....	429	.. 4
Solitude, retired .....	127	.. 3
Somebody, never to blame .....	45	.. 4
Somebody, what that person did .....	45	1, 2, 3
Some other love let Venus find .....	424	.. 3
Some share of hours of knowledge .....	610	.. 2
Some think all theirs that they do seek .....	484	.. 4
Some were sad and felt no mirth .....	208	.. 3
Song, a, sweeter than truth .....	25	.. 2
Song and tale that breathe of love .....	432	.. 4
Song, angry .....	232	.. 2
Song, brings back forms once loved .....	77	.. 3
Song, fills all things with melody .....	13	.. 3
Song, flow of smoothest .....	533	.. 2
Song, its powers of association .....	77	.. 2
Song, memory's idle .....	202	.. 3
Song, my tongue indite a simple .....	226	.. 2
Song, of a virtuous woman .....	74	.. 3
Song of the zephyrs, where heard .....	123	.. 4
Song, power of .....	13	.. 3
Song, she murmur'd o'er many a match of .....	431	.. 1
Song, this, from death a sorrow springeth .....	281	.. 2
Songs among the flowers .....	540	.. 3
Songs of other days .....	204	.. 4
Songs that the Færis sing .....	205	.. 3
Songsters, thousand rise .....	227	.. 1
Sonneter, sings of darts and chains .....	511	.. 2
Sonneter, the, wants not only heart but brains .....	513	.. 2
Soother thy bosom .....	127	.. 3
Soothing recollections .....	132	.. 4
World gold .....	237	.. 3
Sorrow, a language of .....	441	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Sorrow and joy .....	449	3
Sorrow, all my life with, strewing .....	449	3
Sorrow at my heart .....	375	4
Sorrow devour'd the blossom of his youth .....	335	4
Sorrow, deep, where hope bringeth no to-morrow .....	304	4
Sorrow, man soon turns from his .....	254	1
Sorrow makes some affections cling closer .....	313	1
Sorrow never cured by nuptials .....	319	4
Sorrow on the shore .....	308	4
Sorrow, parting is such sweet .....	453	4
Sorrow, rapturous .....	449	3
Sorrow, recipe to cure .....	329	4
Sorrow, summons forth true hearts .....	605	4
Sorrow, sweet .....	148	1
Sorrow, that seemeth joy, to be pitied .....	37	2
Sorrow, the love burn of .....	417	1
Sorrow, the maiden's .....	338	1
Sorrow, the thorny path of .....	417	4
Sorrow, the thorny path of .....	371	4
Sorrow with thee, a pleasure to me .....	395	4
Sorrowing, not tears of .....	312	1
Sorrow's blight .....	301	4
Sorrow's fall .....	408	3
Sorrows, I will strive to lighten thine .....	219	4
Sorrows, painted o'er with tears .....	538	1
Sorrow - sacred fount .....	52	1
Sorrow's self is dead, when .....	551	4
Sorrow's shade, chased by the zephyrs .....	144	1
Sorrow's ties, rendered each to the other dearer .....	574	1
Sorrow's year .....	246	4
Sorry, too late thou shalt be .....	409	4
Soul, a starry moved through thy .....	416	1
Soul and sense, witchery of .....	494	1
Soul, balm on a way-worn .....	27	3
Soul, dost thou sometimes share my woe? .....	494	4
Soul, faring o'er life's desert .....	246	2
Soul, full of trembling fears .....	590	2
Soul, God's knowledge of the good and evil in the .....	20	4
Soul, like a troubled sea .....	77	4
Soul, like an overflowing urn .....	442	4
Soul, many a despairing, what it does .....	246	2
Soul meets soul .....	444	1
Soul, my, chilled at last .....	500	2
Soul, my, forsakes me now .....	323	2
Soul, my, wedded unto thine .....	247	1
Soul, of an ideal wife .....	336	4
Soul of her I love whither art thou fled? .....	494	4
Soul, pangs that wrung my father'd .....	398	1
Soul, smother'd by a glance .....	181	3
Soul, the, and the dove .....	246	1
Soul, the, enamour'd through the eyes .....	461	3
Soul, the lonely, music in .....	77	3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Soul, the, love's sister .....	264	.. 1
Soul, the, seeking an ideal form.....	460	.. 3
Soul, the, shall rise above the dross of earth.....	402	.. 4
Soul, the, sublimed and purified.....	402	.. 4
Soul, the, time's survivor.....	238	.. 2
Soul, untarnished, rendered up to GOD ..	198	.. 3
Soul, what kills the .....	460	.. 3
Soul, winter of the, woman its comfort .....	178	.. 2
Souls, charmed at birth, from gloom and care .....	571	.. 1
Soul's desire, I pursue my .....	263	.. 4
Souls, GOD save all simple .....	412	.. 2
Souls, happy union, in pre-existence ..	236	.. 4
Souls, how seldom join'd .....	243	.. 1
Souls, leap, at first glance, to meet .....	236	.. 4
Soul's love, my, is cold and dead .....	295	.. 1
Souls, prophetic intuition .....	236	.. 3
Souls that lose what I have lost .....	149	.. 4
Souls, their attraction .....	236	.. 4
Souls, two, they cannot part .....	594	.. 2
Souls, two, those souls are one .....	594	.. 2
Bought to live but in one light, if I have .....	439	.. 2
Source of my joy .....	422	.. 3
Sounds, mild and mournful .....	475	.. 3
Spanish.....	345	.. 2
Spanish air? the .....	612	.. 2
Speak, afraid to, till spoken to .....	259	.. 3
Speak without words, a face to ..	422	.. 3
Speaks but little 'cause I love so much .....	542	.. 3
Speaks, why, be not? .....	259	.. 4
Spectres, lone gliding ..	126	.. 3
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?...	544	.. 4
Speech, not trust a faltering ..	212	.. 1
Speechless love expresses a depth in love .....	542	.. 3
Speechless love, its depth bottomless .....	542	.. 3
Spell, in the maiden's soul .....	139	.. 3
Spell, in the pupil of an eye .....	141	.. 4
Spell, its strength .....	139	.. 4
Spell of affection ..	225	.. 2
Spell that blest, and broke, my heart .....	494	.. 1
Spell, woman's smile a guardian .....	411	.. 4
Spells, love's own music .....	209	.. 4
Spheres, the hue of other..	315	.. 3
Spinnet, the wonderful music got from the .....	446	.. 2
Spirit, anguish of woman's.....	414	.. 1
Spirit, come over the sea .....	149	.. 3
Spirit from thee? ..	475	.. 3
Spirit, guardian .....	17	.. 1
Spirit led to thy chamber window .....	416	.. 4
Spirit, made holy by a virtuous woman .....	74	.. 2
Spirit, methought I saw her lovely, go .....	401	.. 3
Spirit, my, unto thine chained for evermore.....	305	.. 2
Spirit of a lady .....	60	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Spirit of beauty, everywhere .....	66	.. 2
Spirit of beauty, track of the .....	67	.. 3
Spirit of the western gale, the .....	413	.. 1
Spirit, that once seemed lodged in thee .....	124	.. 2
Spirit the abiding and woman's love ..	413	.. 4
Spirit, the grieving .....	413	.. 2
Spirit, when THE FATHER takes my, hence ..	138	.. 4
Spirit, worn and broken hearted .....	171	.. 1
Spirits, gentle, that they are to tell of a lover's love ..	256	.. 4
Spirits nearer, OUF, by the thorny path .....	418	.. 1
Spirits nearer, what has drawn OUF .....	574	.. 1
Spirits of love above them ministered ..	529	.. 3
Spirits of the dying .....	168	.. 1
Spite or fondness, defied .....	212	.. 3
Spleen in ladies and clowns, alike .....	119	.. 3
Spleen, the, and single women .....	119	.. 3
Spondee .....	617	.. 1
Spoke for thee alone .....	399	.. 2
Sport, sweet maid .....	311	.. 1
Sp love mind, what constitutes a .....	240	.. 2
Spouse, how few are with their, content .....	242	.. 4
Spring, blossom breast of .....	475	.. 4
Spring, first fair children of the .....	412	.. 4
Spring flowers .....	217	.. 2
Spring invites .....	217	.. 2
Spring, perpetual, love only knows .....	261	.. 4
Spring summer autumn, winter? .....	612	.. 1
Spring tide, time of bliss .....	99	.. 4
Spring's delights .....	217	.. 2
Spruce, and scorns, and scorns, me .....	510	.. 2
Stamp and swore .....	141	.. 3
Star .....	471	.. 1
Star, a single, rising in the east .....	414	.. 2
Star of hope .....	18	.. 3
Star of love, shrouded by an eyelid .....	491	.. 4
Star of love's soft interviews .....	497	.. 2
Star of my heart .....	100	.. 2
Star, the, at morn and eve .....	574	.. 1
Star, the evening .....	574	.. 2
Star, the, round which my thoughts revolve ..	244	.. 3
Star, the, that sheds justice .....	497	.. 1
Star, love and lover's dear .....	574	.. 3
Starlight, he collages in the .....	540	.. 3
Starry river beds .....	416	.. 2
Stars, bright .....	25	.. 3
Stars, constant .....	161	.. 2
Stars falling, fix'd in Celia's eyes .....	113	.. 1
Stars, his your golden light .....	604	.. 1
Stars, man's first delight .....	315	.. 4
Stars of my making .....	419	.. 4
Stars, of the night .....	604	.. 1
Stars, tells his love to the .....	249	.. 1



	PAGE	NUMBER OF LINES
Stars, that circle round the Eternal Throne .....	512	.. 4
Stars, the heaven hath its .....	456	.. 1
Stars, their love of the sun .....	270	.. 2
Starve not, to make me pine .....	435	.. 4
State, what is all the pomp of .....	449	.. 2
Statuly .....	612	.. 4
Stature, what it was like .....	252	.. 4
Stays, the decayed coquette's .....	314	.. 1
Steal away, to .....	397	.. 1
Steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart .....	225	.. 4
Standfast and true .....	434	.. 2
Standfast for ever .....	434	.. 2
Steel and flint, she both remains .....	242	.. 1
Steel, the hardest, worn in time .....	244	.. 4
Stella .....	320	.. 2, 3
Stella .....	482	.. 1
Stella and Dean Swift .....	237	.. 1
Stella, her better flame .....	320	.. 4
Stella, know my mind .....	274	.. 4
Stella, moulded with female clay .....	320	.. 4
Stella, sung by Dean Swift at forty-four .....	237	.. 1
Stella's charms, divinely fair .....	322	.. 3
Step .....	216	.. 1
Step, I listen for thy hasty .....	300	.. 2
Step, like a lightsome fairy .....	511	.. 4
Step of a queen .....	105	.. 3
Step slow and sad, thy .....	571	.. 1
Step, so firm and free .....	499	.. 4
Step so firm, not for me .....	500	.. 1
Sterling hearts of old .....	340	.. 1
Sternest soul gayest tenderness concealing .....	614	.. 4
Stern tempests she allayed .....	585	.. 2
Stifle wrath with tenderness .....	519	.. 4
Sting, exquisite to leave a bleeding .....	250	.. 1
Sting, in deep words of the past .....	210	.. 4
Sting of the snakes of memory .....	51	.. 4
Sting, the, went through my heart .....	275	.. 1
Still I love thee .....	342	.. 4
Still, so deep, so marvellously, sat they .....	559	.. 4
Still waters run deep .....	207	.. 3
Stock-dove, the, his homely tale .....	428	.. 3
Stock-dove, wooed pensively .....	428	.. 4
Stock-dove's song of serious faith .....	428	.. 4
Stock-dove's song, the song for me .....	428	.. 4
Stock-dove's, the, song of love .....	428	.. 4
Stoic souls .....	174	.. 1
Stone walls, no prison if love is there .....	2	.. 1
Stop thief, motto of a ring .....	230	.. 1
Stop your ears when lovers cry .....	315	.. 4
Stormy skies, hath drawn our spirits nearer .....	574	.. 1
Story, for a child .....	31	.. 3
Story of distant bliss .....	510	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Story, the plaintive, told .....	458	1
Strain, dreaming .....	375	4
Strain, the lament of a .....	13	1
Strain, gentlest hall her sleeping with the .....	227	3
Strain of him who stole in music to her soul .....	115	4
Strains, all the, that fancy sings .....	247	3
Strange sight seen by the nymph .....	263	3
Straw parades, for hats .....	557	1
Stream, a lucid, not to be regulated by art or fancy .....	223	1
Stream, flows down the mountain .....	243	2
Stream, murmuring like a petted child .....	74	4
Stream of life .....	6	2
Stream the, and the tide in the heart .....	343	2
Streamlet, the .....	552	1
Streamlets, two, contrasted .....	20	2
Streamlets, two form one fountain .....	20	2
Strife, to put an end to .....	535	4
Strut get, let our searching be the .....	600	2
Strychnine, O for a bit of .....	564	2
Stung by a serpent .....	191	2
Study how to live .....	189	2
Stuff for cleaning gloves .....	24	3
Subtract an hour for me .....	610	2
Sufferings sweet .....	126	4
Sugar, in a little lump of, much sweetness .....	465	1
See, and serve, in vain .....	377	2
Suit, few things had without some .....	402	3
Suit not to be forsaken, an earnest .....	422	4
Suit, not to meet his .....	335	4
Suit, taken unthankfully, without gifts .....	177	1
Suit, the, is cold that is soon done .....	412	2
Sullen, dearest, thy, husbands .....	226	3
Sullen, pouting, gloom .....	328	4
Summer bloom, gone from her cheek .....	24	3
Summer friends, and love .....	545	1
Summer sun, our .....	430	3
Summer, they were all .....	549	4
Sun, a sad .....	461	2
Sun, and flowers .....	368	1
Sun, bright though its beams .....	616	4
Sun, is very hot and fervent, where the .....	557	3
Sun, man's wonder .....	556	1
Sun on me, its shadows on thee .....	179	1
Sun, the, and the moon .....	481	2
Sun, the infant .....	551	4
Sun the, loved by the stars .....	170	2
Sun lay, the dreaming .....	141	1
Sunlight clasps the earth .....	427	1
Sunniest look, her, I'd give for a blush of thine .....	554	4
Suns, golden, love makes our darkest days .....	250	2
Sunshine, doubtful ray of .....	435	3
Sunshine may illumine thy path .....	527	2

	PAGE	SETTING OF TIME
Sunshine of thy face .....	500	1
Supremacy of woman .....	587	1
Surprise and doubt .....	328	1
Surprise, the glad, where now? .....	398	4
Swan's purchase of a love .....	267	3
Swatow, in her own soft broilath .....	556	4
Swains, who are free, take warning .....	323	1
Swan, the silver tide sweet to .....	287	1
Swear thou dost love .....	404	2
Sweet and more sweet the iten .....	23	1
Sweet as May .....	485	3
Sweet, be my welcome .....	246	1
Sweet blue eyes .....	22	4
Sweet comfort divine .....	293	4
Sweet falsehood that endears some .....	423	1
Sweet highland Mary .....	405	1
Sweet hope, to win thee back .....	307	3
Sweet looks .....	3	1
Sweet love, beauty its object .....	Back of Pds	
Sweet maiden, my valentine .....	226	2
Sweet Mary, weep no more for me .....	498	3
Sweet Philomel .....	263	3
Sweet playful phrases, oft absurd .....	557	1
Sweet revenge .....	222	3
Sweet sorrow .....	148	1
Sweet sufferings .....	186	4
Sweet things .....	524 & 525	
Sweet to die for thy sweet love .....	288	2
Sweet to entrance the raptur'd soul .....	239	2
Sweet to love, 'tis .....	435	1
Sweet to meditate on some grace or tone .....	251	3
Sweet to meet .....	145	4
Sweet to part .....	145	4
Sweet to think of each gentle thing said .....	145	4
Sweet to see her features in the dark .....	251	3
Sweet wild pea .....	121	3
Sweeter to be lov'd again .....	505	1
Sweetest tears .....	607	1
Sweetest time of year, into each one's heart .....	431	4
Sweetheart, I do not wish to have a, near me .....	463	4
Sweetheart Kate .....	143	2
Sweetly unwise eyes .....	26	2
Sweetness, in her face .....	488	4
Sweetness of dreams .....	121	2
Sweetness, perfection of all .....	600	4
Sweets, which in her bosom live .....	330	4
Swift, Dean, and Stella .....	237	3
Swift, Dean, his idle wish .....	237	3
Sybilla .....	404	1
Sylvan memories .....	431	2
Symmetry, perfect, her form .....	449	4
Sympathetic groves .....	256	3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Sympathetic impulse .. .. .	236	1
Sympathy and brotherhood .. .. .	172	2
Sympathy, love's .. .. .	603	2
Sympathy, mysterious .. .. .	303	2
Sympathy, tallman of .. .. .	125	3
Symptoms of love .. .. .	106	1
Tabernacle, A. of whitethorn .. .. .	10	4
Tables, old sickness .. .. .	446	2
Talents, old buys the youngest love .. .. .	167	2
Take back thy gift .. .. .	83	3
Take heed, lest thou thyself expose .. .. .	516	2
Taken by .. on to deck his paradise .. .. .	130	3
Tale, I .. eternal not my .. .. .	399	1
Tale of human love, a tale of human tears .. .. .	349	1
Tale of well regulated love .. .. .	340	2
Tale tender, engraved on the bark of a tree .. .. .	372	4
Tallman, A. .. .. .	578	1
Tallman of sympathy .. .. .	125	3
Talk so loud and long .. .. .	181	1
Talkers hinder for female .. .. .	181	3
Tanner, virtuous art .. .. .	74	1
Taste the rudest breast .. .. .	409	1
Tapers of burn ing sighs .. .. .	508	1
Tack time, thine absence, A .. .. .	569	4
Taste, refined .. .. .	160	3
Trust, well-judging .. .. .	2	2
Tear .. .. .	75	4
Tear, a drop of pure and peerly light .. .. .	61	4
Tear, a source of penitence pleasure .. .. .	63	3
Tear, affection and will drop A .. .. .	284	3
Tear, drop A. and bid arise .. .. .	391	2
Tear, ever drop the silent .. .. .	504	2
Tear, her eye, .. let's drop A .. .. .	450	1
Tear, its crystal stream .. .. .	398	1
Tear, language that weeps without A .. .. .	441	2
Tear, let me .. that falling .. .. .	191	3
Tear, like the lone star .. .. .	111	4
Tear, many a dropping .. .. .	245	2
Tear, moulded by law .. .. .	64	2
Tear, none near to wipe away A .. .. .	206	4
Tear, nor mark the starting .. .. .	303	4
Tear, of faith and holy fear .. .. .	528	1
Tear on beauty's tomb .. .. .	79	1
Tear, sacred is the .. .. .	197	1
Tear, still to pour the .. .. .	396	1
Tear the jewels from thee .. .. .	566	1
Tear, the parting .. .. .	17	1
Tear, the pitying, in joy shall melt .. .. .	581	1
Tear, the poet's theme .. .. .	66	1
Tear, the sage's theme .. .. .	66	1
Tear, the spring of sensibility .. .. .	61	4
Tear, turn'd from the spot without A .. .. .	118	2

	PAGE	SECTION AND PAGE
Tear-drops, the first .....	139	1
Dearful prayer of woman's quenchless love .....	419	1
Tears .....	132	1
Tears .....	192	1
Tears, a creature for .....	171	1
Tears, added to a stream .....	122	1
Tears, and human love .....	594	1
Tears, affection's warmest, frozen .....	436	1
Tears, bathed in .....	186	1
Tears, bitter .....	51	1
Tears, bitter .....	177	1
Tears, but water .....	245	1
Tears, for other charms, may trickle .....	576	1
Tears, heart-wrung .....	81	1
Tears, I could not speak for .....	149	1
Tears, I would not look upon thy .....	190	1
Tears in mine eyes .....	175	1
Tears, joy to be quenched in .....	129	1
Tears, like life blood from the heart .....	186	1
Tears, love brings some blessing on our .....	290	1
Tears, love's most fitting offerings .....	116	1
Tears, meek as the dewdrop .....	398	1
Tears, most treasure in love's .....	167	1
Tears, my cheek is wet with thy rich .....	148	1
Tears, my lot must be .....	501	1
Tears, not many, but those of pity .....	402	1
Tears, not of jealous pride .....	114	1
Tears, oaths steeped in, do oft prevail .....	115	1
Tears, oh! lucid .....	398	1
Tears, of bliss, for the present .....	112	1
Tears, of joy, for the past .....	112	1
Tears, of pity .....	402	1
Tears, of sorrow, and the zephyrs .....	144	1
Tears, of thankfulness .....	112	1
Tears, painted over sorrows .....	533	1
Tears, she saw my .....	214	1
Tears, star-eyes cloud in .....	26	1
Tears, strange, their power .....	123	1
Tears, that dimm'd my eye .....	121	1
Tears, that would rise .....	199	1
Tears, the clay that feels, no more .....	356	1
Tears, the fates control thy feeble powers .....	398	1
Tears, the luxury of .....	112	1
Tears, thy false, first my heart deceived .....	409	1
Tears, thy, too late .....	591	1
Tears, tragic, bedim the eye .....	224	1
Tears, turn to smiles .....	296	1
Tears, were in our eyes .....	519	1
Tears, were they mine or his? .....	561	1
Tears, wherefore fall thy, like rain? .....	416	1
Tears, why are my eyes dissolved in? .....	260	1
Tears, woman's, like a crocodile .....	171	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Tears, woman's rain .....	328	.. 3
Tears, wrung by seeing another wooer .....	399	.. 1
Tears, you fain would hide the ill-tale .....	553	.. 1
Tears, your eyes were full of .....	590	.. 2
Tease me day by day .....	522	.. 1
Teeth, pearls .....	606	.. 3
Teeth, pearly, do not conceal thy .....	384	.. 4
Tell me, lady! tell me!—yea? .....	466	.. 4
Tell me not the tale .....	436	.. 2
Tell me what thou lovest best .....	602	.. 1
Tell me why love is tame, love is shy? .....	508	.. 1
Tell thy love .....	472	.. 1
Telling your love again and again .....	21	.. 4
Temper gentle, pities all distress .....	228	.. 2
Tempest-tost lovers .....	276	.. 1
Tempting fair .....	269	.. 3
Ten kneel on the ground before me .....	576	.. 1
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear .....	112	.. 4
Tender confession .....	22	.. 1
Tender heart, the delight of an old husband .....	21	.. 1
Tender parting .....	495	.. 4
Tender pledge of sacred faith, each .....	523	.. 2
Tender strain, she listened to the .....	234	.. 2
Tender things, look'd and said .....	234	.. 3
Tender thought and feeling where they lie .....	493	.. 4
Tender thoughts and wandering hymn .....	322	.. 2
Tender truth proclaimed in one short moon .....	524	.. 2
Tenderness, blend with man's devotedness .....	451	.. 2
Tenderest tales, when and where told .....	615	.. 1
Terror, the quest of wealth .....	232	.. 4
That knowledge which you prize may I not know? .....	610	.. 2
That sense of promise everywhere? .....	518	.. 4
That yearning sigh? .....	518	.. 4
The absorbing fire .....	436	.. 4
The aged leaf .....	537	.. 4
The bee and the wild pea .....	121	.. 4
The bow, the rose, and Cupid .....	164	.. 2
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew .....	432	.. 2
The bird and its lost mistress, .....	108	.. 1
The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary .....	571	.. 3
The blossoms were dead .....	202	.. 4
The bond is rent in twain .....	149	.. 1
The broken appointment .....	179	.. 1
The business of my future days .....	133	.. 1
The cambray of a holy trust .....	357	.. 4
The Castilian fount and Cupid's darts .....	257	.. 4
The charms of ribbon time .....	249	.. 2
The child's request .....	31	.. 2
The constellated flower that never dies .....	425	.. 4
The courtes, did either love .....	42	.. 2
The Cross, not to be abandoned for love .....	109	.. 1
The cruel, destroyed with despair .....	234	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
'The Cupid, Captain Hope' .....	61	.. 4
The daffodil blooms on the sea .....	218	.. 2
The dearest .....	209	.. 1
The dearest rights of man .....	183	.. 4
The departed spirit, its employment .....	83	.. 2
The devil take her, if she will not love .....	418	.. 1
The dew of youth in thy heart .....	355	.. 1
The dove, and the soul .....	246	.. 1
The earth's centre, darkness and hell .....	418	.. 3
The earth's face, all beauty.....	418	.. 3
The envied bridegroom.....	61	.. 2
The eternal model of beauty .....	463	.. 1
The evening star .....	497	.. 1
The exquisite touch which passion imparts .....	138	.. 4
The eye won, but not the heart, when love's away.....	441	.. 4
The faded flower borne by the stream.....	75	.. 4
The fairest face, the fairest mind.....	278	.. 3
The fairest thing .....	587	.. 4
The faith of memory .....	295	.. 1
The faithful lover,—even if not chosen .....	113	.. 4
The faithless scroll .....	64	.. 1
The feast of love.....	227	.. 4
The flower that never changes hue .....	193	.. 4
The flower the false one gave her .....	310	.. 3
The forsaken .....	101	.. 3
The forsaken one offers her soothing friendship .....	99	.. 2
The forsaken one's wishes .....	99	.. 1, 2
The future and the past .....	297	.. 3
The gentle knot, by cruel death, is now untwined .....	272	.. 2
The God of love laughed that sight to see .....	266	.. 2
The graces bind their hair with flowers .....	270	.. 3
The graces, Venus, and a lady .....	96	.. 4
The Guards' ball, reminiscence of .....	27	.. 4
The guiding star of wedded love .....	297	.. 2
The handsome and the kind .....	277	.. 3
The happiest mortal once was I .....	269	.. 3
The heart that gives value to words .....	44	.. 1
The heart's first bloom of love .....	326	.. 3
The heart's language .....	325	.. 3
The Hebrew bride .....	57	.. 4
The Hebrew bridegroom .....	58	.. 2
The husband's dread .....	328	.. 3
The joys of grief .....	132	.. 4
The kind, with falsehood to destroy.....	324	.. 1
The lark and the net.....	290	.. 1
The life of mortals .....	134	.. 2
The light of life is o'er.....	357	.. 3
The lonely flame burns longest .....	135	.. 1
The lover's fate and Cupid's loss .....	252	.. 2
The maid's remonstrance .....	499	.. 1
The maid to my mind .....	269	.. 1
The majesty of quiet love .....	66	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
The man grows jealous, and with cause .....	286	.. 3
The martyr's cross .....	310	.. 3
The martyr's crown .....	310	.. 3
The miser and his treasure .....	323	.. 5
The moon and stars .....	38	.. 4
The mourner's repose .....	83	.. 1
The music was hushed .....	212	.. 4
The narrow churchyard plot .....	314	.. 1
The nest of innocence .....	346	.. 3
The nest was forsaken .....	212	.. 4
The Norwegian hunter's wife .....	169	.. 1
The nymph and the shepherd .....	265	.. 2
The nymph seeks for what she shunn'd before .....	266	.. 1
The nymph shoots the shepherd .....	265	.. 3
The nymph tries the shafts on herself .....	265	.. 4
The oftener you come the more I'll adore you .....	607	.. 4
The one hour of life .....	326	.. 2
The only light that beams for me .....	301	.. 1
The page is blistered .....	341	.. 1
The past, a glorious dream .....	312	.. 1
The past, the future fled to thee .....	195	.. 1
The peace of human kind .....	271	.. 2
The peculiar tale of Romeo and Juliet .....	134	.. 1
The philosopher to his love .....	353	.. 2
The place was fit for you, or no .....	531	.. 4
The poet twines a song-wreath for his wife .....	57	.. 2
The poet owes all to his wife .....	56	.. 4
The poet's love,—a phantom .....	35	.. 6
The poet's love described .....	56	.. 2
The positive dame .....	267	.. 1
The prayers, the tears, of souls like thine .....	597	.. 3
The promised hour .....	179	.. 3
The proudest lady .....	530	.. 1
The rose and the mist .....	121	.. 3
The rose was withered .....	541	.. 1
The rugged and the keen .....	274	.. 3
The safety of affection .....	345	.. 3
The same reason for always loving .....	381	.. 1
The sea and Marilla, contrasted .....	477	.. 3
The sea hath its pearls .....	456	.. 1
The senseless world .....	137	.. 2
The serpent will not depart .....	191	.. 3
The shade of love's departed hours .....	308	.. 3
The shepherd's wounds .....	265	.. 3
The shore of better promises .....	85	.. 1
The snake's beneath the flower .....	323	.. 4
The song he used to love .....	207	.. 2
The soul's young visions called up by love .....	100	.. 2
The spa at Scarborough .....	35	.. 6
The spark divine, but not in such as thou .....	345	.. 1
The spell .....	139	.. 1
The sycanderer's art .....	345	.. 2



	Page	Success of Time
The 'Star and Garter' .....	40	.. 2
The strings will sound of naught but love.....	447	.. 4
The student's fancy .....	368	.. 3
The student's song to his lady-love .....	388	.. 3
The student's spirit far away.....	364	.. 3
The suitor refused .....	31	.. 3
The summer brook flows in the bed .....	644	.. 3
The sun turned at sight of love.....	267	.. 2
The sun's glory softened by a shade.....	248	.. 4
The sunshine of a cloudless faith.....	157	.. 4
The tainted past.....	140	.. 2
The tale of the rose .....	163	.. 4
The thorn thy brow to braid .....	506	.. 2
The thought of thee.....	41	.. 2
The variant time .....	540	.. 2
The viper's sting, how to cure it .....	296	.. 2
The winning heart .....	282	.. 2
The wisest have their faults .....	229	.. 4
The woodbine.....	123	.. 3
The words rang, as a knell .....	547	.. 2
The world a waste .....	136	.. 3
The world and its praises.....	122	.. 3
The world may see how beautiful thou wert....	462	.. 1
The world set on fire by beauty .....	95	.. 2
The world shall be merry .....	218	.. 3
The world to be brought to an end by women .....	95	.. 2
The world too cheap to buy her eyes .....	511	.. 4
The young must tread a thorny road .....	27	.. 2
The zephyr .....	122	.. 3
The zephyr and woodbine .....	122	.. 2
Thee .....	440	.. 4
Thee, a fearful thing to love as I love .....	244	.. 2
Thee, a friend that living lived to love, most .....	410	.. 3
Thee, a heart that could have died for.....	127	.. 2
Thee, a hearty health to .....	502	.. 1
Thee, accents of passion, murmured to .....	368	.. 4
Thee, all charms I find, alone, in .....	277	.. 3
Thee, all I know is .....	216	.. 1
Thee, all my hopes with .....	123	.. 1
Thee, all things looked so bright about .....	425	.. 1
Thee and heaven, hours for.....	148	.. 3
Thee, blessed be those that love and honour .....	378	.. 4
Thee, breathed, alone, for .....	399	.. 2
Thee, confess I love .....	468	.. 4
Thee, day without, is darkness .....	469	.. 1
Thee, dearest, a heart that loves .....	209	.. 4
Thee, dreaming of .....	122	.. 2
Thee, ever thinking on.....	305	.. 1
Thee, every tear is full of.....	495	.. 1
Thee, happy hour that makes, mine .....	240	.. 4
Thee, harmony lives in... ..	180	.. 4
Thee, He gave that beam by .....	323	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Thee, hope no longer clings to .....	124	.. 2
Thee, how have I thought of .....	300	.. 4
Thee, how have I thought of .....	301	.. 1, 2
Thee, how dream of .....	413	.. 4
Thee, how shall I woo .....	303	.. 3
Thee, I arise from dreams of .....	426	.. 4
Thee, dream of .....	41	.. 2
Thee, I'd sigh my life away for .....	314	.. 4
Thee, I have, in my heart .....	150	.. 1
Thee, I love .....	191	.. 2
Thee, I love .....	404	.. 3
Thee, I love, better now .....	179	.. 2
Thee, I love to think on .....	150	.. 2
Thee, I'll die for .....	41	.. 3
Thee, I'll fondly try with all my heart to bless ..	449	.. 2
Thee, I'm bound to .....	126	.. 1
Thee, I pause remembering .....	442	.. 3
Thee, I pray for .....	40	.. 4
Thee, I scorn the world for love of .....	414	.. 4
Thee, I shall often think of .....	301	.. 3
Thee, I sing of .....	41	.. 1
Thee, I spurn'd .....	391	.. 2
Thee, I think of .....	40	.. 3
Thee, I will punish, no more .....	147	.. 3
Thee, I work for .....	40	.. 4
Thee, life desolate and lonely deprived of ..	444	.. 1
Thee, life pleasureless, wanting .....	443	.. 3
Thee, look my last on .....	301	.. 4
Thee, love of .....	513	.. 2
Thee, loved, unto his end .....	430	.. 3
Thee, methinks see, yet .....	441	.. 1
Thee, moved, alone for .....	399	.. 2
Thee, my flowers gathered only for ..	244	.. 3
Thee, my heart still whispers bless ..	305	.. 1
Thee, my heart dreams of .....	524	.. 4
Thee, my life and love shall follow .....	263	.. 3
Thee, my spirit turns to .....	304	.. 2
Thee, never can hope to call, mine .....	366	.. 4
Thee, no fear that does not dread for .....	244	.. 1
Thee, no hope that does not dream for ..	244	.. 2
Thee, nothing without .....	435	.. 3
Thee, not joy not shared by .....	244	.. 3
Thee, not one like .....	173	.. 2
Thee, on reliving do no changing fear ..	379	.. 4
Thee, the tender thought of .....	126	.. 3
Thee, owed its spell to .....	124	.. 3
Thee, perjury to love .....	264	.. 3
Thee, shall the snow be an emblem of ? ..	124	.. 1
Thee, sorrow with, a pleasure to me .....	295	.. 4
Thee, spirit from ? ..	475	.. 3
Thee, spirit that once seemed lulged in ..	124	.. 2
Thee, spoke, alone for .....	399	.. 2

	PAGE	CHITING OF PAGE
Thou, steadfast for ever unto .....	414	.. 1
Thou, striving to forget .....	305	.. 1
Thou, the best plea for loving.....	459	.. 4
Thou, the long lost.....	441	.. 4
Thou, the love felt for .....	123	.. 4
Thou, the mate of my heart .....	309	.. 3
Thou, the morning's freshness is about .....	408	.. 1
Thou, the thought of.....	41	.. 2
Thou, the warmth of life departs with .....	246	.. 2
Thou, the world a blank without .....	244	.. 2
Thou, they sing of .....	41	.. 2
Thou, thinking of .....	300	.. 3
Thou, thoughts of, comes o'er me .....	308	.. 2
Thou, thus doth my spirit bow to .....	308	.. 2
Thou, to cherish and care .....	449	.. 1
Thou, to live for .....	41	.. 1
Thou, what I feel for.....	122	.. 2
Thou, when I do look on, O fair! O sweet! .....	280	.. 2
Thou, whenever I thought of .....	123	.. 4
Thou, with, all my hopes go .....	123	.. 2
Thine, is there but a single .....	399	.. 1
Thou shalt I deem that thou art she.....	617	.. 3
There is but one thing fairer than thee .....	616	.. 4
There is no rest upon the earth .....	596	.. 4
There lies the thing we love with all its errors .....	516	.. 3
There's music in your tone .....	609	.. 4
There's not a look but love can read .....	75	.. 1
There's sunlight for me in your smile .....	609	.. 4
They will not give us love and tears .....	573	.. 3
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.....	573	.. 2
They smile upon the world .....	573	.. 2
They sing of thee .....	41	.. 2
Thine, and thine only, and for ever .....	341	.. 2
Thine angel-gifted eye .....	296	.. 1
Thine are the soft enchanting hours .....	504	.. 4
Thine dearest, ever thine .....	315	.. 3
Thine is the breeze that wafts the lover's sigh .....	505	.. 1
Thine, my soul wedded unto .....	247	.. 1
Thine, own dear love, this heart is thine.....	341	.. 2
Thine, perchance .....	568	.. 4
Thine, the only heart that throbs with mine.....	300	.. 4
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever .....	341	.. 2
Thouk no more on me .....	597	1, 2, 3
Think of him .....	122	.. 4
Think of my love and bid her think of me .....	176	.. 4
Think on me, when you bend the suppliant knee .....	597	.. 3
Thinking him dead D Elornie .....	547	.. 3
Thinking of the dead, soothing.....	202	.. 2
Thirty-two and twenty-one .....	236	.. 1
This bosom must love on! .....	440	.. 1
This heart is thine, mine own dear love .....	341	.. 2
This true long time did witness bear .....	371	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Those never loved who dream that they loved once .....	215	.. 2
Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace .....	595	.. 3
Thorn, how the rose got its .....	164	.. 3
Thorny path, drawn our spirits nearer .....	574	.. 1
Thorny path, its holier ties .....	418	.. 1
Thorny path, made each to other dearer.....	438	.. 1
Thorny road to be trod by the young .....	27	.. 2
Thou, a swelling peach .....	248	.. 1
Thou art a jewel rare .. .....	414	.. 3
Thou art all that this poor heart can cling to .....	306	.. 3
Thou art all to me, nothing to others .....	114	.. 3
Thou art alone .....	300	.. 2
Thou art away ! .....	300	.. 3
Thou art fair .. .....	402	.. 1
Thou art gone, this heart must break when .....	307	.. 3
Thou art happy .....	196	.. 2
Thou art loved of many .....	520	.. 4
Thou art not forgot .....	361	.. 4
Thou art not loved.....	476	.. 4
Thou art nothing to others, all to me .....	314	.. 3
Thou art the flame .....	217	.. 2
Thou art the seed of good and pious works .....	461	.. 1
Thou art too proud .. .....	411	.. 1
Thou, and I, divided must dwell .....	362	.. 3
Thou and I shall part no more .....	498	.. 2
Thou and I, they never lov'd as... ..	245	.. 2
Thou best of womankind .....	291	.. 3
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee .. ..	548	.. 2
Thou didst break the coffers of my heart .. ..	345	.. 2
Thou didst emparadise my pain .....	217	.. 1
Thou didst wither up my flowering youth .....	345	.. 2
Thou fair and lovely creature .....	326	.. 1
Thou find'st not all thy heart demands in me .....	314	.. 3
Thou hast loved .. .....	436	.. 1
Thou hast loved in vain, sister .....	436	.. 2
Thou loved too many, I too much.....	519	.. 1
Thou my path can cheer and bless .....	469	.. 2
Thou, my sun, I the mole .. .....	481	.. 1
Thou sacred mystery, victorious love .....	234	.. 1
Thou shalt curse the revel's gladness .....	308	.. 4
Thou shalt drink in sadness .....	308	.. 4
Thou shalt hate the banquet's glare .....	308	.. 4
Thou shalt have all .....	415	.. 4
Thou, that art love, Oh ! pity and forgive .. ..	439	.. 3
Thou, the crown that, hast set on me .....	216	.. 4
Thou wast all to me, love .....	357	.. 1
Thou, whose look's out-hine the sun.....	153	.. 4
Thou wilt haunt me still .. .....	493	.. 3
Thou wert all my bliss .....	542	.. 1
Thou wert ever kind .. .....	610	.. 1
Thou wert my soul's delighted choice.....	127	.. 2
Thou'd steal my heart again .....	287	.. 4

	PAGE	SUCCESS OF CAME
Thou'rt sweet, but thy lover's like the wind .....	470	.. 3
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none .....	470	.. 4
Though mute, I deem you eloquent .....	557	.. 4
Though the world divide us .....	305	.. 5
Though thou art distant far .....	575	.. 5
Thought, delightful, sung service in the chantry .....	587	.. 4
Thought, grasps every .....	397	.. 4
Thought, hues from troubled .....	436	.. 3
Thought, involuntary sparks of .....	436	.. 4
Thought, silence the sepulchre of .....	414	.. 7
Thought that paineth .....	122	.. 3
Thoughts, be for a parting .....	442	.. 4
Thoughts, fated to last .....	210	.. 4
Thoughts, force their way .....	123	.. 2
Thoughts, gay and gentle .....	346	.. 3
Thoughts, her, I knew .....	582	.. 2
Thoughts, her, were all confusion .....	443	.. 3
Thoughts led away, from his flock, by Mary .....	471	.. 4
Thoughts, like dew on wild roses .....	342	.. 2
Thoughts, most sweet .....	433	.. 7
Thoughts, my, are love and you .....	293	.. 2
Thoughts, my, ascend to my departed friend .....	457	.. 3
Thoughts of men and maids .....	277	.. 3
Thoughts of my Scottish lassie .....	501	.. 3
Thoughts of thee my breast inflame .....	507	.. 2
Thoughts of tenderness and truth .....	411	.. 1
Thoughts, refined by love .....	Doct of Tale	
Thoughts, sweetest, inspiring .....	448	.. 4
Thoughts that bee-like cling .....	250	.. 3
Thoughts, that early die .....	311	.. 5
Thoughts, the world will deride .....	147	.. 3
Thoughts, when thou art alid .....	203	.. 3
Thraedon, sweet is the .....	197	.. 4
Three eloquent words .....	578	.. 2
Three in their arms have bound me .....	576	.. 3
Three lovers .....	31	.. 3
Three that stood beside her .....	568	.. 2
Thrifty and discreet at home .....	465	.. 2
Throat, encircled by gold .....	26	.. 1
Throne, the, of a prince .....	447	.. 2
Thrones, I seemed to walk on .....	590	.. 3
Through grief and shame she loves him yet .....	310	.. 3
Throw off his yolk .....	472	.. 1
Thrush the joyous .....	72	.. 3
Thunder and Xante's everlasting tongue .....	328	.. 3
Thus deluded I am blest .....	511	.. 2
Thwarted hopes .....	712	.. 3
Thy admired power in me .....	378	.. 4
Thy beauty on my heart, I will wear .....	434	.. 3
Thy beauty's spell hath bound me .....	559	.. 1
Thy brow of light .....	144	.. 3
Thy fate, to be thrown aside .....	491	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Thy fond smile a joy can shed .....	443	.. 2
Thy form ever before me.....	338	.. 4
Thy form of lightness .....	443	.. 1
Thy form that breathed of love and youth.....	493	.. 3
Thy form's all perfect symmetry .....	461	.. 1
Thy greeting clasp .....	216	.. 2
Thy hair is loosened by that kiss .....	248	.. 3
Thy hand .....	347	.. 4
Thy hand within my hands has lain.....	237	.. 1
Thy heart, with the moon .....	517	.. 3
Thy husband's love'd .....	196	.. 3
Thy joys they have ever been mine .....	309	.. 3
Thy large dark eyes .....	248	.. 1
Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary.....	571	.. 1
Thy love, form my hope in heaven .....	196	.. 1
Thy love hath bloom'd .....	133	.. 4
Thy love, am elected to. ....	206	.. 4
Thy love, it was my only wealth, I spurn'd .....	591	.. 1
Thy love, such art infuses .....	378	.. 4
Thy lovely face so fair .....	504	.. 3
Thy name, when sweet .....	244	.. 3
Thy nature full of nobleness .....	408	.. 2
Thy parting look .....	216	.. 1
Thy parting tone .....	216	.. 2
Thy presence made my home another heaven .....	313	.. 3
Thy arrows, too often thine own .....	309	.. 1
Thy soul doth wait for mine as mine for thee .....	600	.. 1
Thy spirit without me .....	217	.. 2
Thy sweet dominion a divine sympathy .....	142	.. 2
Thy sweet love, sweet to die for.....	083	.. 2
Thy thoughts as pure, as free. ....	502	.. 1
Thy thoughts belong to heaven.....	429	.. 2
Thy voice .....	206	.. 1
Thy voice .....	347	.. 4
Thy voice's thrilling flow .....	344	.. 3
Thyrses, a friend .....	211	.. 2
Thyself alone .....	126	.. 1
Tide, I stem a dangerous. ....	471	.. 2
Tie the knot that time shall ne'er untie it.....	272	.. 4
Tie, torn from every heart .....	123	.. 3
Ties, love a nearest, may be severed each day .....	248	.. 1
Ties of an aged couple .....	23	.. 4
Ties, the world can break the holdest .....	520	.. 1
Ties, twine none with pleasure's votaries .....	453	.. 2
Tiger groweth, where the .....	556	.. 3
Tiger, she could tame the cruel .....	585	.. 2
Till death .....	340	.. 4
Till I prayed was more than half afraid.....	615	.. 3
Time, a mad great fiend .....	238	.. 1
Time, and beauty's bloom .....	391	.. 4
Time and death, love's power after .....	264	.. 2
Time and love.....	51	.. 2

	PAGE	NUMBER OF LINES
Time and love.....	413	1
Time and Mary Anne .....	238	4
Time and scorn congeal the mind.....	476	1
Time and the maiden .....	54	4
Time and the heart .....	142	4
Time and travail spent.....	410	1
Time, beauty wears beneath the wings of ...	398	1
Time, beauty yield to .....	376	1
Time, can but separate below.....	217	4
Time, can ne'er divide love from the soul .....	264	1
Time, cannot crush love's fond fidelity .....	76	4
Time, conquered and forgotten .....	238	2
Time creeps along with leaden foot .....	490	1
Time, defied .....	237	4
Time, foe to love .....	503	3
Time of generous bliss .....	99	1
Time, I have no flowers for him to mow .....	217	4
Time, in love, is no insurance .....	499	1
Time, its kind aspect .....	178	4
Time, love's conquering foe .....	519	4
Time makes love depart .....	476	1
Time, measured by joy.....	284	1
Time, never sails backwards .....	55	3
Time, noiseless footfalls of .....	55	4
Time, old, makes beauties decay .....	598	1
Time, present and to come .....	433	3
Time, rules both pleasure and pain .....	138	1
Time seems young, when .....	432	1
Time, the conqueror of the earth .....	138	1
Time, the end of .....	138	2
Time, the operations of .....	164	1
Time, the pang that, so surely brings .....	247	1
Time, the ruin of wasting .....	393	4
Time tires out truth .....	412	4
Time, to be made much of .....	68	2
Time to pop the question.....	40	2
Time, to be quick in absence .....	490	1
Time, to rest when she's present .....	490	2
Time, utterly destroyed, then perfect bliss .....	238	2
Time's effacing fingers .....	393	4
Time's method of taming love .....	238	1
Times past, thoughts of .....	193	3
Time's power known and defied.....	238	1
Time's scythe against love's bow .....	51	2
Times, wonder what they'll come to .....	314	4
Tinsel shows, affects to scorn the .....	314	2
Tiny gluttons .....	142	4
'Tis I that have the wounded heart .....	274	3
'Tis love .....	126	1
'Tis not for pity that I move .....	390	3
'Tis sweet to love .....	505	1
Toast, my dearest .....	508	1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
To charm and be charmed .....	463	3
To live with thee and be thy love .....	408	2
To live with thee and be thy love .....	408	4
To love again and be again undone .....	613	4
To my love, alas! she maunna stomp .....	498	4
To see thee is to love thee evermore .....	475	1
To thy grave untimely born .....	184	7
To woo is not to win .....	33	2
To you I have been faithful .....	596	2
Tollet, the <i>crime de la crime</i> .....	27	4
Token of heart-felt, holy, love .....	141	3
Tone of love, voice to suit .....	493	4
Tone, that one loved .....	277	4
Tone, the well-remembered .....	458	8
Tones and signs .....	436	3
Tongue, a cure of beauty's wounds .....	181	2
Tongue, a honey .....	408	3
Tongue, a honied, laced in a true breast .....	120	1
Tongue, a husband's dread .....	322	3
Tongue, a true and constant .....	516	3
Tongue, a woman's .....	181	1
Tongue, idle, what it unfolds .....	181	2
Tongue, musical .....	1	4
Tongue, my, shall chant her beauty's praise .....	227	1
Tongue, my, some secret magic ties .....	504	1
Tongue, untrusty, subtle-sighted .....	409	1
Tongue, with ready, his artful story told .....	399	2
Tongue, woman's, how it wags .....	371	1
Tongue, Xante's everlasting, like thunder .....	328	3
Tongueless, my love is .....	543	3
Too late, thou shalt be sorry .....	409	4
Torments forgetting .....	327	2
Tortur'd by the cruel fair .....	222	2
Torturing arts .....	221	2
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death .....	440	1
Touch, thrilled us with delight .....	524	1
Town, prayer to revisit it .....	191	2
Town, regrets for the pleasures of the .....	189	4
Track of the spirit of beauty .....	67	3
Tracks of ego .....	334	3
Trading for the best love in the basket .....	167	3
Tranquil prime .....	198	2
Trach'ries breath rusted a gift .....	83	1
Treach'rous hope .....	136	2
Tread life's path together while skies are bright .....	417	4
Treading a trembling path .....	411	1
Treason, Cupid plague thee for this .....	409	1
Treason, what is, to me .....	161	1
Treasure a heart that loves thee .....	209	1
Treasure, that, your heart .....	291	4
Treed .....	363	1
Trembling frame .....	226	1



## The Lovers'

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
2.,.,., of crisped gold.....	481	1
Tresses.....	209	2
Tresses, did I fondly twine.....	555	4
Tresses fair, do not conceal thy.....	354	3
Tresses, golden.....	151	4
Tresses in the breeze.....	443	1
Tresses, light and free.....	344	2
Tresses like a raven's wing.....	3	1
Tresses, of refined gold.....	469	3
Tresses, yellow, changed to white.....	409	4
Tren and feet.....	218	3, 4
Trials of lovers.....	114	3
Tried is my trust.....	407	3
Trial love, the best.....	219	1
Triumph of my foe, the.....	334	1
Triumphant over death, fate, and chance.....	408	4
Trochee.....	517	3
Troilus and Cressid.....	205	2
Troth in summer weather.....	437	4
Troth, in sunny weather.....	573	4
Troth is liked where'er it goth.....	471	4
Troth plighted are cloth is cast off.....	11	2
Troth, the plighted.....	340	4
Trouser, the, and a twig.....	565	1
Troy, woes of, nothing to love.....	205	2
True affections, woman's inward world.....	434	1
True allegiance.....	18	2
True and kindly woman heart.....	584	1
True and steadfast, the, this is love.....	431	2
True, as the dial to the sun.....	263	3
True, as the needle to the pole.....	263	3
True breast, a, lacks a honied tongue.....	220	5
True heart, keeps mine from changing.....	346	4
True hearts, three who all loved well.....	21	3
True, I must not say that thou were.....	572	4
True love.....	549	3
True love and friendship, the same.....	257	1
True love begun shall never end.....	516	3
True love, does not kill the soul.....	460	3
True love, raptures on the path of.....	449	1
True love, that I might my, greet.....	401	2
True lover, signs by which he may be known.....	382 & 383	383
True lovers don't sever.....	607	4
True love's bowers, no step profane pollute my.....	226	4
True love's dwelling.....	501	3
True love's knot, the strongest chain.....	217	1
True love's lightest quarrel.....	245	3
True love's melody.....	251	2
True, 'tis prudence to be.....	277	3
True to yourself.....	29	1
Trust not love.....	267	4
Trust, tried is my.....	407	1

# Dictionary.

769

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Truth, a synonym for .....	578	.. 2
Truth and blessedness .....	588	.. 2
Truth, after death to thee I'll keep my ..	541	.. 2
Truth dwelling there .....	617	.. 2
Truth, from malice, is sin .....	577	.. 1
Truth, in her face .....	423	.. 4
Truth in her might, spotless and free .....	617	.. 2
Truth, known is my .....	407	.. 1
Truth, let the, be known .....	406	.. 2
Truth, lip of, breathe the soft vows of love ..	219	.. 2
Truth made me welcome .....	192	.. 1
Truth of love in womankind .....	512	.. 2
Truth, on every shepherd's tongue .....	408	.. 2
Truth, one that in, could please me .....	464	.. 1
Truth, and meed of unexampled .....	235	.. 4
Truth, some in the greatest lie .....	220	.. 2
Truths, that turn our day to night .....	246	.. 4
Truth, the smile of, on thy lips .....	355	.. 1
Truth, thoughts of tenderness and .....	431	.. 1
Truth, thy open .....	491	.. 4
Truth, what is truth? .....	572	.. 4
Truthful an eye .....	22	.. 2
Truthless, woman's talk .....	373	.. 2
Tulip, her lip and cheek in the .....	381	.. 3
Tune, feelings on hearing an old .....	149	.. 2
Tuneful trifter's lays .....	79	.. 1
Turn each angry word aside .....	519	.. 4
Turn his back to bellow .....	564	.. 4
Turn not with scornful eye from faith .....	453	.. 2
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind .....	539	.. 3
Turn thy beauty from me .....	191	.. 3
Turtles, gurgling, their gentle love song .....	226	.. 1
Twenty are buzzing round me .....	556	.. 1
Twenty-one and thirty-two .....	216	.. 1
'Twere but yesterday, it seems .....	571	.. 4
Twilight grove .....	201	.. 2
Twilight, walk .....	412	.. 4
Twin born, love and the soul .....	264	.. 2
Twined with my first ideas .....	224	.. 3
Two blended hearts .....	340	.. 4
Two faiths a bar to love .....	104, 109	
Two strings to a bow .....	106	.. 2
Two true lovers did walk here .....	371	.. 4
Two-legged creatures without wings .....	243	.. 2
Tyrian purple .....	231	.. 3
Tyranny, makes subjects rebels .....	385	.. 4
Tythe of hearts, a clergyman's due .....	216	.. 3
Ugliness, native .....	224	.. 2
Ulysses .....	205	.. 3
Unbind the fetters of my tongue .....	461	.. 1
Unblest, without thee .....	545	.. 1
Unchangeable love .....	343	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Unchanging love, proved.....	605	.. 3
Undone .....	235	.. 1
Unexpected death of some old lady .....	525	.. 3
Unforgiven fire, of Prometheus.. ..	526	.. 1
Unforgiving.....	121	.. 4
Unfriendly live .....	504	.. 2
Unheard mourn .....	504	.. 2
Unheeded love. ....	44	.. 4
Union, to make of parts a .....	381	.. 4
United, though in fetters, free .....	114	.. 4
United, though our forms are apart .....	362	.. 4
Unity of faith.....	520	.. 1
Unity of mind.....	520	.. 1
Unity of sweetest love .....	520	.. 1
Unkind, I could not be.....	558	.. 3
Unkindness .....	519	.. 4
Unknown I sigh .....	504	.. 2
Unknown love, craving for an .....	599	.. 3
Unloved to live .. ..	586	.. 4
Unmatched, I, for love .....	379	.. 4
Unmatched, thou, for beauty.....	379	.. 4
Unpitied die .....	504	.. 2
Unrealised dreams of delight.....	141	.. 3
Unreflected light .....	217	.. 2
Unrequited love .....	415	.. 4
Unretained love, disclaim'd .....	79	.. 4
Unseen she prayed .....	419	.. 1
Use the man that you wed like your fav rite guitar .....	589	.. 2
Utter wreck, an .....	210	.. 2
Unwept to die .....	586	.. 4
Vain are little torturing arts.....	221	.. 2
Vain are my longings .....	441	.. 4
Vain, how, she is .....	328	.. 3
Vain praise, nothing brighter than .. ..	314	.. 4
Vain presumer, keep away .....	212	.. 3
Vain to court .. ..	231	.. 4
Vain to dye blooming cheeks .....	223	.. 3
Vain to look for answering love .....	295	.. 1
Vain to think on joys which return no more .....	319	.. 4
Vainly may the fond heart falter .. ..	302	.. 1
Vainly sued for love .....	31	.. 3
Valediction, a .....	487	.. 2
Valentine, a.....	577	.. 4
Valentine, at whose door to be left .....	360	.. 3, 4
Valentine, be my faithful .....	227	.. 1
Valentine, her I mean to hail my .. ..	226	.. 2
Valentine morning .. ..	226	.. 1
Valentine, my.....	360	.. 4
Valentine, Saint, invocation of.. ..	226	.. 4
Valentine, sweet maiden .. ..	226	.. 2
Valentine's gift .....	185	.. 1
Vanished, for ever, from my view .....	284	.. 3

*Dictionary.*

771

[illegible]

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Virgin's cheek, the.....	99	.. 4
Virgins, up with the lark .....	10	.. 2
Virtue, as much as could die .....	255	.. 4
Virtue, glows the brightest gem .....	240	.. 2
Virtue holds my heart in thrall.....	434	.. 4
Virtue, joined with peace.....	279	.. 3
Virtue me forsake, if, all a scorn of me will make .....	379	.. 3
Virtue, thoughts by which, may be bred .....	461	.. 1
Virtue with modesty .....	269	.. 1
Virtues, bind the heart.....	179	.. 1
Virtues manifold, adorn my love's mind.....	606	.. 3
Virtues of a lost wife .....	16	.. 2
Virtue's self, love appears as .....	322	.. 2
Virtues, so many in a single mind .....	459	.. 3
Virtues, those .....	278	.. 2
Virtues, too strong, to be surprised .....	516	.. 3
Virtues, written in verse .....	129	.. 1
Virtuous, so, deem'd by all .....	588	.. 3
Vigil and a care, kindness grows .....	245	.. 3
Vision, enchanted .....	124	.. 3
Vision in the cane-bottomed chair .....	447	.. 2
Vision of lovers hung in despair .....	365	.. 1
Vision, thou wildly gleaming .....	425	.. 2
Visions, brilliant, that can never bloom again .....	326	.. 2
Visions of bright happy youth .....	431	.. 1
Visions of love and the.....	508	.. 4
Visions of my youth return .....	295	.. 2
Visions, sweet .....	606	.. 4
Vivid remembrances .....	133	.. 1
Voice, a gentle.....	3	.. 2
Voice, a joyous tone .....	206	.. 1
Voice, a, more than song to me .....	348	.. 4
Voice, a, through silence and solitude .....	218	.. 4
Voice, do not conceal thy heavenly .....	384	.. 4
Voice, from the future .....	357	.. 2
Voice, her, charms the heart into calmness .....	450	.. 1
Voice, her, is death .....	235	.. 1
Voice, her, sweetest when with me alone .....	613	.. 1
Voice, I listen for that enchanting .....	443	.. 3
Voice, I shall hear that sweet and touching .....	501	.. 1
Voice, like a brook.....	34	.. 4
Voice, music of thy .....	567	.. 3
Voice, musically sweet .....	474	.. 3
Voice, mute is that harmonious.....	272	.. 3
Voice, nameless charm of.....	475	.. 2
Voice of a lady described .....	60	.. 2
Voice of inward warning .....	302	.. 1
Voice passed away .....	108	.. 3
Voice, soft as zephyr's sighs .....	528	.. 3
Voice, solemn, within .....	19	.. 4
Voice, the .....	396	.. 2
Voice, the, its powers over the soul .....	13	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Voice, the soul of mind dwells in her .....	450	.. 1
Voice, to suit the tone of love .....	491	.. 4
Voice, tone of, unknown in childhood .....	436	.. 1
Voice, tones of a .....	591	.. 4
Voice, tunes all the spheres .....	479	.. 3
Voice, welcome to the strangest heart .....	411	.. 3
Voice, which destroys without a wound .....	381	.. 1
Voices from the dead, warnings of eternity .....	176	.. 1
Vold of thee, cheerless home .....	474	.. 4
Voltaire's dream .....	230	.. 2
Volumes in a glance .....	441	.. 1
Vow, binding, was broken .....	147	.. 2
Vow, give me back my angry .....	259	.. 1
Vow, half a .....	246	.. 3
Vow, half breathed .....	135	.. 3
Vow, hard to keep .....	149	.. 1
Vow, I cannot .....	410	.. 1
Vow, my, greeted with a kiss .....	147	.. 2
Vow, no man shall see grief on thy face .....	511	.. 4
Vow of a lover .....	183	.. 4
Vow, pledge the heartless .....	103	.. 2
Vow plighted, to thee, when beautiful and kind .....	264	.. 3
Vow, this the plighted .....	547	.. 3
Vow, the first dear .....	319	.. 1
Vow the vow, and press her lips to mine .....	349	.. 3
Vow to beat, henceforth, side by side .....	572	.. 4
Vow, we will keep our faithful .....	172	.. 1
Vows, delicious .....	477	.. 3
Vows, no, shall e'er persuade me .....	419	.. 2
Vows of rapture .....	151	.. 1
Vows, our plighted .....	192	.. 1
Vows, plighted in sunny weather .....	571	.. 4
Vows, scorned my .....	471	.. 4
Vows, thrilling, remembrance of .....	477	.. 1
Vows, thy, too late .....	541	.. 1
Vows, you may take, but they'll be mine .....	575	.. 4
Vulcan made Cupid's arrows .....	478	.. 1
Waggish illustrations .....	561	.. 4
Wall turned to laughter .....	141	.. 1
Waist, I clasp thy .....	243	.. 1
Waist o' Lady Ann .....	472	.. 1
Waist of his love, described .....	34	.. 2
Waist me limp, thy .....	507	.. 1
Waiting for his queen .....	29	.. 3
Wake, from the trance of life, to sleep no more .....	402	.. 4
Wake, oh wake! .....	441	.. 3
Waking to life .....	33	.. 3
Waking to light .....	33	.. 3
Waking to joy .....	33	.. 3
Walk, what it was like .....	252	.. 4
Walks, twipid .....	260	.. 3
Wall, lightly climb'd the garden .....	563	.. 2

	PAGE	REMARKS ON PAGE
Wall of the heart not to be scaled .....	516	.. 1
Wall flower at the Guards' ball .....	12	.. 1
Wanton flames .....	274	.. 1
Wanton pleasure .....	312	.. 1
Wanton will with change delighted .....	409	.. 1
Warbling nightingale .....	1	.. 3
Warm heart .....	201	.. 3
Warm white arms .....	576	.. 4
Warning voice of inward .....	302	.. 1
Warnings of eternity .....	176	.. 1
Was it love or praise? .....	544	.. 4
Waste, love too hot burneth soon to .....	542	.. 4
Waste of fondness .....	124	.. 1
Waste of the heart .....	145	.. 4
Waste one thought on me .....	500	.. 3
Waste, the cheerless .....	579	.. 3
Wasted, weary, and alone .....	150	.. 1
Wasting in despair .....	377	.. 2
Watch her heaving bosom sigh .....	480	.. 1
Watch o'er thy children's opening minds .....	298	.. 3
Watch thy life's sands waste away .....	307	.. 1
Watchdog's, the, honest bark .....	525	.. 1
Watcher by your couch of pain, B. ....	417	.. 1
Watching o'er what they love while sleeping ..	536	.. 3
Water lilies, floating .....	426	.. 2
Waters, falling .....	525	.. 2
Waters, murmuring .....	425	.. 3
Wavering .....	459	.. 3
Waves clasp one another ..	427	.. 3
Waves, like the strife of passion .....	204	.. 1
Waves, restless ..	209	.. 1
Waves, run rather Holborn-hilly .....	556	.. 2
Waves, toss and roar and leap .....	201	.. 4
We adore you for our pleasure ..	185	.. 3
We are friends, but only friends .....	541	.. 2
We both will give our hearts to love ..	331	.. 4
We, by fancy, weigh and measure .....	385	.. 3
We cannot live apart .....	600	.. 1
We feel the effect of love .....	234	.. 2
We have loved in sorrow .....	437	.. 4
We looked forward with wistful eye .....	441	.. 1
We loved her once .....	214	.. 2
We loved once .....	214	.. 1
We loved them once .....	214	.. 4
We may love again .....	580	.. 3
We may not part .....	307	.. 3
We meet and part .....	355	.. 4
We met .....	197	.. 1
We met in silence .....	581	.. 4
We never met again .....	514	.. 2
We no more may meet .....	121	.. 3
We part in peace .....	195	.. 1

	PAGE	DEFINITION OR PAGE
We sang songs together .....	539	.. 4
We spoke of common things .....	539	.. 4
We tore ourselves asunder .....	495	.. 4
We two meet again .....	506	.. 3
We two seek fondly each the other .....	599	.. 3
We were the happiest twain .....	571	.. 4
We young beauty do bestow .....	385	.. 2
We'd make our love a lasting bid .....	520	.. 2
Weakness, not to be blamed .....	397	.. 4
Weakness of love painful .....	415	.. 1
Weakness o'er .....	311	.. 1
Wealth .....	312	.. 2
Wealth and woe, loved in .....	481	.. 1
Wealth, charm of, broken by time .....	451	.. 2
Wealth, had terror for her guest .....	232	.. 1
Wealth, may glitter but cannot warm .....	451	.. 2
Wealth of loving .....	315	.. 1
Wealth once sought beauty's shrine .....	453	.. 1
Wealth, triumphant .....	451	.. 1
Wealth, warps the string of love's bow .....	51	.. 3
Wealth's display to beauty .....	453	.. 3
Wealthy marriages .....	271	.. 4
Wear a curlew's anguish .....	363	.. 4
Wear, never, unless when separate .....	553	.. 1
Wear, of women's wiles .....	498	.. 4
Wear, with longing .....	569	.. 2
Weathercock, the, more faithful than woman .....	373	.. 1
Wed in haste, let not run and .....	319	.. 2
Wed, on Etna's top let furies .....	274	.. 1
Wed, or cease to woo .....	479	.. 2
Wed, some highland love .....	510	.. 3
Wedded life, the best of all things not divine .....	57	.. 1
Wedded life, the blessings of .....	523	.. 1
Wedded love, a glistening star .....	297	.. 2
Wedding lute .....	306	.. 1
Wedding, every, makes another .....	567	.. 1
Wedding, invitation to Etna's .....	311	.. 1
Wedding, never .....	479	.. 2
Wedding day, to-morrow was to be our .....	583	.. 2
Wedding day, you may be brought to curse .....	312	.. 1
Wedding ring motto .....	340	.. 1
Wedlock, consigned for, to Calcutta's quay .....	557	.. 2
Wedlock, with firebrands tied between .....	274	.. 1
Weed, the, would be as glorious as the rose .....	315	.. 2
Weeds and thorns .....	573	.. 1
Weekly bills .....	141	.. 1
Weep, a joy to .....	149	.. 1
Weep and moan, their lot, to .....	571	.. 1
Weep and wail, and plead in vain .....	241	.. 1
Weep, gladness half requests to .....	512	.. 4
Weep for thee .....	17	.. 1
Weep for very woe .....	571	.. 4



	PAGE	LASTING OF PAGE
Weep, freely .....	558	1
Weep not .....	393	3
Weep not so, my love ..	391	3
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast .....	436	3
Weep, what she says when I ..	245	1
Weeping ..	116	4
Weeping, a night of dreary ..	401	3
Weeping, effects of Chloe's ..	283	1
Weeping, for my blessed lot ..	312	1
Weeping, for thankfulness ..	312	1
Weeping in silent solitude ..	206	4
Weight, chosen for her ..	248	3
Welcome be night's slumbers, for then I am with thee ..	548	4
Welcome chain, the ..	22	3
Welcome hope, and welcome fear ..	285	4
Welcome, sweet be thy ..	146	1
We'll spurn at earth, and soar to heaven ..	331	4
Were love dead she'd play with hatred ..	560	2
Were meant for one another ..	522	4
Were severed by fate ..	590	1
West, I dearly love the ..	319	1
West, the, described ..	319	1
Wet clothes, a trifle to a suitor ..	40	1
What a happy home it is ..	531	4
What a happy home thou mak'st ..	521	2
What a man's arithmetic teaches ..	604	4
What a woman's choice is ..	270	1
What a woman's choice is not ..	270	1
What an aspect for a lover ..	563	1
What are all the joys of earth? ..	442	4
What are kissings worth if thou kiss not me? ..	427	3
What arm o' love daur span ..	493	1
What can a worn-out lover do? ..	236	1
What can be done with love's power? ..	122	3
What can I crave ..	410	4
What can I wish ..	410	4
What can secure hearts against love? ..	322	1
What care I for whom she be made? ..	378	3
What care I how fair she be? ..	377	3
What care I how good she be? ..	378	1
What care I though great she be? ..	378	2
What do all these things betide? ..	176	4
What evils have been wrought by love ..	204	4
What faces! ..	510	4
What fears affright thee? ..	474	1
What hand daur touch ..	493	1
What have I said? the deep dream is not past ..	439	3
What he said ..	561	1
What he would do for his love ..	249	1
What her future king must be ..	31	1
What his future queen must be ..	30	1
What my humble love has learned to live on ..	581	2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
What I am, love not .....	315	.. 3
What if 'twere—both mine and thine? .....	368	.. 4
What is love? .....	513	.. 2
What is love, good shepherd, show? .....	435	.. 2
What is the meaning of thy thought? .....	72	.. 4
What is the world to her whose heart is in the game? .....	560	.. 2
What it is to love .....	186	.. 4
What life daur kiss .....	493	.. 3
What love does .....	199	.. 2
What love is .....	312	.. 3
What many a despairing soul does .....	246	.. 2
What may break the links, of love, apart .....	298	.. 2
What memories came thronging .....	344	.. 3
What might move me .....	458	.. 4
What most I wish—and fear to know .....	429	.. 2
What Musa will think .....	515	.. 4
What must women be? .....	480	.. 2
What petulant, pert grimaces! .....	510	.. 4
What Sandy told Mary .....	478	.. 1
What set my heart on fire? .....	320	.. 2
What she shall have .....	415	.. 4
What she must be to be the poet's love .....	380	1, 2, 3, 4
What somebody said .....	45	.. 2
What somebody sung .....	45	.. 3
What somebody wrote .....	45	.. 1
What the shepherd saw .....	265	.. 2
What the passing spirit said .....	428	.. 2
What were his life if lovely woman were away? .....	526	.. 3
What will make him laugh and sing .....	525	.. 4
What will Musa think of me, I cannot tell .....	515	.. 2
What will they say of you and me? .....	466	.. 4
What would be the life of man without beauty's smile? .....	526	.. 3
What's war to thee? .....	291	.. 1
Whatever I do or say seemeth good and right .....	615	.. 2
What, the rolling .....	244	.. 4
When blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love .....	496	.. 2, 3
When heart meets heart, and life is love .....	170	.. 4
When I wander silently .....	606	.. 4
When last I saw thee, Barbara! .....	595	.. 3
When love begins to nod his surest spur is opposition .....	445	.. 3
When love darts from your eyes .....	258	.. 2
When love is sprightly bind him well .....	445	.. 3
When loved best .....	273	.. 3
When lovers cry, stop your ears .....	525	.. 4
When man's love falleth .....	251	.. 3
When nature shall cease to love .....	242	.. 3
When on my knee, I feel, thy prayers .....	575	.. 1
When she paused .....	544	.. 3
When she's near the heaven is round me .....	248	.. 4
When song and race fall to please .....	18	.. 2
When souls trace each other .....	216	.. 4
When thou art gone, a consciousness of pain .....	216	.. 2

	PAGE	NOTES
When thou wert present my words were sad and weak .....	542	1
When thou smilest near me.....	443	1
When to begin and love anew.....	382 & 383	
When to love anew .....	381 & 383	
When twilight lingers on the plain .....	504	4
When unseen, forgotten .....	175	3
When will he speak?.....	108	1
When will our love be named? .....	440	2
When woman proves her constancy and love .....	354	3
When years shall wreck my wrong .....	376	1
Where waitest thou, lady I am to love? .....	599	1
Where are my wonted pleasures fled? .....	260	2
Where art thou? .....	599	4
Where art thou now? .....	443	3
Where art thou, Oh! my beautiful? .....	537	2
Where first we met .....	132	3
Where hast thou stay'd so long? .....	353	2
Where love, that cannot perish, grows .....	142	4
Where love roams .....	157	2
Where love was born.....	91	3
Where love will find out the way .....	89	4
Where lovely cheeks, lips, or eyes, are displaced .....	196	1
Where men and women fell .....	241	3
Where mild Madeira ripens.....	556	3
Where now the fond concern? .....	398	4
Where she turned .....	544	2
Where we forgot our woes .....	239	4
Where wits are out of fashion .....	431	3
Wherefore was I born?.....	462	7
Which eye, black or blue? .....	363	2
Which is the conqueror, love or death? .....	25	2
Which is the maiden I love best? .....	576	3
Which must I love best .....	576	3
Which to choose? .....	105	1
Which wld ne'er forsake me? .....	576	4
Wild and witching charm .....	76	1
While I admire I lose the power to please .....	260	3
While time serves, let's go a-Maying .....	11	4
Whilst you bend the suppliant knee, think on me .....	597	3
Whimsicality of a smile for womankind .....	328	2
Whisper of the seashell .....	541	3
Whisper the secrets of his heart .....	260	4
Whisper, what I dare not in broad daylight .....	204	2
Whispered love in an arbour .....	35	4
Whispers, in love's thrilling tones .....	294	4
Whist, tedious .....	190	4
White and holy brow .....	3	1
White brow, raise your.....	602	3
White cups .....	416	1
White hands .....	72	1
White lilies .....	585	4
White lilies o'er the rose prevail .....	238	3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
White rose, a.....	38	.. 1
White rose, how to make one blush.....	139	.. 2
White yellow tresses changed to.....	409	.. 4
Who can tell what women aim at?.....	328	.. 2
Who could eat the most.....	142	.. 4
Who is happy now.....	547	.. 2
Who is she that's loved .. ..	380	S, 2, 3, 4
Who knows it may be mine.....	368	.. 4
Who loved her once.....	214	.. 3
Who must learn to die, if not loved.....	189	.. 3
Who paid thy worth must pay in love.....	513	.. 1
Who robs all hearts of rest.....	142	.. 1
Who the happy pairs.....	273	.. 3
Who the poet loves.....	380	.. 4
Who thinks my love a trade .. ..	580	.. 4
Who thinks to sail must wait the tide.....	413	.. 2
Who would not scorn?.....	491	.. 3
Who'll buy a heart.....	159	.. 4
Who's that said.....	570	.. 2
Whose thou art, nothing to me.....	124	.. 3
Whose will be the next occasion.....	568	.. 4
Whom the gods love die young.....	530	.. 2
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize.....	588	.. 3
Why a maiden believed herself beloved.....	107	.. 3
Why a matron recommended blue eyes.....	365	.. 3
Why are lovers' hearts unbelieving?.....	411	.. 2
Why beauty can never die.....	317	.. 1
Why beauty is not to be concealed.....	385	.. 1
Why didst thou depart.....	405	.. 3
Why Fanny would not show her hand.....	271	.. 3
Why fondly deck the dismal bed?.....	112	.. 4
Why graces of mind, or face, are not to be concealed .. ..	385	.. 1
Why he desires to be forgotten.....	308	.. 3
Why I ne'er can love thee more.....	107	.. 2
Why I love my love.....	405	.. 1
Why, I'll never love thee more.....	315	0, 3, 4
Why imitating good writing.....	215	.. 4
Why interested not to change .. ..	277	.. 3
Why is love's passion so unpleasing?.....	411	.. 3
Why love is a mystery.....	283	.. 1
Why man loves himself.....	405	.. 3
Why man loves his steed.....	405	.. 1
Why man loves the bee.....	405	.. 1
Why man loves the rose.....	405	.. 1
Why, man's inconstancy.....	243	.. 1
Why mothers take their daughters to dip in the sea.....	229	.. 2
Why radiant eyes should not be concealed.....	324	.. 1
Why seek Indian treasures.....	606	.. 2
Why should I be living on .. ..	303	.. 2
Why should I blush to own I love?.....	414	.. 4
Why should I despair?.....	285	.. 4
Why should I inconstant prove?.....	277	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Why should sorrow .....	424	.. 4
Why should two hearts not lodge together? .....	287	.. 4
Why should woman ever love? .....	435	.. 3
Why should'st thou have mine? .....	287	.. 3
Why speaks he not? .....	259	.. 4
Why so dull and mute, young sinner? .....	417	.. 4
Why so pale and wan? .....	417	.. 3
Why that asking look? .....	538	.. 4
Why the breath should not be concealed .....	384	.. 3
Why the heart and eyes are to be sent back .....	282	.. 1
Why the least of womankind should be chosen .....	466	.. 3
Why the teeth are not to be concealed .....	384	.. 4
Why the voice is not to be concealed .....	384	.. 4
Why those tresses should not be concealed .....	384	.. 2
Why thy breasts should not be concealed .....	384	.. 3
Why throbs my heart when he appears? .....	260	.. 1
Why warbling birds forget to sing .....	262	.. 3
Why will you haunt me .....	582	.. 1
Wicked spirit's residence, the .....	418	.. 3
Widow, the .....	206	.. 3
Widower, his grief and fondness .....	16	2, 3, 4
Widow's sombre cap, the .....	206	.. 3
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace .....	495	.. 4
Wife, a golden sentence writ by our MAKER .....	605	.. 1
Wife, a happy .....	6	.. 3
Wife, a husband and children, her delight .....	294	.. 1
Wife, a lost, her virtues and her love .....	16	.. 2
Wife, a man's arithmetic .....	604	.. 4
Wife, a scion of nature .....	604	.. 4
Wife, a shrine for nature's pilgrimage .....	604	.. 4
Wife, a treasure .....	605	.. 1
Wife, an ideal, described .....	336	1, 2, 3, 4
Wife, anticipations of life with an ideal .....	337	1, 2, 3, 4
Wife, character of a .....	93	.. 3
Wife, companion, friend .....	279	.. 1
Wife, dear in old age .....	23	.. 2
Wife, dear name of .....	240	.. 3
Wife, dear, well I know thy thoughts .....	358	.. 4
Wife, dearest at the close of life .....	23	.. 4
Wife, familiar with her husband's powers .....	296	.. 4
Wife, flippant in reply .....	286	.. 3
Wife, friendship preferred to passion in a .....	370	.. 3
Wife, from a gentleman to his .....	293	.. 2
Wife, good wishes for a happy .....	7	.. 2
Wife, her life of affection .....	93	.. 4
Wife, her love, a stream from fount to sea .....	93	.. 4
Wife, how dear a prudent .....	23	.. 1
Wife, I hoped to call thee .....	591	.. 2
Wife, made of feminine affections .....	93	.. 4
Wife, may her conquests improve, how a .....	589	.. 3
Wife, meets his destined .....	534	.. 3
Wife, my .....	309	.. 2

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Wife, name of .....	532	.. 4
Wife, no blessings equal to a .....	294	.. 5
Wife, none but devils violate .....	605	.. 3
Wife, not stooped to bind her fate to a common mind .....	296	.. 4
Wife, only men know how to use .....	605	.. 7
Wife, prayers for a happy .....	7	.. 1
Wife, the .....	206	.. 2
Wife, the bad man's first step to heaven .....	605	.. 1
Wife, the good man's paradise .....	604	.. 4
Wife, the poet to his .....	285	.. 2
Wife, to my .....	548	.. 1
Wife, wanting one, he cannot pay his debts .....	605	.. 1
Wife, what she can make a man .....	268	.. 3
Wife, what sort of, dances before my sight .....	336	.. 1
Wife, which angels may discourse of .....	605	.. 1
Wife, who wants a, cannot be trusted to posterity .....	605	.. 1
Wife's, a, appeal to her husband .....	609	.. 2
Wife's love, the .....	198	.. 2
Wild and eternal farewell .....	139	.. 1
Wild and far my heart has ranged .....	396	.. 1
Wild and strong passion .....	192	.. 4
Wild bee .....	558	.. 4
Wild bee's gentle hum .....	193	.. 4
Wild bills of nature .....	151	.. 1
Wild love, was it ideal .....	345	.. 1
Wild rose, dreamed of .....	121	.. 2
Wiles, woman's face full of .....	171	.. 1
Will looking all prevail? .....	417	.. 4
Will saying nothing win her? .....	417	.. 4
Will sorrow make thee mine? .....	124	.. 1
Will, thy capricious .....	232	.. 4
Will you teach me, Barbara? .....	596	.. 3
Wilt thou love me less .....	469	.. 1
Win and wear thee he that may .....	379	.. 2
Win, what have they left to .....	349	.. 4
Win one's laurels, to .....	525	.. 4
Win, or lose, all .....	515	.. 3
Wind, of the summer night .....	604	.. 2
Wind, wret, it seems you have breath'd on it .....	545	.. 2
Window w' thout and within a .....	41	.. 4
Winkler, jaunt to, with sweetheart Kate .....	141	.. 3
Winds, soft .....	475	.. 4
Wine, whose drunkenness all desire .....	272	.. 4
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain .....	332	.. 4
Wings, no use to cup love's .....	267	.. 3
Winning looks .....	346	.. 4
Winning of a kiss .....	575	.. 4
Winning ways and words .....	555	.. 1
Winter even, joyous hours of .....	147	.. 1
Winter withered hue, her .....	1-6	.. 2
Winter's snow .....	475	.. 4
Wisdom guides the mind .....	514	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Wisdom the charm of middle age.....	23	-- 3
Wiseer thoughts, not to be forsaken .....	435	-- 4
Wish, a .....	339	-- 3
Wish, a dying .....	374	-- 2
Wish, an idle, of Dean Swift.....	337	-- 3
Wish, boldness of my .....	148	-- 2
Wish, I will not .....	420	-- 1
Wish, that language could not speak .....	398	-- 4
Wish, the first.....	399	-- 4
Wish, the fourth.....	400	-- 3
Wish, the second .....	400	-- 2
Wish, the third .....	400	-- 2
Wish the soul away .....	494	-- 2
Wish, the throbbing .....	398	-- 4
Wish to pen whate'er he designs to say .....	260	-- 2
Wish, my warmest .....	237	-- 3
Wishes .....	176	-- 4
Wishes, a thousand various.....	439	-- 3
Wishes fulfilled, by my wife .....	309	-- 3
Wishes, pure .....	396	-- 3
Wishes, the .....	399	-- 3
Wit and sense .....	320	-- 5
Wit saved by Corinna's .....	510	-- 6
Wit shall guide me .....	409	-- 3
Witchery of soul and senses .....	494	-- 1
With its deep music, too intensely dear .....	439	-- 4
With thy form thy image went.....	347	-- 3
Withered flowers and blighted hopes .....	76	-- 2
Withered leaf, a type of the forsaken .....	102	-- 1
Within this tomb there lies the fairest thing in mortal eyes ..	588	-- 1
Without and within a window .....	41	-- 4
Without thee, sweets are sweet no longer .....	548	-- 2
Without Thy blessing love is vain .....	519	-- 2
Witness, for ages .....	372	-- 4
Witness of love .....	372	-- 2
Wits, love not meant for people in their .....	480	-- 4
Wits may sneer and fools deride .....	546	-- 4
Wits, some woo to show their .....	412	-- 4
Witty, all thy words I counted .....	409	-- 2
Wives, our angels at home .....	9	-- 4
Woe, a night of bitter .....	401	-- 3
Woe, a plaintive song of .....	501	-- 2
Woe, anguish and my .....	503	-- 1
Woe, betrayed in silence .....	484	-- 2
Woe, converted into hey! nonny, nonny.....	414	-- 2
Woe, cup of earthly .....	581	-- 4
Woe, eyes dim with .....	499	-- 3
Woe, feign the outward smile, to hide the inward .....	503	-- 3
Woe, looks touched with .....	150	-- 1
Woe, loved in wealth and .....	483	-- 1
Woe, the bitterness of .....	456	-- 3
Woe, the cup of .....	195	-- 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Woe, the price of such a jewel .....	412	.. 1
Woe, the spirit's meteor gleam, to soothe the pang of .....	399	.. 2
Woe, utter, to our passion's draught .....	572	.. 2
Woe, what works my .....	406	.. 1
Woe, with humble words express my .....	311	.. 4
Woe, work thou my .....	410	.. 2
Woe, how to finish .....	327	.. 2
Woe, love is a sickness full of .....	413	.. 3
Woe, on my do balm can pour .....	472	.. 3
Woman, a chaste, more fragrant than the rose .....	178	.. 3
Woman, a comfort of the winter of the soul .....	178	.. 2
Woman, a faithful stay .....	178	.. 3
Woman, a guilty one .....	178	.. 4
Woman, a helpmate .....	178	.. 3
Woman, a lay for the minstrel .....	46	.. 2
Woman, a little, a blabby songster .....	466	.. 2
Woman, a little, all joys within her .....	465	.. 4
Woman, a little, better in proof than anticipation .....	466	.. 3
Woman, a little, likened to a pepper-corn .....	465	.. 1
Woman, a little, much excellence displays .....	466	.. 1
Woman, a little, naught to compare with .....	466	.. 2
Woman, a little, our greatest consolation .....	466	.. 2
Woman, a little, sweeter than spring flowers .....	466	.. 1
Woman, a little, sweeter than sugar .....	466	.. 1
Woman, a ministering angel .....	49	.. 2
Woman, a, nobly plann'd .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a perfect .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a plain old .....	219	.. 1
Woman, a spirit, and an angel .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a, to comfort .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a, to command .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a, to warn .....	172	.. 3
Woman, a treasure of delight .....	178	.. 2
Woman, virtuous, her influence .....	74	.. 4
Woman, acknowledgment of her supremacy .....	537	.. 1
Woman, and eternal love .....	46	.. 4
Woman, angels and seraphs shall smile on .....	46	.. 4
Woman, at His tomb .....	73	.. 4
Woman, at the cross .....	73	.. 4
Woman, brittle ware .....	470	.. 4
Woman, can every care beguile .....	581	.. 3
Woman, caus'd our ears .....	581	.. 3
Woman, chief in charities .....	73	.. 2
Woman, deceitful .....	371	.. 1
Woman, design'd for man's slave .....	178	.. 1
Woman, every, is a cloud .....	310	.. 1
Woman, exceeds all in pious deeds .....	73	.. 2
Woman, faithless .....	214	.. 1
Woman, formed in the image of celestial glory .....	1-8	.. 1
Woman, her anxiety for man, in sickness .....	254	.. 4
Woman, her deeds of charity .....	73	.. 1
Woman, her forgiveness of wrongs .....	47	.. 1



	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Woman, her snares and sorrows .....	46	.. 3
Woman, holds his feeble hand .....	254	.. 3
Woman, in a little, love grows .....	465	.. 3
Woman, in a little, a taste of paradise.....	465	.. 4
Woman, in firmness, a friend .....	113	.. 2
Woman, in fondness, a lover .....	113	.. 2
Woman, like a weathercock .....	373	.. 2
Woman, more precious than an only child.....	178	.. 3
Woman, most beloved of all heaven's works .....	178	.. 4
Woman must have a title, besides gold .....	287	.. 2
Woman, near him night and day .....	255	.. 2
Woman never can forget .....	255	.. 3
Woman, never leaveth him.....	255	.. 2
Woman, never wearieth .....	255	.. 1
Woman, our curse as well as blessing .....	178	.. 4
Woman, rail or weep, I am indifferent .....	222	.. 3
Woman, sentence on a curst .....	224	.. 1
Woman shall blossom anew in the bowers of God .....	47	.. 2
Woman, sits by his chair .....	254	.. 3
Woman, smoothes the pillow .....	255	.. 1
Woman, so good, some for less deified .....	380	.. 2
Woman, still be a, to you .....	258	.. 3
Woman, that scorns the help of art .....	380	.. 2
Woman, the earth accursed for a .....	47	.. 2
Woman, the haughtiest blood of .....	610	.. 4
Woman, the light of nature .....	586	.. 4
Woman, the mart for, as well as mangoes .....	557	.. 2
Woman, the sweet lip of .....	113	.. 1
Woman, undeliled by sin .....	178	.. 1
Woman, watches for his wants .....	254	.. 3
Woman, what she shall share.....	46	.. 1
Woman, when like a .....	258	.. 3
Woman, when she leads man, waxing frail .....	254	.. 4
Womanhood and childhood.....	353	.. 4
Womanhood, May of .....	173	.. 4
Womankind, a simile for .....	328	.. 1
Womankind desires more freedom .....	277	.. 1
Womankind, her simile, a whimsical creature .....	328	.. 2
Womankind of, choose the least.....	466	.. 3
Womankind, simile of, a cloud .....	328	.. 2
Womankind, the truth of love in .....	512	.. 2
Womankind, thou best of.....	293	.. 3
Woman's angelic watch .....	433	.. 4
Woman's bosom our pillow .....	113	.. 2
Woman's breast, love's tabernacle.....	93	.. 2
Woman's charms decreased with her size .....	466	.. 3
Woman's cheek paleth, what follows .....	253	.. 2
Woman's constancy and love .....	254	.. 3
Woman's eye, lamp in .....	352	.. 2
Woman's eye, souls, and angels .....	352	.. 2
Woman's face, full of wiles .....	373	.. 1
Woman's fervour, when best shown .....	145	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Woman's glass, if .....	470	.. 3
Woman's generous faith .....	251	.. 1
Woman's heart, its fears .....	141	.. 3
Woman's hopes, youth, life .....	453	.. 3
Woman's inward world, true affections .....	434	.. 1
Woman's life, feeling .....	434	.. 1
Woman's love .....	413	.. 3
Woman's love .....	480	.. 2
Woman's love .....	536	.. 2
Woman's love, a fearful thing .....	244	.. 2
Woman's love, and man's love .....	254	.. 2
Woman's love, buds and withers in an hour .....	480	.. 3
Woman's love, the precious boon of .....	453	.. 3
Woman's love, the reason for its stay .....	251	.. 1
Woman's love to her forsaker .....	99	.. 2
Woman's love, unchangeable .....	250	.. 3, 4
Woman's mind, blest with a .....	360	.. 4
Woman's part, not a, to press a suit .....	473	.. 3
Woman's pride .....	437	.. 2
Woman's pride, would still the truth repress .....	313	.. 3
Woman's rain, tears .....	328	.. 3
Woman's revenge, like the tigers spring .....	537	.. 1
Woman's settled grief .....	255	.. 3
Woman's slave .....	586	.. 2
Woman's smile .....	433	.. 4
Woman's smile, effect of, in Eden .....	151	.. 3
Woman's smile, our meed .....	113	.. 2
Woman's sorrows when man's life is o'er .....	255	.. 2
Woman's spirit, anguish of .....	434	.. 1
Woman's strength, in trial .....	84	.. 3
Woman's talk .....	373	.. 2
Woman's tears and sighs, weakness of .....	255	.. 2
Woman's tears, like the crocodile .....	373	.. 1
Woman's tongue .....	373	.. 1
Woman's tongue, with angel face .....	183	.. 1
Woman's voice, its charms .....	13	.. 3
Woman's whole existence .....	613	.. 3
Woman's wit silences strife .....	23	.. 1
Woman's worth unknown to low minds .....	581	.. 3
Women and clouds .....	328	.. 2
Women and clouds, perverse .....	328	.. 2
Women and clouds, turn with every wind .....	328	.. 2
Women are dewdrops .....	113	.. 1
Women, beguiling the hearts of mankind .....	95	.. 1
Women, changing like the winds .....	480	.. 3
Women, effects of pain on .....	26	.. 4
Women, fickle .....	95	.. 1
Women, fickle .....	491	.. 2
Women, frail .....	491	.. 2
Women fly from man to man .....	491	.. 3
Women, gems of the morn .....	113	.. 1
Women, good to be released from great .....	466	.. 3

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Women, homage to .....	586	.. 2
Women, how they change .....	491	.. 3
Women, I like short .....	464	.. 4
Women, like the winds.....	480	.. 3
Women, like to gie them a skelp .....	94	.. 4
Women, little, cold as snow .....	465	.. 1
Women, little, I'll praise.....	465	.. 1
Women, little, love so much .....	464	.. 4
Women love to hear honied words.....	294	.. 3
Women, praise of little .....	464	.. 3
Women, revenge especially sweet to .....	515	.. 3
Women sigh for gold.....	512	.. 3
Women, stars of the night .....	113	.. 1
Women, shy and demure .....	95	.. 1
Women, tall, not worth winning .....	465	.. 1
Women, the cause that love hath life .....	480	.. 3
Women, the love of .....	537	.. 1
Women, the most divine of.....	552	.. 4
Women, their beauty, the worst thing about them.....	95	.. 1
Women, their faults not to be told in a day .....	95	.. 1
Women, their love, if it were firm .....	491	.. 2
Women, their smiles and sobs.....	26	.. 4
Women, unsettled .....	491	.. 3
Women, we silly, cannot rest.....	413	.. 1
Women, what must they be?.....	480	.. 3
Women, what they inflict, they feel.....	537	.. 1
Women, will bring the world to an end .....	95	.. 2
Women's bitter cures .....	33	.. 1
Women's hearts bought and sold .....	512	.. 3
Women's schemes .....	328	.. 4
Won, the fort is feeble that is easily .....	412	.. 5
Wonder, worship, and delight .....	534	.. 4
Wondered who should require the service next.....	568	.. 3
Wondrous hair .....	34	.. 2
Wo is me .....	411	.. 1
Woo, a sad heart hath come to .....	304	.. 3
Woo, eve the hour when maidens .....	3	.. 3
Woo for a week, some wantons .....	412	.. 4
Woo her, how shall I .....	348	.. 4
Woo in jest, women cannot rest for men that .....	413	.. 1
Woo in vain.....	544	.. 1
Woo, men adore who come to.....	3	.. 1
Woo, time to dance is not time to .....	532	.. 1
Woo, wed or cease to.....	499	.. 2
Wood a woman.....	33	.. 3
Woer light makes fickle truth .....	532	.. 1
Woer, the widow's .....	294	.. 3
Woing, ever .....	499	.. 2
Woing, midst your, remember .....	576	.. 1
Woing, tempt a second .....	419	.. 4
Woodbine and the oak, the.....	591	.. 1
Woodbine, fragrant, all untwine .....	272	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Woodbine, thickets of the .....	616	.. 1
Woodlark, the.....	223	.. 3
Woody hills .....	616	.. 2
Word, a lover's silver .....	433	.. 1
Word, the secret, her name.....	458	.. 3
Word, wrung not forth one burning .....	436	.. 2
Words .....	561	.. 4
Words, all thy, I counted witty.....	409	.. 2
Words and vows which bind the husband to the bride .....	340	.. 3
Words, die on my lips .....	260	.. 4
Words, feeble power of.....	399	.. 2
Words, golden.....	604	.. 3
Words, golden strains .....	292	.. 3
Words heal the stab your hands have made .....	602	.. 2
Words, image of her mind .....	292	.. 3
Words, lovely, with cunning masked .....	409	.. 3
Words of deeper sorrow .....	122	.. 3
Words of love, in boyhood's years .....	180	.. 4
Words of mercy falling on the soul like balms.....	595	.. 1
Words, those honied, women love to hear .....	294	.. 3
Words, three eloquent .....	578	.. 2
Work out some other's woe.....	602	.. 4
World, appointed for the happy dead .....	494	.. 4
World, dark since thou art gone .....	350	.. 1
World, the, naught .....	457	.. 2
World, the, stern and drear .....	573	.. 1
World, to shun the busy .....	397	.. 1
Worship misapplied is sin .....	107	.. 1
Worship of years .....	346	.. 1
Worshipped idol of my heart.....	124	.. 3
Worth, forgotten .....	231	.. 4
Worth of a heart .....	405	.. 2
Worth, only, could kindle love .....	380	.. 4
Worthy to be loved by none .....	490	.. 3, 4
Would be loved for myself .....	199	.. 4
Wound, suck'd both the sweet and smart, from the .....	275	.. 1
Wounded heart .....	419	.. 3
Wounded, when both sexes. " .....	216	.. 2
Wrap thy mantle round thee .....	194	.. 2
Wreath of orange blossoms .....	206	.. 2
Wrath of summer flowers .....	206	.. 2
Wrath, the, is on my brow .....	547	.. 1
Wreck, mourn the inward .....	393	.. 4
Wreck'd amidst rocks .....	55	.. 3
Wracks of time .....	234	.. 4
Wretched fate of the fair, lamented .....	242	.. 4
Wretched man! my trust was folly .....	409	.. 3
Wretchedness, lot of utter .....	313	.. 3
Wring not forth one burning word .....	436	.. 2
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful .....	409	.. 4
Wrinkles .....	314	.. 1
Wrinkles instead of smiles .....	438	.. 4

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Write and love, I must both .....	394	.. 4
Write, bidden to write .....	292	.. 4
Write, what can I, if not of love? .....	292	.. 4
Write, wish like you to .....	225	.. 4
Writing, fine, and the writer's charms .....	224	.. 4
Wrong and sorrow, strong appeal of .....	20	.. 4
Wrong her by petulance .....	437	.. 2
Wrong her by suspicion .....	437	.. 2
Wrong, the heart's scorn for .....	21	.. 1
Wrong, make the heart bleed .....	21	.. 1
Wrongs, with all her, her life on his love is set .....	310	.. 4
Wrongs you're doing, read you not the .....	499	.. 2
Xante's everlasting tongue .....	328	.. 3
Years have flown .....	546	.. 4
Years, that gulf of.....	344	.. 4
Yes! and no! .....	531	.. 3
Yes! last night .....	531	.. 3
Yes, the lady's .....	531	.. 3
Yes, once said, shall be yes for evermore .....	532	.. 2
Yes, we shall meet .....	600	.. 2
Yet hear! if still I love .....	439	.. 4
You, and love, my thoughts are all of.....	293	.. 2
You and me, what will they say of? .....	466	.. 4
You are kind no more .....	541	.. 3
You become a nun? I'll not believe it.....	575	.. 3
You, before I part from .....	506	.. 1
You came into the world too late.....	590	.. 1
You came running forth to meet me .....	595	.. 3
You, I'll ever doat and write on .....	294	.. 2
You lost a man, kind, generous, and true.....	222	.. 4
You may lose your labour .....	578	.. 1
You may take the vows but they'll be mine .....	575	.. 4
You mock your lover's smart.....	331	.. 4
You never knew what 'tis to love.....	584	.. 2
You never loved me .....	584	.. 1
You, no blessings equal to such a wife as .....	294	.. 1
You, no joy or pain with, or without .....	221	.. 2
You said I should be truly blest.....	126	.. 4
You take the vows? .....	575	.. 4
You took me, when a girl, into your home and heart.....	609	.. 3
You were kind to me.....	541	.. 3
Young feelings, stolen from the heart .....	393	.. 4
Young hearts and minds, bound without their will.....	436	.. 4
Young hopes blasted .....	436	.. 2
Young life's journey .....	232	.. 2
Your cottage flowers .....	610	.. 3
Your hate improves to spite .....	332	.. 2
Your heart, a matchless blessing .....	291	.. 4
Your heart is love and kindness' throne.....	466	.. 4
Your heart, that treasure.....	291	.. 4
Your pride may make you a devil.....	385	.. 4
Your step's like rain to the farmer .....	608	.. 1

	PAGE	SECTION OF PAGE
Your sot may go astray .....	332	.. 3
Your veil and beauty are in vain .....	420	.. 4
You're all the world to me .....	609	.. 3
You're mighty pretty .....	221	.. 3
You're nothing to the world .....	609	.. 3
Yourself the captive and the snare .....	290	.. 1
Youth, a, in opening life .....	22	.. 4
Youth and maiden, their fate.....	25	.. 4
Youth, days of, steal by .....	456	.. 4
Youth, glow of, is over.....	500	.. 1
Youth is fleeting.....	546	.. 4
Youth, loves of, that are no more .....	284	.. 4
Youth, not so strong as pain and pride .....	26	.. 3
Youth, prime, lasts not.....	409	.. 4
Youth proud of his wife's beauty .....	23	.. 2
Youth, the blossom of, devour'd by sorrow .....	235	.. 4
Youth, the heart in early.....	179	.. 2
Youth, visions of bright happy .....	431	.. 1
Youth weds for beauty .....	23	.. 2
Youth's angelic dream .....	351	.. 4
Youth's, favoured, hour flies .....	137	.. 3
Youth's meteor hope.....	344	.. 4
Youthful folly, fled .....	74	.. 4
Zephyrs and beauty's ringlets.....	144	.. 2
Zephyrs and blushes .....	144	.. 1
Zephyrs and lovers.....	144	.. 1
Zephyrs, and tears of sorrow.....	144	.. 4
Zephyrs, chase away sorrow .....	144	.. 3
Zephyrs, inspiring the poet .....	144	.. 4
Zephyrs, the, wakened by kisses .....	395	.. 1
Zephyrs, waft sighs of love .....	144	.. 4
Zephyrs, waft the pious whispers of saints.....	144	.. 4
Zephyrs, where their song is heard .....	143	.. 4

THE END.





1

2

3

4

5

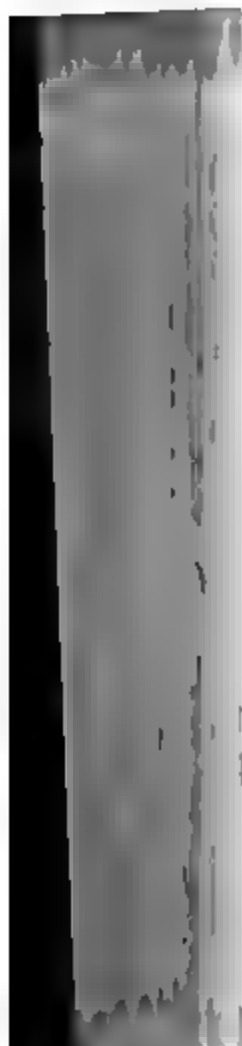
6







.







111

200

1

200

200

200

200

200

3 2044 011 475 60

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
THE COST OF OVERDUE NOTIFICATION  
IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED  
TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE  
DATE STAMPED BELOW.

**CANCELLED**  
BOOK DUE WID  
SEP 28 1982  
FEB 10 1980

**X**  
WIDENER  
SEP 28 1982

WIDENER  
BOOK DUE  
**CANCELLED**  
NOV 10 1981  
JAN 23 1982

WIDENER  
WLAN U 5 1984  
BOOK DUE

